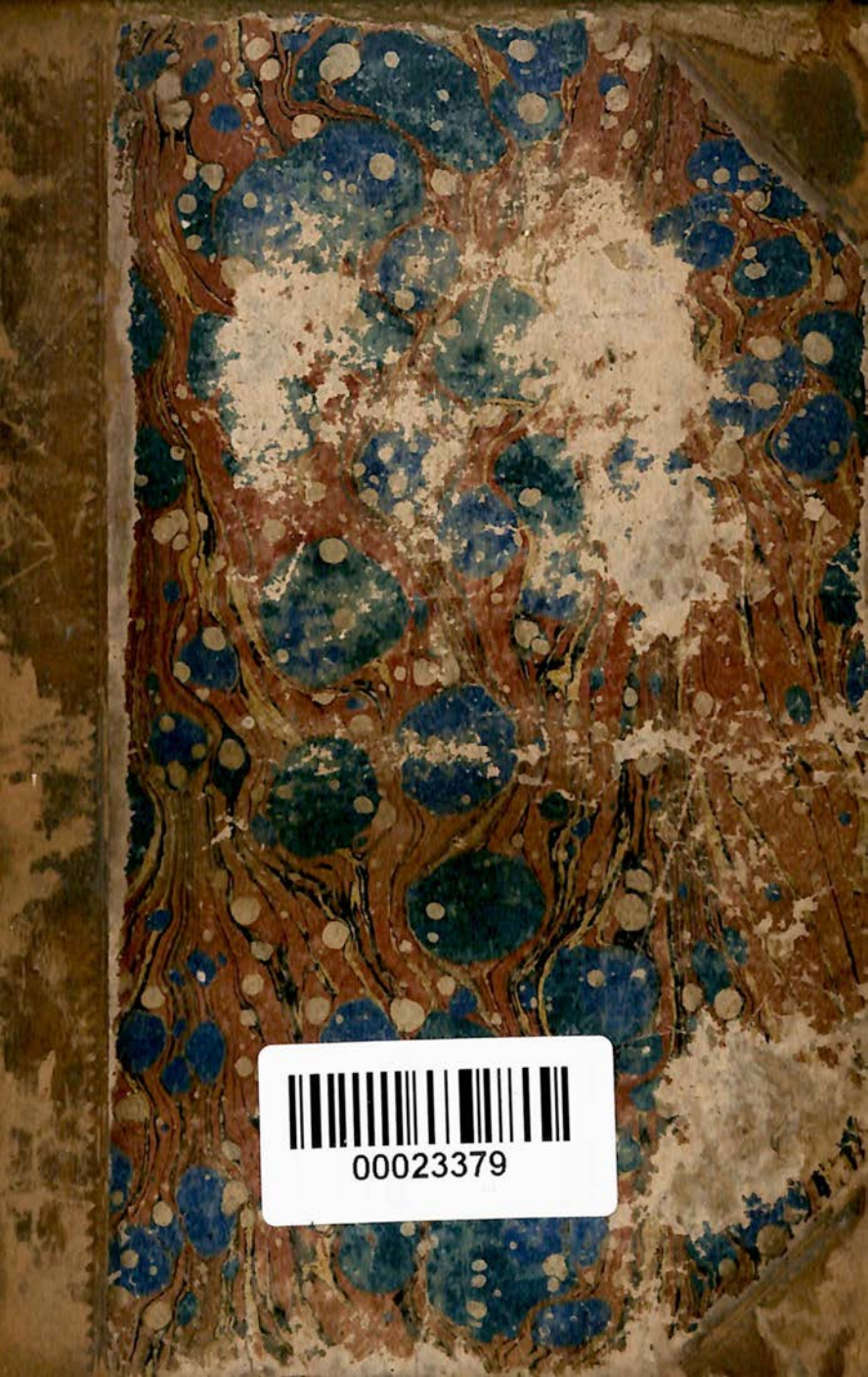

00023379

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 July, 2018

I. Mordecai

E OF MOSCHEL

WITH SELECTIONS FROM

DIARIES AND CORRESPONDENCE,

BY

HIS WIFE.

23373 a

ADAPTED FROM THE ORIGINAL GERMAN

BY

A. D. COLERIDGE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1873.

All rights reserved.

00023379

THESE VOLUMES

(ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN)

ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

TO

SIR JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE,

ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF ENGLAND,

HIMSELF A LOVER OF MUSIC,

AND ON MANY OCCASIONS

ITS ELOQUENT ADVOCATE AND SUPPORTER.

PREFACE.

THE reader will find in the following pages a truthful record of the life and works of Moscheles, as also a chronicle of the musical history of his time; for from the year 1814 up to the date of his death he rarely omitted to enter in his diary reflections, more or less minute, on events that interested him. These entries, supplemented by letters from Moscheles and his wife to relatives and friends, are the groundwork of this Biography. Moscheles frequently expressed a wish that his art experiences, ranging over a period of nearly sixty years, as well as his relations to his musical contemporaries, should be published after his death. During his lifetime he entrusted to his wife the task of remodelling these notes, making many additions with his own hand.

It was his habit to communicate and explain to her his opinions and views on all subjects, so that she has been able to retain in her memory much that was not committed to writing. He hoped, in case she should survive him, by these means to have prepared her for carrying out his favourite object. The wish of a dear one taken from us is sacred, far above all personal feelings and petty considerations; the Editor therefore, although not without diffidence, undertakes the arduous task as a duty bequeathed to her. Others might perhaps have done the work better, none with such reverential love.

May this book faithfully and impartially represent to the art-world Moscheles as an artist, and may it recall to his friends the picture of a friend.

CHARLOTTE MOSCHELES.

NOTE.

My best thanks are due to Felix Moscheles, Esq., not only for the advice and generous assistance he has given me in the revision of the following pages, but for much specific information gathered from his father's manuscripts and valuable collection of autographs, both musical and literary. Amongst these are such miscellaneous treasures as sketch-books of Beethoven, manuscript music of Sebastian Bach, Mozart, Weber, and Mendelssohn, and a correspondence, as yet unpublished, between Moscheles and Mendelssohn.

For the versions of the two poems by Heine and Castelli, I am indebted to my friend, that distinguished scholar and humourist, Charles Steuart Calverley, Esq..

A. D. Coleridge.

CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

1794—1814.

Early Recollections—Musical Instinct—Too Quick for his Music-master—Indiscreet Friends—Beethoven Fever—A Pupil of Dionys Weber—A Candid Opinion—On the Wrong Road—Tomaschek—First Visit to the Opera-House—Death of Moscheles' Father—First Appearance in Public—Vienna—The Baroness Eskeles—Curious Attestatum—Beethoven—Salieri pp. 1—10

CHAPTER II.

1814—1816.

Moscheles' Diary — Meyerbeer — Beethoven — Celebration of the Liberation of Germany—Compositions—Sonate Mélancholique —Pupils—Habits of Study—Artistic Circle—Connexion with Beethoven—Congress of Verona—Imperial Festivities—Musical Entertainments—The Countess Hardegg—Alexander Variations—Amusing Incident—Visit to Prague—The Ludlamshöhle—Moscheles and Hummel—Karlsbad—Schumann pp. 11—26

CHAPTER II.

1816—1821.

Impressions of Leipzig—Conversation with Beethoven—Schicht—Professor Schulze—Gewandhaus Concerts—Classig's Coffee-House—Moscheles' Concert—Concert at Altenburg—Dresden—Spontini's "Vestalin" at the Opera—Introduction to the Artistic World—Goethe and Music—Anecdote of Haydn—Performance before the Court—Intrigues of Polledro—Munich—Excursion to Holland—Musical Life in Brussels—Paris—Spohr . . . . . pp. 27—37

CHAPTER IV.

1821.

Baron Poiféré de Cère—Spohr—Gall the Phrenologist—Diary of a Day—Concert at the Théâtre Favart—Soirées with Lafont—Concerts Spirituels—A Curious Bet—An Evening at Ciceri's—The Theatres of Paris—Christening of the Duke of Bordeaux—Mistaken for a Courier—London—A Learned Waiter—Musical Celebrities—Her Majesty's Theatre—Braham—Soirées and Concerts—Visit to Kalkbrenner—The Erards—August Leo pp. 38—59

CHAPTER V.

1822.

Mälzel's Metronome—New Work by Beethoven—Mlle. Mock (Madame Pleyel)—Concert at Rouen—London—Cramer's Concert—A New Work of Moscheles—Broadwood's Pianos—F. Cramer—London Rehearsals—Bochsa the Harp-player—Monster Programme—Fashionable Soirées—Concert for the Poor Irish—Excursion to Brighton—At Home in England pp. 60—70

CHAPTER VI.

1823.

Visit to Bath—Lady Pupils—Quid pro Quo—Oratorio Concerts—Unflagging Industry—Musical Engraving—Conductors and Leaders—Artistic Jealousies—English Amateurs—The Charity Children at St. Paul's—Musical Prodigies—F. Hiller, Schauroth, Malibran—Sir George Smart—Visit to Germany—An Adventure—Nights in the Birnbeck-Kneipe—Rehearsals of Weber's "Euryanthe" at Vienna—Visit to Beethoven—Salieri in the Hospital . . . . . pp. 71—90

CHAPTER VII.

1824.

Prague—Inauguration of the Redoutensaal—Reception by the Emperor—Series of Concerts—Respect for his Old Master—Dresden—Artistic Society—Tieck—C. M. von Weber—Performance before the Court—Leipzig—Distinguished Critics and Artists—Berlin—Relations to the Mendelssohn Family—Frau Varnhagen von Ense (Rahel)—Felix Mendelssohn—Zelter—Potsdam—Magdeburg . . . . . pp. 91—103

CHAPTER VIII.

1825.

Hanover—The Duke of Cambridge—Hamburg—Marriage to Charlotte Embden—Paris—Intercourse with Distinguished Men—Reception in London—Mori's Monster Concerts—Sebastian Erard's Invention—Advantage of Numbering Concert Tickets—Habits of Study—Sir Michael Costa—Sundays with the Clementis—The Collards—Holiday Excursions and Concerts—A Liverpool Rehearsal—The Christmas Waits . pp. 104—114

CHAPTER IX.

1826.

Stormy Voyage to Ireland—Impressions of Dublin—Reception at the Castle—Return to London—Musical Activity—C. M. von Weber—"Der Freyschütz" at Covent Garden—Improvisation—Rehearsal of "Oberon"—Braham's Benefit—Caprice of the "Gods"—Weber's Concert—Death of Weber—Thalberg—Visit to Germany—Sontag—Felix Mendelssohn—Art and Artists in Berlin . . . . . pp. 115—137

CHAPTER X.

1827.

Tour in Germany—Spohr—Elector of Hesse-Cassel—Musical Pupils—Tyrolese Singers—Escape from a Difficulty—Liszt—Letters from Beethoven—His Melancholy Condition—Correspondence with Schindler and Rau—Beethoven's Relatives—Carl van Beethoven—Generous Assistance of the London Philharmonic Society—Death of Beethoven—Stars in London—Dinner to Clementi—Heine the Poet . . . . . pp. 138—199

CHAPTER XI.

1828.

Edinburgh—Curious Architecture—Sir Walter Scott—A Delightful Visit—Highlanders and the Bagpipes—Scott's Appreciation of German Literature—Contribution to Moscheles' Album—Scotch Church Service—Visits to the Lions of Edinburgh—Spurzheim the Phrenologist—Life of a Musician in London—Mademoiselle Sontag—Peter Pixis—Fête at Vauxhall—Scott and the Prima Donna—Mademoiselle Mars . . . . . pp. 200—219

CHAPTER XII.

1829.

Moscheles' Productions — Fugitive Pieces—Expense of Private Concerts—Domestic Sorrows—Visit of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy — The Chevalier Neukomm — A Cinque-Cento of Vocalists—De Bériot—"Troubadours" and "Bohemian Brothers" —Artists' Concerts—Power of the Italian Opera—Laporte—Handel's "Acis and Galatea"—Visit to Hamburg—Reminiscences of a Tour in Denmark and Sweden . pp. 220—240

CHAPTER XIII.

1830—1831.

An Accident—Hummel—Madame Malibran—Music in England—Failure of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony—Erard's Pianos—Henry Litolff—Neukomm—Philharmonic Concerts—First Railway Journey—Operatic Celebrities—Field's Return to London —Paganini—Prodigies from the Continent—Visits of Intimate Friends—The Reform Agitation—A Musical Festival—Celebration of Christmas . . . . . pp. 241—260

CHAPTER XIV.

1832.

Moscheles as an Orchestral Writer—Death of Clementi—German Opera in London—The Italian Opera—"Robert le Diable"—Centenary of Haydn's Birth—The Elder Mathews—Pianists and Prime Donne—Literary and Artistic Friends—Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte"—Art-Congress—Anecdote of Schröder—Moscheles' Birthday—Paganini—Visit to Berlin—Intercourse with the Mendelssohns—Leipzig and Weimar—Souvenir of Goethe—At the Pavilion, Brighton—Beethoven's "Masse Solennelle" . . . . . pp. 261—280

CHAPTER XV.

1833.

Concerts in the North of England—Birth of a Son—Congratulatory Letter from Felix Mendelssohn—John Parry—Herz—Handel's "Messiah"—Pasta—Madame Malibran—Chopin's "Studies"—Mendelssohn in London—Illness of Mendelssohn's Father—Coleridge—Moore—Lockhart—Seaside Music—Lessons given during the Year . . . . . pp. 281—301

CHAPTER XVI.

1834.

Stars of the Italian Opera—Grisi, Rubini, and Tamburini—De Vrugt—Vieuxtemps—Lady Violin-players—Festival in Westminster Abbey—Distribution of the Chorus—Comparison of the two Festivals in 1784-1834—Solo-singers—Tenors and Sopranos—"Israel in Egypt"—"The "Messiah"—Demeanour of the Audience—Festival at Birmingham—Overture to "Joan of Arc"—Byron's "Manfred" at Covent Garden . pp. 302—312

CHAPTER XVII.

1835.

"Trial Night" of the Philharmonic Society—An Unmannerly Nobleman—Litolff's Compositions—Berlioz' "Symphonie Fantastique"—Musical Pains and Pleasures—Julius Benedict—Cramer's Retirement—Visit to Germany—Leipzig—Intercourse with Musical Artists—Felix Mendelssohn—Letters to Madame Moscheles—Concert—Berlin—A Family Fête—Musical Absurdities—A Painful Affair—Death of Mendelssohn's Father—Holland and Belgium . . . . . pp. 313—333

LIFE OF MOSCHELES.

CHAPTER I.

1794—1814.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS — MUSICAL INSTINCT — TOO QUICK FOR HIS MUSIC-MASTER — INDISCREET FRIENDS — BEETHOVEN FEVER — A PUPIL OF DIONYS WEBER—A CANDID OPINION—ON THE WRONG ROAD—TOMASCHEK—FIRST VISIT TO THE OPERA-HOUSE—DEATH OF MOSCHELES' FATHER—FIRST APPEARANCE IN PUBLIC—VIENNA —THE BARONESS ESKELES—CURIOUS ATTESTATUM—BEETHOVEN—SALIERI.

THE time of life preceding the period when Moscheles began to keep a diary (1814) has been described by him in the following memoranda, which are here given verbatim:—

"I was born at Prague on the 30th of May, 1794, so that my memory carries me back as far as the beginning of the century. In those days I heard the great French Revolution and all its horrors constantly discussed. Military instincts were uppermost, even in the minds of boys, and there was no end to the playing at soldiers. When the military band performed parade music in front of the guard-house, I was seldom absent. The bandsmen got little boys to hold their music for them, and I was always at hand to undertake

the duty. Coming home all enthusiasm from these street concerts, I used to say, 'I too will be a musician' (Spielmann). My mother was kindness, love, and affection itself; she was constantly attentive to the wants of her husband and her five children. The marriage was a happy one. My father, a cloth-merchant by trade, found leisure, with all his business, to keep up his music, which he loved devotedly. He played the guitar, and sang as well. I owe to him my first impulses towards a musical career, for he used constantly to say, 'One of my children must become a thoroughbred musician'—words which made me desire that I might be that one child. My father, however, began with my eldest sister. During her pianoforte lessons, I used to stand, mouth and ears wide open, by the upper C (the extreme limit of the little instrument), watching how my sister worked her way through the little pieces, which she never thoroughly mastered. When by myself I had tried to spell out these same pieces, it seemed to me anything but a difficult matter. My sister's clumsy playing was trying to my temper, and on one occasion I forgot myself so far as to call out, 'Dear me, how stupid! I could do it better myself.' Zadrakha, the old master, chuckled incredulously, but allowed me nevertheless to jump up on the music-stool and play instead of my sister. His report to my father must have been a favourable one, for a few days afterwards I was suddenly informed that a trial should be made with me instead of my sister.

"Who in the world could be happier than I? The pianoforte lessons were started at once, and I made rapid progress—too rapid perhaps for the old music-master, to whose dreary, monotonous exercises I was not disposed to submit. I subscribed out of my own pocket-money to a circulating music-library, and took away as many as half a dozen pieces at a time—pieces by Kozeluch, Eberl, Pleyel, and others, which I scampered through. Whether my master took umbrage at this proceeding, or was dismissed by my father, I know not; anyhow he left off teaching me.

"Our friends thought they were doing my father and myself a service by taking me occasionally with them to the houses of neighbours and acquaintance, where my performances, miserable as they must have been, caused me to be petted and admired as an infant prodigy. Naturally, I enjoyed all the compliments, kisses, and all kinds of endearments heaped on me by the ladies. My father, however, soon put a stop to this mischief, by reprimanding my indiscreet friends. He argued rightly that such practices were not calculated to advance me. The more the musical instinct stirred within me, the more gentle and tender was his treatment; but many a time did I get into trouble when I presumed to slink away from the piano and the odious finger-exercises, to make scabbards, helmets, and other pasteboard armour, to distribute amongst my troop. After all, I had

my duties as a Captain, and felt myself bound to furnish my men with new equipments.

"Meanwhile I had advanced, under my new musical teacher Horzelsky, to the study of more important pieces, which did not however prevent my regularly attending school. Although but seven years old, I actually ventured upon Beethoven's Sonate Pathétique. Imagine if you can how I played it; imagine also the Beethoven fever, to which I fell a victim in those days—a fever which goaded me on to mangle the other great works of the immortal author.

"My father put a check to this mischief by taking me one day to Dionys Weber. 'I come,' he said, 'to you, as our first musician, for sincere truth instead of empty flattery. I want to find out if my boy has such genuine talent that you can make a really good musician of him.' Naturally, I was called on to play, and I was bungler enough to do it with some conceit. My mother having decked me out in my Sunday best, I played my best piece, Beethoven's Sonate Pathétique. But what was my astonishment on finding that I was neither interrupted by bravos nor overwhelmed with praise; and what were my feelings when Dionys Weber finally delivered himself thus? 'Candidly speaking, the boy is on the wrong road, for he makes a hash of great works, which he does not understand, and to which he is utterly unequal. But he has talent, and I could make something of him if you would hand him over to me for three years, and follow out my plan to the letter.

The first year he must play nothing but Mozart; the second Clementi, and the third Bach; but only that—not a note as yet of Beethoven, and if he persists in using the circulating libraries, I have done with him for ever.'

"My father agreed to all these terms, and on my way home I received many a golden precept on the subject of my studies, which were now to be begun in sober earnest. I was told that if I went through them conscientiously and thoroughly, I should bring credit to myself, my father, and all the family. Gladly would I have resigned this remote prospect for my beloved Beethoven, and the constant varied enjoyments of my circulating library. But as it was, I had been expelled from Paradise, and must begin to toil in the sweat of my brow. My father, who generally came himself to fetch me home after lessons, questioned Weber very closely on the subject of my progress, and if the report was thoroughly satisfactory, I was invariably rewarded with a visit to the confectioner's.

"Weber and his contemporary Tomaschek were opposed to one another—the former representing the German, and the latter the Italian school. 'Who on earth is there, excepting Mozart, Clementi, and Bach?' said Weber. 'A pack of crazy, hare-brained fools, who turn the heads of our young people. Beethoven, clever as he is, writes a lot of hare-brained stuff, and leads pupils astray.' He would dwell however with enthusiasm on the beauties of

Mozart, rejoice in the original intricacies and combinations of Bach, and interpret them by dint of his vast theoretical knowledge. His own compositions were not successful. Not a publisher could be found for them; they were lithographed at his own expense, and lay piled up in his study. When he began to take delight in my progress, he made me play his music in his presence at the houses of Count Clam-Gallas and Schlick, but without much success. Then, as in later years at Vienna, my efforts failed to make his works popular. Tomaschek held a very different art creed. His compositions however equally failed to make their way.

"One day when Weber had given my father repeated assurances that I should do something in the world, I was rewarded by being taken for the first time to the theatre. The opera was that of 'Achilles,' by Paer; it was a new work, and I was particularly delighted with the funeral march. When I came home, I played it correctly from beginning to end, and drew tears from my dear father's eyes. A visit to the Opera House, which was now and then allowed to me, was a source of the greatest enjoyment. Would to God I could have kept for years my excellent and judicious father! He was taken from us suddenly by typhus fever, and, as a boy of fourteen years of age, I stood weeping by the side of his coffin. Time has soothed my sorrow, but never chilled my gratitude and love. His wish, repeated over and over again during his

illness, to hear my first composition, was destined never to be fulfilled; but his death, and the not too affluent circumstances in which he left his family, were the reasons of my first public appearance in Prague. Dionys Weber's opinion being that I ought to rely solely on myself, and was quite able to do so, he allowed me to finish the concerto which I had been working at, and then to give a musical soirée, where I was much applauded and earned something for my pains. My mother was greatly comforted by this event, but an old uncle declared I was on the road to ruin, and would end by playing at dancing parties; that if I had taken to business I might have had the good fortune to find my way to the wealthy city of Hamburg, and who could say I might not have married the daughter of some great merchant! Well, I did not become a 'beer-fiddler,' as the good old man sometimes used to call me, and I never got a place in a merchant's office. The second half of his wish, however, was realized in after-years: I went to Hamburg, and married a Hamburg lady.

"A short time after the death of my father my mother sent her young musician to Vienna. It cost her a struggle, but she yielded to the advice of her friends. At Vienna I was to continue my studies, and earn my own bread and independence. I remember with gratitude the hearty welcome and kind attentions I received in the family circles of Lewinger and Eskeles, and in the house of the Italian

Artaria, who afterwards published my first compositions. A relation of the Baroness Eskeles gave large musical parties, in which I was allowed to take a part. The daughter of the house was a pupil of Streicher, and a warm supporter of his school. Both master and pupil fancied they alone were genuine and correct pianoforte players. The lady advised me to listen frequently to her daughter's playing, and at the same time to take lessons of Streicher. The first half of this advice seemed to me arrogant on her part, and to follow the latter would have been ungrateful. I owed so much to my old friend Dionys Weber. Should I now, as a deserter, serve under another flag? No, I determined to build for the future only on the groundwork he had constructed with such infinite pains. I would hear and examine everything, and appropriate all that was good according to my best ability, but I would remain his grateful pupil to the last."

Moscheles did not fail to keep up his connexion with Streicher, and gladly acknowledged himself indebted to him for many hints, although he would not bind himself down to copy his style of playing. He was a constant attendant at the musical evenings given by the best connoisseurs, with whom the society at Vienna in those days abounded. Many of the Viennese ladies had been admirably taught, and the youthful Moscheles modestly admitted their superiority in delicacy of touch and expression, and soon learned to appropriate these qualities. At the same time he

became a laborious student of the theory of music, under the Dom-Kapellmeister Albrechtsberger, who on parting gave him the following curiously worded testimonial:—

"ATTESTATUM.

"The undersigned testifies that Ignatz Moscheles has for some months acquired under me such a good knowledge of thorough Bass and Counterpoint that he is capable (as he plays in a masterly way on the pianoforte and organ as well) of earning his bread anywhere with both these arts. And as he now wishes to set out on his travels, I think it only fair to warmly recommend him in all places he may choose to visit.

"Vienna, 28th September, 1808.

(Seal) "GEORGIUS ALBRECHTSBERGER,
"Kapellmeister in der
"Domkirche zu St. Stephan."

"As a matter of course," Moscheles continues, "the great Beethoven was the object of my deepest veneration. Having so exalted an opinion of him, I could not understand how the Viennese ladies just mentioned had the courage to invite him to listen to their musical performances, and play his compositions in his presence. He must have liked it, however, for at that period he was frequently to be met with at these evening entertainments. His unfortunate deafness might have made him reluctant to perform on the piano, so that he entrusted these ladies with the first

playing of his new compositions. But how astonished I was one day when calling upon Hofkapellmeister Salieri, who was not at home, to see on his table a sheet of paper on which was written, in large, bold characters, 'The pupil Beethoven has been here.' That set me thinking. What! a Beethoven acknowledges he has yet to learn of a Salieri! How much more then do I stand in need of his teaching! Salieri had been the pupil and most fervent admirer of Gluck, but it was well known that he would not acknowledge Mozart's works. Notwithstanding this, I went to him, became his pupil, was his deputy Kapellmeister at the Opera for three years, and received as such a free pass to all the theatres. Those were happy and busy days in dear old Vienna!"

CHAPTER II.

1814—1816.

MOSCHELES' DIARY—MEYERBEER—BEETHOVEN—CELEBRATION OF THE LIBERATION OF GERMANY—COMPOSITIONS—SONATE MELANCOLIQUE—PUPILS—HABITS OF STUDY—ARTISTIC CIRCLE—CONNEXION WITH BEETHOVEN—CONGRESS OF VERONA—IMPERIAL FESTIVITIES—MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS—THE COUNTESS HARDEGG—ALEXANDER VARIATIONS—AMUSING INCIDENT—VISIT TO PRAGUE—THE LUDLAMSHÖHLE—MOSCHELES AND HUMMEL—KARLSBAD—SCHUMANN.

THE diary, which begins on the 1st of April, 1814, opens to us a life full of cheerful activity. The youth, just turned twenty, is dependent entirely on his own exertions, and earns at artistic réunions or at public performances his first laurels as an executant as well as a composer.

On the 8th of April he hears for the first time Meyerbeer, who plays a rondo of his own composition. We quote from the diary:—"Thoroughly convinced of his masterly playing, I was still curious to see what effect it would have on a mixed audience, and remarked that even those passages which possibly were not understood, caused great astonishment—chiefly on account of the mastery shown in overcoming great difficulties."

On the 10th of April Moscheles' diary mentions the great enthusiasm which the intelligence of the taking of Paris produced at Vienna; how the populace, in great excitement, marched through the streets, singing national songs.

"April 11.—At a matinée in the 'Römischen Kaiser,' I heard a new trio by Beethoven. It was no less than the Trio in B flat, and Beethoven himself played the pianoforte part. In how many compositions do we find the little word 'new' wrongly placed! But never in Beethoven's compositions; least of all in this work, which is full of originality. His playing, apart from the spirit prevailing in it, satisfied me less, for it lacks clearness and precision; still I observed several traces of the grand style of playing which I had long since recognised in his compositions."

The great event, the liberation of Germany, was vibrating in the hearts of even the light-minded Viennese, and not only their poets, but their musicians also, vied with each other in celebrating the event. Spohr wrote his "Befreites Deutschland;" Hummel celebrated the return of the Kaiser; Moscheles wrote the "Entry into Paris," and afterwards a sonata entitled "The Return of the Kaiser." The Jewish congregation at Vienna, to which he at that time belonged, commissioned him to write for the occasion a cantata, which was performed very impressively and then rearranged for the pupils of the famous Guntz Institute, who played it before the foreign princes. He also

wrote six Scherzos, "Variations on a Theme by Handel;" his Rondo for Four Hands in A; minuets and trios; Austrian Ländler, for Artaria's Collection of National Dances; the Polonaise in E flat; a Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin; another for Piano and Bassoon, and lastly, the subject of the "Sonate Mélancolique" —thought by himself and competent judges to be one of his best works. The diary proves that this subject, which occurred to him whilst giving a lesson, was worked out with particular pleasure. Pupils, and those of the highest rank, had become so numerous that he was obliged to refuse any addition to their number. The diary shows that invitations never interfered with his studies, since he tried to make up for lost time by composing during the small hours of the night. In spite of this, by 7 A.M. the day's work was begun with the study of English and both pianoforte and violin exercises. That he judged himself severely is shown by such notes as these:—

"To-day I was much applauded, especially by Count P., who was quite enthusiastic; but I was not satisfied with myself." And again, "The company was enchanted; but I was not. I must do much better than that." And once again, "I was not to be talked over into playing, for I should not have done anything worth hearing to-day, and always see cause to repent, when I have been inveigled to the piano against my inclination."

The unceremonious artistic circle of the family of L.,

at Dornbach, near Vienna, where Salieri, Meyerbeer, Hummel, and others were to be met with, is described by Moscheles as particularly congenial to his tastes. "On delightful summer evenings walks were taken, tableaux arranged, all sorts of musical trifles composed and performed on the spot."

At this period he came into closer connexion with Beethoven. "The proposal is made to me," he writes, to arrange the great masterpiece, 'Fidelio,' for the piano. What can be more delightful?"

We now come across constant short notices in the diary; for instance, he tells how he has taken two numbers at one time to Beethoven, then again two others; next come occasional notes—such as, "he altered little," or "he altered nothing," "he simplified" such and such a passage, or "he strengthened it."

Again: "When I came early in the morning to Beethoven, he was still lying in bed; he happened to be in remarkably good spirits, jumped up immediately, and placed himself, just as he was, at the window looking out on the Schottenbastei, with the view of examining the 'Fidelio' numbers which I had arranged. Naturally, a crowd of street boys collected under the window, when he roared out, 'Now what do these confounded boys want?' I laughed, and pointed to his own figure. 'Yes, yes; you are quite right,' he said, and hastily put on a dressing-gown.

"When we came to the last grand duet, 'Namenlose Freude,' and I had written the words of the text—

'Ret-terin des Gat-ten,' he struck them out and altered them to 'Rett-erin des Gatt-en;' 'for no one,' said he, can sing upon t.' Under the last number I had written 'Fine mit Gottes Hülfe' (the end with the help of God). He was not at home when I brought it him; and on returning my manuscript, the words were added, 'O, Mensch, hilf dir selber' (Oh, man, help thyself)."

We read on the 29th November: "At Beethoven's concert at noon, in the large Redoutensaal. He gave his glorious Symphony in A major, the Cantata 'Der glorreiche Augenblick,' and the 'Battle of Vittoria.' Everything was worthy of him."

In winter Moscheles is commissioned to write the Carrousel music, to be performed in the presence of the foreign princes. He writes: "The Riding School was brilliantly illuminated, and mediæval decorations had transformed it into a kind of arena. Twenty-four knights in armour did their part admirably, and their ladies were in splendid costume. I never saw such a fine pageant." Whenever he visits the classical quartet performances of the Schuppanzig party he praises the admirable execution, especially of Beethoven's quartets; observing on one of these occasions, "How could Spohr speak against Beethoven and his imitators?"

During the great Congress at Vienna we find Moscheles and his young friends eagerly joining the enthusiastic crowd which surrounds the royal family of Austria, to welcome the Kings of Würtemberg,

Denmark, Prussia, and lastly, the Emperor of Russia. The Hiller regiment plays a march composed by Moscheles. The Burgplatz, the Imperial family at the window, the foreign princes below, everybody and everything *en fête*, the theatre in the evening, and the brilliant illuminations excite his admiration.

A few days later he describes a grand Court Ball in the Riding School; "changed into a garden, and the illuminations brilliant as daylight. Our own Emperor personally superintended the arrangements for the comfort of his distinguished visitors. I saw everything and everybody, and remained there until three o'clock in the morning."

Again: "St. Stephen's tower in a blaze of fireworks at the people's fête in the Augarten was most beautiful; the artistic rainbow, the imitations of the Brandenburg Gate, and the column constructed of French cannon left in Russia, well worth seeing. The 'Vestalin,' by Spontini; Rossini's 'Mosé,' and 'Jean de Paris,' as well as Handel's oratorio of 'Samson' were performed before the Princes." "Handel's 'Samson!'" exclaims Moscheles, with youthful enthusiasm, "which always strengthens and elevates my soul! The first time I heard it, I was in ecstasies of delight; since then I have heard every rehearsal and performance of this masterpiece, and always found myself refreshed anew."

Many youthful pranks were played, and many practical jokes devised with his artistic colleagues

Merck and Giuliani, the poets Castelli and Campani, and other jovial fellows. The intercourse with Meyerbeer materially benefited the artistic development of Moscheles, who constantly played to and with him and never tired of admiring him. He repeatedly says, "His bravura playing is unparalleled—it cannot be surpassed. I admire his own original manner of treating the instrument."

For hours together they sat extemporizing and improvising on one piano; hence arose the "Invitation to a Bowl of Punch," and other ducts. It was a hard matter for Moscheles to part from his friend, when the latter prepared to leave Vienna. Meyerbeer was at that time in his transition period. He began to apply himself to dramatic music, wrote an operetta for Berlin, and soon afterwards went to Paris, where he steadily pursued his career as a great dramatic composer.

The new year opens as busily as its predecessor had closed. The most important event in this new year, and the most momentous in its consequences, was Moscheles' visit to the Countess Hardegg.

"She sent for me," he says, "to ask me if I was willing to play at a concert on Ash Wednesday for the charitable institutions of Vienna. I was not very eager in the matter, because I had no new compositions, but she was not to be denied. 'Write something, Moscheles, as quickly as you can, and let it be brilliant,' she said. 'Yes but what?' I replied.

After much deliberation it was settled that I was to write variations upon the march played by the regiment bearing the name of the Emperor Alexander of Russia."

He began writing the variations on the 29th of January, and finished them on the 5th of February. These are the famous Alexander Variations, of which it was said for many years that Moscheles alone could play them, and which won for him, both at Vienna and elsewhere on his artistic tours, his high reputation as a bravura player. There were certain parts in this composition which (twenty years later) sent a thrill of enthusiasm through the audience; nay, when he would have been glad "to lock them away in some dark corner"—so that his "youthful effort," as he called it, might be entirely forgotten—they were still rapturously called for, and those who had heard him play them in his youth would have him repeat them in his more mature age.

In the diary of the 8th of February we read:—"To-day being Ash Wednesday, I had a rehearsal of my Alexander variations at the Kärtnerthor Theatre; they went very well with the orchestra, and were much applauded. In the evening I played them at the concert given by the committee of noble ladies for the benefit of charitable institutions; all the Allied Princes were present. The variations were unexpectedly well received—they seemed to be the piece best appreciated during the evening."

A concert given jointly with Hummel follows; the

art-loving Grand-Duchess of Weimar, who is present, cordially invites him to come to Weimar. "I am most proud," he writes, "at Salieri's attending the concert and being satisfied with my performance." Another note speaks of Moscheles' devotion to this master. "My beloved master, Salieri, is in great danger; he is suffering from inflammation on the lungs. God grant that his illness may take a favourable turn!" After several days of anxiety he is allowed to see him, but not to speak to him, and then follow expressions of joy at his recovery.

An amusing incident occurs on the 7th of May. The friends had taken a walk to Mödling (near Vienna); Moscheles had off-hand arranged the picnic music, and says, "To set every one going, I took the sticks out of the drummer's hands and thundered and flourished, whilst the violins twittered, the clarionets doodled, the trumpets clanged, and the bassoon growled. It was a wonderful ensemble."

His cheerful mood does not always predominate. Moscheles confides to his diary that, "not being up to the mark, I preferred leaving the company." Again we meet with this remark, "Played and pleased others, not myself." Then he works all the more industriously, and is cheered by the consciousness of uninterrupted progress and an almost invariably unclouded intercourse with his friends.

He is busy composing his Polonaise in E flat major, which became afterwards the last movement of

the concert in the same key; but at the rehearsal he complains of the three discordant drums (in E flat, B flat, and C flat), and this complaint is repeated at nearly every performance, even in later years; so that at last, in the year 1832, when Mendelssohn makes a humorous illustrated sketch of Moscheles' works, he writes underneath, "Respect, sie sind eingestimmt!" ("All honour to them. They are in tune!") Scarcely is the Polonaise finished, when he begins his Sestet. In after years he used to tell of his great anxiety at that time to write something in the style of Hummel's Septet. But he always winds up with the admission, "My ambition resulted in a light youthful effort, not to be compared with Hummel's work."

On one occasion at Dornbach a pelting storm drives a whole party, Moscheles included, to seek shelter in the house, and he is asked to play to the company, to compensate them for the loss of the walk. "I improvised," he said, "but in conjunction with the elements; for with every flash of lightning I brought my playing to a pause, which allowed the thunder to make itself heard independently." During the autumn his mother spends a fortnight with him; he devotes himself to her entirely, and after she leaves, we find him resuming his studies and his frequent attendance at the theatres. He also looks for incentives in the sister arts. Speaking, in the diary, of Oehlenschläger's "Correggio," he says: "I find so many beautiful things in it with reference to painters and painting,

that I applied it all to my own art, to impress it indelibly on ... mind." There are interesting notices interweaved in his diary at this period with reference to serenades ("Nacht-musiken") practised at this time. Count Palffy gave six of them this winter in the Botanical Gardens. The performers, besides Moscheles, were Mayseder, Merck, Giuliani, and Hummel. At the first series, the Empress Marie Louise, the Archdukes Rainer and Rudolf, &c. &c., were present, and the programme contains an arrangement of the overture to "Fidelio" (the chief parts by Moscheles and Mayseder); Sonata for piano and horn by Beethoven (Moscheles and Radezki); Polonaise by Mayseder; Rondo by Hummel, with quartet accompaniment played by Moscheles. In the intervals there were jovial "Jodler," echoing merrily through the gardens, and a still more jovial supper. The other five Serenades, as well as one for the Empress Marie Louise, and half a dozen for the name-days of private people, were not less interesting.

The first incident worthy of record in this new year (1816) is a journey to his native town, Prague, where he gave a concert for the poor, the proceeds of which amounted to 2400 florins. At Pesth he met with his usual success. Old friends and new gathered around him, the Batthyany and other noble families invited him to their country seats, and he was never weary of praising the artistic taste and hospitality of this circle. Scarcely had he returned to Vienna

when he resumed his former pursuits. In those days he was a constant guest at the Ludlamshöhle, an artists' tavern, where poets, painters, musicians, and actors used to meet to spend an hour in unrestrained conviviality, and wit and wine were the order of the evening. Every member had his nickname; and these Moscheles took as the words of a chorus composed for his jovial comrades. Often in after-years he fondly recalled the happy hours spent in this circle.

Meanwhile Moscheles had, by dint of study and observation of the strong points of others, steadily improved in finish and execution, so that two camps were formed — the one preferring Hummel, the other Moscheles. Trustworthy contemporaries are of opinion that Hummel's legato playing had not at that time been attained to by Moscheles; Hummel's touch, they said, was soft as velvet, his running passages perfect as a string of pearls; whereas Moscheles, with his dashing bravura and youthful enthusiasm, carried away his hearers with irresistible force. There was no kind of personal rivalry between the two artists themselves. We have seen how Moscheles preferred Hummel's Septet to his own composition of the same kind. In return Hummel gave Moscheles tokens of the most sincere acknowledgment, such as entrusting him with a favourite pupil when obliged himself to be absent from Vienna. Moscheles mentions his intercourse with several other artists, amongst them Reichardt and Czerny, of whom he says: "No one

understood better how to strengthen the weakest fingers, or to lighten study by practical exercises, without neglecting to form the taste." Whilst recognising the merits of others, he cannot forbear saying, "We musicians, whatever we may be, are mere satellites of the great Beethoven, the dazzling luminary."

Moscheles produced about this time his grand Sonata in E flat, for two performers, dedicated to the Archduke Rudolf of Austria, who played it in musician-like style at first sight with him. One concert follows another. Moscheles' reputation is rising, but, in spite of the homage paid him, he never relaxes, but energetically devotes himself to his regular studies. His friends urge him to try his fortune in the wide world; he at first opposes their views. No wonder! He felt so perfectly happy in his beloved Vienna, as a favourite of the public and the centre of a large circle of friends. His influential patrons and patronesses however prevail upon him to set out on longer artistic travels, and remove all obstacles attending such a plan. We next find him at Prague, and read, "How delightful it is once more to be with mother and sisters! What pleasure it gives me to play before them; no one listens as they do." And again, "Today my sisters and I had some of our old childish fun—a regular game of romps; I think mother liked it." He had to play to his truly respected teacher, Dionys Weber, to artists and friends, one and all of whom were surprised and delighted with his progress. Every family

which had known him as a boy, and set hopeful store on his future, gave him a hearty reception. Success followed success; merry adventures and pleasant excursions are recorded, and Moscheles accepts an invitation of Count Wallis to pass the summer with him and his family at Karlsbad. This celebrated watering-place was just then the resort of princes and nobles, famous statesmen and artists. Besides King William III. of Prussia, there were Hardenberg and Gneisenau, Wittgenstein, Rostopschin, and others. The Prussian, Austrian, and Russian nobility vied with each other in the magnificence of their entertainments, and a happy fusion of the various ranks proved that the great folk were glad to associate with the artists and make music with them. The Russian Baroness Lunin sang extremely well, and Prince Galitzin, who had devoted himself to composition, wrote for her romances which Moscheles revised and accompanied. Moscheles created quite a furore with his Alexander variations and fantasias; such attentions were lavished on him that years afterwards he would eulogize the favours shown him in that artistic circle, and contrast them with the coolness and indifference of "now-a-days."

It was in Karlsbad that the young Robert Schumann heard Moscheles for the first time, and lasting were the impressions there produced. Many years later, when Moscheles dedicated to Schumann the Sonata (op. 121) for pianoforte and violoncello, he received from him the following letter:—"I am

honoured and delighted by the dedication of your Sonata, and I regard it as an encouragement to my own aspirations, in which you took a friendly interest from early days. When I, completely unknown to you, kept for more than twenty years at Karlsbad, as a relic, a concert programme which had been yours, how little I dreamt of being honoured in this way by so illustrious a master! Accept my sincerest thanks for your kindness."

An excursion was made from Karlsbad to Eger. Moscheles saw the house in which Wallenstein was murdered, the old fortress with its massive pillars, and lastly the Mordgässchen, "Murderer's Lane," where, in the days of darkness, all the Jews, except the family of Seligsberg, whose descendants still inhabited the same spot, were cruelly put to death. A visit to Franzensbrunn and Mariakulm, and another short stay at Karlsbad, concluded this successful tour.

Meanwhile the Countess Hardegg and other influential admirers had prepared his grand tour for him on his return to Vienna, by providing him with letters of recommendation to every Court he might visit, to every diplomatic or art-loving celebrity, as well as to the "haute finance." These letters were something more than ordinary introductions: the young man was warmly and earnestly recommended, his talents and general bearing placed in the most favourable light, and his successes described as accomplished facts. In those days letters of recommendation had their real

value, and this partly explains the social as well as artistic success that almost invariably attended Moscheles. In the first instance confidence inspired by those who had recommended him, was followed by pleasure in his artistic performances. To this must be added the charm of modest, unassuming manners, which made the stranger a welcome guest, then a friend—not for months, or even years, but for life itself. Let us now follow him upon his wanderings, which were the means of carrying his name far and wide, and investing it with a European celebrity.

CHAPTER III.

1816—1821.

IMPRESSIONS OF LEIPZIG—CONVERSATION WITH BEETHOVEN—SCHICHT—PROFESSOR SCHULZE—GEWANDHAUS CONCERTS—CLASSIG'S COFFEE-HOUSE—MOSCHELES' CONCERT—CONCERT AT ALTENBURG—DRESDEN—SPONTINI'S "VESTALIN" AT THE OPERA—INTRODUCTION TO THE ARTISTIC WORLD—GOETHE AND MUSIC—ANECDOTE OF HAYDN—PERFORMANCE BEFORE THE COURT—INTRIGUES OF POLLEDRO—MUNICH—EXCURSION TO HOLLAND—MUSICAL LIFE IN BRUSSELS—PARIS—SPOHR.

IN the autumn of 1816 Moscheles bid a sorrowful adieu to the beautiful Imperial city, and went to Leipzig by way of Prague. He travelled in a so-called "Hauderer," a most tedious and cumbersome vehicle, and many ejaculations of impatience did it draw from him, which neither books, nor the dumb row of keys he carried with him, in order to keep his fingers exercised, at least technically, availed to moderate. At last he reaches Leipzig. He says:—"Anxious to see the place, I hastened to the promenades, the ancient market-place, and thence went to the theatre. The students, with their unseemly noise, their furious thumping on the ground with sticks when impatiently calling for the piece to proceed, astonished me, the orderly Austrian. I was destined to be further annoyed. The performance was a parody upon

Künstler's 'Erdenwallen,' in which the author, Julius Voss, in biting satire, speaks of all those who had come to the Leipzig fair with some show or other to make money. Was that a hit at me? I quickly laughed away the notion, and thoroughly enjoyed my supper in the 'Joachimsthal.'" Some pages further on we find frequent notices of the crowds in the streets, the foreign costumes, the Polish Jews in the Brühl, and the overcrowded public places. He says afterwards:—"The first concert I heard in Leipzig was given by Mlle. Sessi; the overture was played very steadily. I must make special note of the contrabasso player Wach, because, with his force and energy, he seemed to keep the whole orchestra together." And again a few days afterwards we read:—"To-day I was with Schicht, the Cantor of the Thomas Schule. We had a long conversation about art and artists, and he gave me the full benefit of his opinions on Beethoven. Amongst other things he affirmed that 'the Mount of Olives' was not written in the oratorio style, and told the story that when Beethoven had sent the work to the publisher, the latter had thought it right to omit the chorus, 'Welchen Weg fliehen wir?' ('Ah, whither shall we fly?') Beethoven was very indignant, condemned such conduct as arbitrary, and wrote a very strong letter to the publishers. Schicht seemed to think this curious, whereupon I clearly set before him the proper point of view.

"At the house of Schulze, Professor of Music, I heard several choruses and motets without accompaniment, admirably executed by his pupils, and these performances were in the presence of Zelter, the severe critic, who happened to be at Leipzig at the time. I heard also in the Thomas Church eight part motets and fugues sung with much force and precision by pupils under the directorship of my friend Cantor Schicht."

On the 6th of October the Gewandhaus concerts began. Moscheles attended of course. Some interest may attach to a programme of those days; we therefore copy it from the diary :—

PART I.

Symphony . . . Mozart.
Aria . . . . . Madame Sessi.
Pianoforte Concerto, written and played by Zeuner, of St. Petersburg.
Duet . . Madame Sessi and Herr Bergmann.

PART II.

Overture . . Andrew Romberg.
Aria . . . Wild.
Cavatina, with Guitar.
Lied, "Vergissmeinnicht."
Swiss Rondo . . . By Zenner.

Finale . A chorus from Winter's "Power of Music.

Moscheles finds life in Leipzig extremely pleasant. At Classig's coffee-house he falls in "daily with the most delightful company," hears "arrangements of the best symphonies, overtures, and operas, with an almost complete orchestra, that plays admirably." But the mediæval custom of closing the city gates at dusk (Thorsperre), now abolished, and being admitted only on payment of some few groschen, frequently troubles him when he is returning from visiting the Wiecks (the parents of the famous Clara Schumann).

His own concert was to be given on the 8th of October. "I was in great excitement," he says. "My pressing business began as early as seven o'clock in the morning. In accordance with the local custom, I paid the cashier beforehand a bill receipted by the committee, charging sixty-six thalers, twelve neugroschen for the room and lights. The rehearsal began at nine A.M. My overture to the ballet, 'Die Portraits,' was admirably performed at the first reading, but the orchestra wished to rehearse it again, and then it exceeded my expectations. I cannot sufficiently praise the horns and trombones, but beyond all the admirable violin of Matthäi, the leader. The small audience collected in the room was unanimous in applauding me, and the Alexander variations allured many of the orchestral players away from their desks towards the piano, where they could watch the execution of the difficult passages. In spite of this success, my nervousness was so overpowering, in expec-

tation of the evening, that I could not swallow a morsel. In the afternoon I found my instrument in the concert-room, well tuned and in good order, when I felt its pulse; my own was anything but quiet. At five o'clock the room was opened and lighted. Everything looked grand and impressive, and half-an-hour afterwards some ladies elegantly dressed arrived, so as to secure good places. It is not easy to imagine a handsomer room, or one better fitted for its purpose. I also found the seats arranged in a very practical manner, and one which was quite new to me. At half-past six, after I had swallowed a cup of tea with a drop of rum in it, I gave the signal for the concert to begin, and was received with applause on my appearance—a distinction not given to every one in this place. My overture, owing to the hearty co-operation of every one, surpassed my expectations. The public was so enthusiastic and unanimous in its applause, that I look back to this evening as one of the brightest and happiest of my life. A chorus by Schicht followed. My Polonaise, which was shown to the best advantage by the delicate accompaniment of three drums, all admirably tuned, will probably never be more effectively performed than here, or secure me more genuine applause. Between the parts the directors warmly congratulated me.

In the second part we had Romberg's Capriccio for Violin, played by Matthäi; the Alexander Variations, repeated with the same enthusiastic applause; a Hymn

by Mozart; then a pause of a few moments, after which I began my Improvisation. The public, feeling more and more interested, came nearer to me, and ended by regularly hemming me in, so that I became the centre of a great and admiring circle."

Such a success, on such difficult ground, was as surprising as it was encouraging to Moscheles.

It was the universal wish that a second concert should soon follow, and the 14th of October was the day fixed on. "I had intended to-day," says the diary, "to introduce no extraneous subject into my Improvisation, when coming to a pause, the melody, 'Das klinget so herrlich' (Zauberflöte) involuntarily forced itself upon me. Two rounds of applause rewarded my treatment of this subject."

Next morning Moscheles gave a déjeûner to artists and amateurs; there were plenty of oysters and good wines, supplemented by a musical entertainment. In the following days he strolled about amongst the booths at the fair, and attended some interesting theatrical performances; he also examined the battle-field, the gardens, streets, and villages through which the torrent of war had rolled. Councillor L., of Altenburg, arranged a concert for him at Altenburg, "in which the enthusiasm of the good Leipzig people was loyally repeated." Some new songs, as well as the Sestet, were published by Hofmeister.

Delighted beyond measure with his artistic successes in the musical city of Leipzig, he prepared to go on

to Dresden. On his arrival there, after a tedious journey, and considerable bodily suffering, in consequence of an affection of the throat, he sought for some relief and forgetfulness of pain by listening to Spontini's "Vestalin" given by an Italian company. "The director is called Polledro, the singers Madame Sandrini, Benelli, &c. &c. Their genuine Italian method and extraordinary power of spontaneous vocalization delighted me extremely, but I was so irritated with their constant ritardando at the finish of each melodious phrase, and the halts and draggings of the band, that I was obliged to brood over my bodily ills, and only got through the three acts by great effort. Myself and my pains I should completely have forgotten had I been present at a classical opera, classically performed. The orchestra, of which I had formed such great expectations, left much to be desired, notably the first horn-player. One passage in the andante of the overture could not be recognised." Moscheles about this time was confined to his room for a month, by order of his medical advisers, and beguiled this somewhat irksome time by arranging his four heroic marches for an orchestra, writing the Andante of the Sonata in E major, which he dedicated to Beethoven, and arranging some other pieces, besides reading several of Goethe's works, Mendelssohn's "Phädon," &c.

At last he was restored to health, and utilized the early days of his newly acquired freedom by intro-

ducing himself to the artist world of Dresden. In the choir of the Catholic church, during the performance of the mass, he made the acquaintance of Morlacchi, Polledro, Dotzauer, Benelli, and other artists. "I find the effect of the Mass grand" (we read in the diary); "twenty violins, six violas, four basses and violoncellos, with but one only of each of the wind instruments, with the exception of the four bassoons, the leading solos sung by Sassaroli." Further on we read: "I found in August Klengel an interesting acquaintance. He plays in the Clementi style, his toccatas, fugues, and gigues are as solid as they are artistic and thorough. Klengel and Zenner often come to visit me, and play to me alternately."

At the next grand concert, he speaks of "the room as inferior in many respects to that at Leipzig, the programme itself meagre, and the performance rather consumptive."

The diary of this period contains several notes on miscellaneous subjects. We give some few extracts. "Goethe writes in the 'Neuen Melusine' (a periodical), 'I must confess that I have never been able to make much out of music.' A thing I naturally cannot understand," Moscheles added. Further on: "I must note a proof of Haydn's love of justice. Haydn heard that Beethoven had spoken in a tone of depreciation of his oratorio the 'Creation.' 'That is wrong of him,' said Haydn; 'what has he written then? His Septet?

Certainly that is beautiful, nay, splendid!' he added, in tones of earnest admiration, completely forgetting the bitterness of the censure directed against himself." But to revert to Dresden. Here Moscheles met with many obstacles in the way of professional success; first his own illness, then the intrigues of Polledro, who wanted himself to give concerts, and finally the aggravating Court etiquette. "At last," says Moscheles, "I got my foot firmly in, or rather my hand, for I played, and with approval, first at the house of the Austrian Ambassador, Count Bombelles, then before Oberhofmeister Count Piatti, and Ober Stallmeister Count Vitzthum, ending finally on the 20th of December by a successful performance before the Court itself. The Court actually dined (this barbarous custom still prevails), and the Royal household listened in the galleries, whilst I and the Court band made music to them, and barbarous it really was, but in regard to truth, I must add that Royalty, and also the lacqueys, kept as quiet as possible, and the former actually so far condescended as to admit me to friendly conversation." His success secured for him what he had hitherto in vain striven to acquire, the permission to have the aid of the Royal band at his intended concert; this permission invariably refused to all others, was granted to Moscheles in recognition of his special merits. The musicians, too, began to like him better; Morlacchi and Schubert frustrated the intrigues of Polledro,

who wished to give him the weakest players in the orchestra, Count Piatti negotiated with the ungracious landlord of the Hôtel de Pologne for the hire of the room, and the day of the concert was fixed for the 28th of December. "In accordance with local usage," he says, "I gave tickets to each of the members of the orchestra. We rehearsed, and in the evening the concert came off before a brilliant public, profuse in manifestations of applause." Moscheles in comparing the performance of some pieces given at Leipzig and Dresden, gives the palm to the Leipzig orchestra.

The next place visited was Munich, where Moscheles, after taking part in some grand performances, gave two concerts on his own account. He had letters of introduction to Prince Eugene of Leuchtenberg and the Court; the old King Max was very kind and amiably disposed towards him, and after hearing him play before the royal circle, presented him with a diamond ring. A pin with the letter E, set in diamonds on an enamelled ground (a present from Prince von Leuchtenberg), is still kept as a precious souvenir.

After playing at Augsburg before the ex-Queen Hortense, Moscheles made an excursion to Holland, giving four concerts at Amsterdam, and one at the Hague. There he saw for the first time the glorious sea, and he records the powerful impression made upon him. It was at Amsterdam that he began his concerto in G minor, which he finished on the 4th of August, 1817.

He says, "Since I daily heard the chimes of the melancholy church bells, it was natural that I should choose a minor key, and mark the first movement as 'malinconico.'" A first rehearsal of this concerto in the "Liebhaber Gesellschaft" was a great success, but certainly neither the listeners nor the author himself could have foreseen the long life in store for this favourite composition.

He next visited the Rhine and Belgium, and writes, "Brussels is the preparation for Paris, both as regards language and customs." The musical life in that city was one of great activity, and Moscheles' performances were eagerly welcomed.

On the 29th of December he reached Paris, and put up at the Hôtel de Bretagne. He writes thus: "The impression as I drove through the crowded streets, and watched the brilliant shops filled with purchasers, will never be effaced from my memory. Going out for a morning walk on the 30th, whom should I meet but my friend Spohr—a good omen! Our joy on meeting was mutual, we were a long time together, and sauntered on the Boulevard des Italiens. Later in the day I accompanied him to the Palais Royal, and in the evening we heard 'Don Juan' at the Italian Opera, given, to my surprise, in its integrity; Fodor was a charming Zerlina, and all the others good. We had, however, great trouble in getting into the theatre. The crowd was so dense, that we were obliged to engage a man to take tickets for us."

CHAPTER IV.

1821.

BARON POIFÉRÉ DE CÈRE—SPOHR—GALL THE PHRENOLOGIST—DIARY OF A DAY—CONCERT AT THE THÉÂTRE FAVART—SOIRÉES WITH LAFONT—CONCERTS SPIRITUELS—A CURIOUS BET—AN EVENING AT CICERI'S—THE THEATRES OF PARIS—CHRISTENING OF THE DUKE OF BORDEAUX—MISTAKEN FOR A COURIER—LONDON—A LEARNED WAITER—MUSICAL CELEBRITIES—HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE—BRAHAM—SOIRÉES AND CONCERTS—VISIT TO KALKBRENNER—THE ERARDS—AUGUST LEO.

DURING the first week of his stay in Paris, Moscheles thoroughly explored the city in every direction, and his delight in the novelty and sights is duly recorded in the diary. Besides this, special mention is made of Spohr, who frequently met Moscheles at the house of Baron Poiféré de Cère. The baron gave morning parties every Sunday, where the aristocracy of artists, as well as the great world of Paris, were numerously represented.

Spohr had entrusted Moscheles at one of his matinées with the pianoforte part of his quintet in E flat (with wind instruments), which was greatly applauded by the audience. In addition to this, Moscheles was called on to improvise, and was particularly happy to find Reicha and Kreutzer for the first time amongst his audience. Moscheles and

Spohr attended the quintet and quartet parties given by Reicha and Sina, and the two Germans delighted in finding our great masters, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, admirably played and admired in the capital of France. The following passage from the diary proves how anxious Moscheles was to see those of his colleagues whom he himself revered, in the enjoyment of full recognition by a French as well as German public.

"Why does Spohr fail to awaken general enthusiasm here? Will the French, from a feeling of national pride, acknowledge none but their own violin school? Or is Spohr too little communicative, too retiring for the Paris fashionable world? Enough that to-day he has been obliged to give up his intended evening concert from want of public interest; this really pains me. Yesterday, at a soirée at the Valentins, he played in his E flat quartet, which passed without the applause it well deserved—a man like Spohr!" Again we read: "At Baillot's, who had got up for Spohr and myself a genuine soirée of artists, he was greeted with real enthusiasm. I also played and improvised. He played, I played, and we each shared in a brotherly way the applause of this select audience."

Applause in this instance means no ordinary recognition, for we read in the diary the following names—Cherubini, Auber, Herold, Adam, Lesueur, Pacini, Paër, Mazas, Habeneck, Plantade, Blangini, Lafont Pleyel, Ivan Müller, Strunz, Viotti, Ponchard,

Pellegrini, the brothers Bohrer, the famous singers Nadermann, Garcia, and others. Nor were the leading journalists, such as Martinville, Mangin, Bertin, wanting on these occasions. There were also present Schlesinger, Boieldieu, Lemoine, the publishers, and Pape, Petzold, Erard, and Freudenthaler, the pianoforte makers, whose rivalries were a constant source of trouble to Moscheles. At that time he preferred Pape's instruments; the Viennese pianos, with their lightness of touch, had rather spoilt him for the slow and heavy action of the Erards of that time.

The leading families in Paris became more and more attracted towards Moscheles, partly to secure him as a teacher, partly from the hope of hearing him at their own musical parties, but here, as in Vienna, he steadily devoted his morning hours to pianoforte practice and composition. "This work done," he says, "I plunge cheerfully into the joys and delights of this great capital." He was loaded with invitations to dinners, balls, and all sorts of fêtes.

The houses most notable for music were those of the Princess Vaudemont, the Marquise de Montgerault (a good pianist herself, and the authoress of a very able work on pianoforte playing), the Princess Ouwaroff, Madame Bonnemaison, who sang prettily, and Monsieur Mesny, to whose daughter Moscheles dedicated his variations on the theme, "Au clair de la lune." Music and dinner parties were frequently given by the Prussian and other ambassadors, and the "haute

finance," represented by Lafitte, Rothschild, Fould, and others, vied with each other in hospitable and luxurious entertainments. There were brilliant assemblies also at the d'Hervillys', Matthias', and Valentins'. "There is less grandeur at the Valentins'," says Moscheles, "but for that very reason I feel more at home with them." The first publisher of Goethe in the French language, Monsieur Pankouke and his wife, received Moscheles with the greatest cordiality. "They were so delighted to see me that, when I joined their large party, I was greeted with clapping of hands."

At that time he was brought into contact with Gall, the famous phrenologist. "He did not know me, but, at the suggestion of some friends, examined my skull, and found, in addition to my decided organization for music, the bump of mathematics, a passion for travelling, and a memory for persons and things!"

We extract from the diary the description of a single day (28th January), which may, with its varied occupations, be taken as a correct type of many others during Moscheles' stay in Paris. "This morning, Herr Strunz brought Rigel, the pianoforte player, to my house, to hear me play. At eleven A.M. I rehearsed at Paër's with Baillot for this evening; then I went, or rather ran, with him at full speed to the Court Chapel in the Tuileries, where we heard a glorious mass by Cherubini, admirably performed, as might be expected with the co-operation of such

men as Kreutzer, Baillot, Habeneck. Plantade directed, and Cherubini, who talked to me, was amongst the audience. After this Spohr and I went to the rehearsal of Lafont's concert in the Théâtre Favart, and on our return home, we had long and animated discussions on musical matters. Schlesinger and I dined at the famous but expensive Restaurant the Frères Provençaux (I am not always so luxurious). Then I drove with Paër, Levasseur, Rigaud-Pallard and his wife, to the evening party given by the Duchess of Orleans. There was a large Court circle assembled. Besides the vocal pieces, I played with Baillot my Potpourri, and was obliged to improvise twice. I was received with favour and kindness."

Moscheles, in giving public performances in Paris, had many difficulties to contend with, and there were constant negotiations with the Marquis Lauriston and M. de la Ferté, before he managed to fix on the 25th of February for his concert in the Théâtre Favart. We have the following notice of the concert and matters incidental to it: "I was still busy in the forenoon in adding trombone parts to my concerto, distributing boxes and free tickets; in the afternoon I went to the Théâtre Favart to try my piano, one of Pape's. Ever since the rehearsal it had been specially guarded by one of his men, to prevent any trick being played. The concert passed off successfully. The attendance and receipts were all in keeping with the artistic honours showered upon me; but woe to the

artist if ever in public he violates the forms of etiquette and politeness. The singer Bordogni was hissed, because, from forgetfulness or intention, he did not offer to conduct Mademoiselle Cinti back to her seat after finishing their duet."

Besides this concert, Moscheles gave another with Lafont, and four soirées with the same artist: the fourth and last was given on the 21st of May, for the benefit of a poor family. The two artists played on this, and on other occasions, a Potpourri on subjects by Gluck, Mozart, and Rossini. It was their joint composition, and, blending as it did the thoughts of three such different schools of art, proved highly interesting. Both artists were so much patronized by the fashionable world of Paris that Count Senzillon had arranged a concert for them at Versailles also. They arrived with their piano and violin, had a rehearsal, walked about the castle and park, played to a very enthusiastic audience, and returned well satisfied. Moscheles remarks upon Lafont: "He was a sentimental artist, not only as a violin player, but also as a vocalist, and knew how to draw many a tear from the eyes of the fair ones by singing the Romanza 'La Larme.' His wife also sang romances. She was as pretty as she was voiceless, and this called for the following pointed remark in a newspaper: 'Madame Lafont a chanté, elle a de beaux yeux.'" Moscheles often entertained parties of jovial artists at his lodgings; music, punch, and supper were going on up

to three in the morning. Whoever could play or sing was present, and good music alternated with amusing tricks played upon the respective instruments. "Altogether," he writes, "it is a happy, merry time! Certainly, at the last state dinner of the Rothschilds, in the presence of such notabilities as Canning or Narischkin, I was obliged to keep rather in the background. The invitation to a large, brilliant, but ceremonious ball appears a very questionable way of showing me attention. The drive up, the endless queue of carriages, wearied me, and at last I got out and walked. There, too, I found little pleasure." On the other hand, he praised the performance of Gluck's opera, at the house of the Erards. The 'concerts spirituels' delight him. "Who would not," he says, "envy me this enjoyment? These concerts justly enjoy a world-wide celebrity. There I listen with the most solemn earnestness." On the other hand, there are cheerful episodes, and jovial dinners with Carl Blum and Schlesinger, at the Restaurant Lemelle. "Yesterday," he writes, "Schlesinger quizzed me about my slowness in eating, and went so far as to make the stupid bet with me, that he would demolish three dozen oysters whilst I ate one dozen, and he was quite right. On perceiving, however, that he was on the point of winning, I took to making faces, made him laugh so heartily, that he couldn't go on eating; thus I won my bet." We find the following notice on the 20th of March: "I spent

the evening at Ciceri's, son-in-law of Isabey, the famous painter, where I was introduced to one of the most interesting circles of artists. In the first room were assembled the most famous painters, engaged in drawing several things for their own amusement. In the midst of these was Cherubini, also drawing. I had the honour, like every one newly introduced, of having my portrait taken in caricature. Bégasse took me in hand, and succeeded well. In an adjoining room were musicians and actors, amongst them Ponchard, Levasseur, Dugazon, Panseron, Mlle. de Munck, and Mad. Livère, of the Théâtre Français. The most interesting of their performances, which I attended merely as a listener, was a vocal quartet by Cherubini, performed under his direction. Later in the evening, the whole party armed itself with larger or smaller 'Mirlitons' (reed pipe whistles), and on these small monotonous instruments, sometimes made of sugar, they played, after the fashion of Russian horn music, the overture to Demophon, two frying-pans representing the drums." On the 27th of March this "Mirliton" concert was repeated at Ciceri's, and on this occasion Cherubini took an active part. Moscheles relates of that evening: "Horace Vernet entertained us with his ventriloquizing powers, M. Salmon with his imitation of a horn, and Dugazon actually with a Mirliton solo. Lafont and I represented the classical music, which, after all, held its own."

We find many an interesting notice of the theatres, nearly all of which Moscheles visited in succession. In Franconi's Cirque Olympique, in the Faubourg du Temple, he saw the harrowing story of Ugolino, a falling tower, and other startling effects, produced by machinery. At the Porte St. Martin, the burlesque of "Les Petites Danaïdes" and Potier's exquisite comic acting created a furore. People laughed in the "Variétés" at Scribe's pieces, written in his earliest best time, such as "L'Ours et le Pacha," "La Champenoise," "Les Voitures Versées," &c. At the Gymnase he was enchanted with the appearance and playing of the lovely actress Esther. Perlet's comedy made him "die of laughing; and," says he, "words cannot be found" to describe Talma's "Mithridates." The "Jeune Femme Colère" of Mademoiselle Mars draws from him the observation; "The acting of this great artiste must live for ever in the memory of any fortunate enough to have seen her." He was greatly interested by a pilgrimage to the graves of Rousseau and Voltaire, and enjoyed with the enthusiasm of youth and a keen susceptible nature the art-treasures of Paris, and the charm of its environs. These delights, however, are only briefly hinted at in the diary. A thorough musician, Moscheles records again and again his musical impressions. Thus, for example: "I drove early with Lafont to the Hôtel de Ville, where Cherubini's new Cantata, and the Intermède by Boieldieu and Berton, written for

the christening of the Duke of Bordeaux, were rehearsed. The first of these works was under the direction of the great master himself. His squeaky, sharp little voice was sometimes heard in the midst of his conducting, and interrupted my state of ecstasy, caused by his presence and composition. The whole of the magnificent and far-famed Court band was in attendance. The Prefect, Count Chabrol, and his wife, whom I met at this rehearsal, offered me, in the most friendly manner, a ticket for the grand ball to be given in honour of the christening. In the evening I attended the general rehearsal of an opera which Cherubini, Paër, Berton, Boieldieu, and Kreutzer had jointly composed in honour of this same christening. The final chorus by Cherubini made an indelible impression on my mind. Each master conducted his own pieces, and Cherubini was loudly cheered.

"On the morning of 30th of April, present at another rehearsal of the Intermède, at the Hôtel de Ville, under the direction of the composers, Boieldieu and Berton. Rigaud-Pallard and Boulanger, MM. Pouchard and Huet, sang. Immense crowds of people and a host of carriages are moving about. To-day is evidently the beginning of the grand festivities."

"May 1.—Christening of the little Duke of Bordeaux. The whole of Paris turned out; the streets were crowded. I could not stay much within doors. I saw the procession on its way to the Church of

Notre Dame, then went to the Tuileries, where the Duchess, standing on the balcony, showed her infant to the enthusiastic crowd. In the evening I joined a party of friends to see the illuminations. Those in the Tuileries gardens made the scene one of fairy-land.

"May 2.—The Intermède given in a brilliant manner in the Salle du St. Esprit in the Hôtel de Ville.

"May 9.—To-day I played in the Hôtel de Ville, where the City of Paris gave a grand banquet to the Provincial Deputies; Cherubini, Boieldieu, and Berton directed the music. The Intermède was repeated. Lafont also played.

"May 13.—I went with friends to the Villette, to witness the inauguration of the Canal St. Denis. The Court party were rowed about in gaily decked gondolas or yachts; the crowd was enthusiastic."

A few days later he writes: "The festivities, and my stay at Paris, are drawing to a close, and I have every reason to feel grateful. As an artist I have had great success, and in a material point of view I can announce to my mother that I have been doing extremely well. She shall enjoy my good fortune with me."

We have already mentioned that, after the early death of Moscheles' father, the widow and her five young children were left completely unprovided for—it is delightful to record that the constant and

beneficent care bestowed by Moscheles on his mother and sisters dates from this success in the French capital. His brother, too, whose weakly health never allowed him to enjoy complete independence, was an object of his tenderest solicitude, and so cheerfully did he render this assistance, that it was a source of happiness to both giver and receiver, it lightened the sense of obligation.

His most intimate Parisian friends having vied with each other in showing him kindness and hospitality, Moscheles gave them in return a dinner at the Frères Provençaux, and finally left Paris on the 23rd of May. The coach, owing to unfavourable weather, did not reach Calais until the evening of the 24th. The wind was contrary, no sailing vessel could leave the harbour until the 26th. "A day never to be forgotten by me!" he says. "We spent fully fourteen hours on the stormy sea. I was tormented with all the sufferings of sea-sickness. At last, at midnight, when we were getting near Dover, and the steward asked me for my passage fare, I only had strength to point to my well-filled pocket. 'For shame!' exclaimed the fellow, 'a courier, and so sea-sick!' And whence did I get this title of a courier? At the Austrian Embassy they had stamped the large packet of my music with the Imperial seal, and inscribed it 'Despatches,' so that I might travel free of tax and delay, and the steward of course supposed I was the bearer of despatches, crossing and recrossing the Channel frequently.

"On arrival at Dover I soon recovered, and the following morning started in the mail-coach, which in twelve hours brought me to London. Little did I think that there I was to find my second home."

"Yesterday evening" (we quote from the diary of the 28th of May), "I arrived at the Golden Cross Hotel, in Charing Cross. Early this morning, when I told the waiter how I admired the 'Platz,' he explained, with a scholar-like air, that the very spot on which we stood had been one of the halting-places at the time when the body of Queen Eleanor was carried to Westminster Abbey for interment, that crosses had then been erected at all the halting-places of the funeral procession, and that this present Charing Cross took its name from the then village of Charing, which in those days formed the site of the present 'Platz' and its surroundings. All this was new to me with my hazy ideas of England's history and London geography. Little did I think that this strange London was to become my second home."

Launched into the metropolis of the British Empire, Moscheles plunged, full of youthful fire and energy, into the musical and fashionable world, as he had done before at Paris. He wished above all things to hear music and be listened to, and just as many opportunities presented themselves in London as in Paris. Players on his own instrument, such as J. B. Cramer, F. Ries, Kalkbrenner, entered the lists with him, and men like Clementi were the judges. (Mos-

cheles at that time played by preference on Clementi's pianos.)

Moscheles writes of his colleague Cramer: "His interpretation of Mozart, and his own Mozart-like compositions, are like breathings 'from the sweet south,' but nevertheless he shows no hostility to me and my bravura style; on the contrary, in public and private he pays me the sincerest homage, which I requite with heartfelt admiration." Cramer is exceedingly intellectual and entertaining, he has a sharp satirical vein, and spares neither his own nor his neighbour's foibles. He prefers to converse in French, and shows by his manners that he has spent much of his early life in France.

"He is one of the most inveterate snuff-takers. Good housekeepers maintain that after every visit of the great master, the floor must be cleansed of the snuff he has spilt, whilst I, as a pianoforte player, cannot forgive him for disfiguring his aristocratic, long, thin fingers, with their beautifully shaped nails, by the use of it, and often clogging the action of the keys. Those thin, well shaped fingers are best suited for legato playing; they glide along imperceptibly from one key to the other, and whenever possible, avoid octave as well as staccato passages. Cramer sings on the piano in such a manner that he almost transforms a Mozart andante into a vocal piece, but I must resent the liberty he takes in introducing his own and frequently trivial embellishments." Further on we read: "His newly composed Sonata in D minor gives me great delight,

and our friendly relationship is all the warmer from the sincere admiration I bestow on that work."

"With Ferdinand Ries, too, I pass very happy musical hours, for I eagerly embrace the opportunity of becoming acquainted with a man whose admirable Concerto (in C sharp minor) I had performed in public at Vienna." Each performer wished to hear the earliest and latest compositions of the other, and they tested each others powers in pieces written for four hands. Kindred sympathies were fostered, and a lasting friendship promoted by their profound veneration for Beethoven, the master of Ries. At that time Ries had ceased to appear in public as a pianoforte player, and lived entirely as a professional teacher and composer; his lessons and writings were both sources of honour and income, so that as early as the year 1824 he retired to Godesberg in the neighbourhood of Bonn, and lived there with his amiable wife and family, a well-to-do and esteemed artist. There he continued to compose music; his pianoforte pieces, and particularly his violin Sonatas, were greatly esteemed in Vienna, as well as other German musical cities. As to his orchestral works, they met with no greater success than those of Clementi. Overtures and symphonies by both of them were performed at the Philharmonic Concerts, but soon disappeared from the programmes in England, as well as in other countries. Moscheles spent the greatest part of his leisure hours with Kalkbrenner, Dizi the harp-player, and Latour.

"Dizi," he says, "has the most charming house at Crabtree, in the neighbourhood of London; a pretty drive by the side of the Thames brings me to the place, and as the heavy London atmosphere oppresses me and gives me bad headaches, which I never knew formerly, Dizi and his wife wish me to visit them frequently, and kindly place a bed at my disposal."

Kalkbrenner and Latour, being, like Moscheles, regular visitors at the house, music was the order of the day. Kalkbrenner was known in the musical world as a brilliant pianoforte-player. Moscheles admired the power and elasticity of his fingers, enjoyed reading pieces for two performers with him, but condemned his octave passages played with a loose wrist. "It is a bad method," he writes in the diary, "and not a sound one. He took me to hear the young people who study with Logier, but I could not share his admiration of this newly invented system, although I think Logier and his wife a clever and artistic couple. Would I have any one follow this system? I hardly think so. The mind should work more intensely than the fingers, and how can there be a question of *mind* when two pupils play the same piece at the same time?"

Dizi was an excellent artist on his own instrument; Latour also was a painstaking pianoforte teacher and able composer of light pieces, which he published himself. At that time, as now, there was a great influx and variety of artistic celebrities in London.

There was Kiesewetter, the admirable violin-player, the superlatively great Mara and still greater Catalani, besides Dragonetti, who for many years together held successfully the foremost place as double-bass player. Dragonetti was an original of the purest water. Moscheles says of him: "In his 'salon' in Leicester Square, he has collected a large number of various kinds of dolls; amongst them is a negress. When visitors are announced, he politely receives them, and says that this or that young lady will make room for them; he also asks his intimate acquaintances whether his favourite dolls look better or worse since their last visit, and similar absurdities. He is a terrible snuff-taker, helping himself out of a gigantic box, and he has an immense and varied collection of snuff-boxes. The most curious part of him is his language—a regular jargon, in which there is a mixture of his native Bergamese, bad French, and still worse English."

In the earliest days of his stay in London, Moscheles visited His Majesty's Theatre (Haymarket), and was not a little astonished that, in conformity with a troublesome custom, people had to appear in evening dress. "It was a fortunate thing for me," he says, "to have to listen to the 'Turco in Italia,' with its light, shallow music, for I could give myself up to entire enjoyment in the excellent singing of a Camporese, an Ambrogetti, and feast my eyes, as I sat in the pit, on the brilliant company

in the boxes. This galaxy of charming and beautiful women, with their elegant toilettes and jewels, and the house brilliantly illuminated, formed a splendid scene." The English operas at Drury Lane interested him very much, and he was delighted with Braham, whose wonderfully beautiful tenor voice had been most effectively trained by his friend Madame Camporese. He also found the other singers admirably taught, Miss Wilson, the prima donna, less attractive than the others, and the audience at Drury Lane less elegant and fashionable than the habitués of the Italian Opera.

Descending in the theatrical scale, he visited the Surrey Theatre, where he saw a sensational melodrama, which gave him no kind of pleasure. On the other hand, he was greatly amused with a small French company performing in the Argyle Rooms. This troupe was supported by the nobility for its own entertainment, and at its own expense. Astley's Theatre rivalled that of Franconi in its splendid performance of "Gil Blas." Moscheles says of Hyde Park in those days: "I admire the splendid horses and carriages, their fair occupants, reclining lazily on soft cushions, and the Amazons on their spirited horses. The Park itself is quite bare, without tree or shrub. I have hardly ever seen anything like it, and I couldn't help thinking of Byron's words:

> "Those vegetable puncheons called parks,
> With neither fruit nor flower to satisfy
> Even a bee's slight munchings."

In later years he was able to enjoy the Parks decked out with flowers, and so endlessly beautified and improved. In London, as in Paris, the diary refers, generally speaking, to matters essentially musical.

"May 28th.—Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony was very fairly executed under Kiesewetter's direction at the Philharmonic Society's Concert, the drums too noisy. There was some fine singing by Mrs. Salmon and others, and all the concerted pieces went with remarkable precision."

"May 30th.—Heard the famous flute-player Tulon at his own concert in the Argyle Rooms. A medley of vocal pieces sung by Goodall, Vestris, Camporese, Salmon, Signor Ambrogetti, and others. Mademoiselle Buchwald, a very clever pupil of Kalkbrenner, played in his Septet."

"June 1st.—Met Clementi by agreement at his pianoforte warehouse, and played some things to him, with which he declared himself extremely pleased. Afterwards called on Prince Esterhazy, Prince Leopold, Lords Lowther and Castlereagh. In the evening, at a concert given by Vaughan the singer, I heard Cramer again play with rare delicacy a concerto of Mozart's. The grand choruses and vocal selections from Handel's Oratorios, with the organ accompaniment, impressed me as being given with unusual precision and effect."

"June 6th.—At the ancient concert (in the Hanover Square Rooms), Handel's 'Messiah' was given in all its grandeur and simple majesty. The organ accom-

paniments were supplemented in the full passages by wind instruments. The chief soloists were Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens, and Mr. Vaughan. It seemed strange to me that, instead of boys, elderly men sang the contralto part with the head voice. The famous Hallelujah Chorus was given in very slow time. The obligato trumpet parts attracted my attention."

"June 9th.—In the evening went with Cramer to the dinner of the Royal Society of Musicians."

"June 11th.—Important day. My first appearance at the last Philharmonic Concert. I had great success in my E flat concerto, and the Alexander variations. This piece had been named in England the 'Fall of Paris' (a circumstance which exposed me in after-years to some unpleasant remarks in the French papers)."

"July 4th.—At last my concert, which cost me such trouble to arrange, came off to-day in the Argyle Rooms. The Concerto and the 'Clair de Lune Variations' went well, and were very favourably received; but what pleased most was my extempore playing on the air, 'My lodging is on the cold ground.' Cramer accompanied the vocal pieces on the piano. Mrs. Salmon, Camporese, the Ashes, Corri, Begrez, and Braham were the singers. I was also assisted by the violinist Mori."

"July 11th.—A grand evening musical party at the Rothschilds', at their country house on Stamford Hill, given to the foreign Ministers present in England on

account of the approaching coronation of George IV. I was introduced to most of the Ministers, who, with the old Prince Esterhazy, expressed themselves greatly pleased with my playing. In the intervals vocal solos and quartets were given by English singers. Not at home till four o'clock in the morning."

"July 19th.—To-day being the coronation-day, I went early to the vicinity of the Abbey. Saw the brilliant procession, and the banquet in Westminster Hall."

Moscheles, before leaving London, wrote his rondo for piano and horn, arranged the choruses from "Timotheus" for the piano, heard the *new* Cavatina of "di tanti palpiti," from Rossini's "Tancredi," sung by Catalani, and in the evening was invited to her house. At last the farewell visits were paid, and when it came to Prince Esterhazy's turn, the Prince handed over to him a new passport, with the title of "Kammervirtuos." He took an unwilling leave of the London art-world, but was delighted to get away from the London atmosphere; "the heavy air," he calls it in his diary, "which so often gives me headaches, that I am glad to leave it." Then he made his way back to France, taking Boulogne on his road, and visiting Kalkbrenner, at the Château Pralin. There, until the following October, he led a cheerful, quiet country life, devoting much time to music. Madame Kalkbrenner, a highly intellectual woman,

was a most amiable hostess, and he wrote for her, in gratitude for the hospitality he received, his rondo "La Tenerezza." In this rural retreat he composed three "Allegri di Bravura," which he dedicated to Cramer, and a brilliant Polonaise in E flat. Constant pianoforte playing, reading of musical scores, and French studies, filled up the rest of his time.

He had only just returned to Paris when Lafont persuaded him to make a tour with him in Normandy, and give concerts jointly. These were brilliantly successful. In Paris, Moscheles was in constant requisition. Amongst the soirées at which he assisted, special mention is made of one at the Duchesse de Berry's, which Paër conducted, and where Garcia, Galli, Bordogni, and the lovely Fodor sang. Further on we read: "Young Erard took me to-day to his pianoforte factory, to try the new invention of his uncle Sebastian. This quicker action of the hammer seems to me so important that I prophesy a new era in the manufacture of pianofortes. I still complain of some heaviness in the touch, and therefore prefer to play upon Pape's and Petzold's instruments; I admired the Erards, but am not thoroughly satisfied, and urged him to make new improvements." The last evening of the year Moscheles spent with a small circle of friends at the house of August Leo.*

* August Leo, a well-known German amateur at Paris, related to Mrs. Moscheles.

CHAPTER V.

1822.

MÄLZEL'S METRONOME—NEW WORK BY BEETHOVEN—MLLE. MOCK (MADAME PLEYEL)—CONCERT AT ROUEN—LONDON—CRAMER'S CONCERT—A NEW WORK OF MOSCHELES—BROADWOOD'S PIANOS—F. CRAMER—LONDON REHEARSALS—BOCHSA THE HARP-PLAYER—MONSTER PROGRAMME—FASHIONABLE SOIRÉES—CONCERT FOR THE POOR IRISH—EXCURSION TO BRIGHTON—AT HOME IN ENGLAND.

IN the beginning of this year Mälzel came before the public with his Metronome, on the invention of which he had worked for years. Finding, however, endless difficulties in introducing it, he was obliged to provide himself with the bare necessaries of subsistence by the exhibition of his trumpeter automaton, and his dolls squeaking out "papa and mamma." The appearance of a new work by Beethoven was always an event for Moscheles, and the beginning of this year was made memorable by the publication of the two new sonatas (op. 109 and 110). Moscheles studied them with the greatest zeal, was quite absorbed in their beauties, and played them before his art brethren, and in particular to his friend August Leo, whom he credits with a genuine understanding of music, and a graceful turn for composition.

Around Leo was collected a circle of Germans whose musical centre was Moscheles, and who were unanimous in their reverential homage of Beethoven.

A second event was the appearance of Weber's "Freyschütz." This work, too, was welcomed by that circle with enthusiasm, its beauties enjoyed in the pianoforte arrangement, and the new era which seemed to have dawned on dramatic art in Germany was discussed often and thoroughly.

Moscheles himself wished to introduce as a novelty, at the grand concert which he intended giving with Lafont, Beethoven's Choral Fantasia, but this was no easy matter. A German musician, of the name of Lecerf, gladly promised the co-operation of a choral body under his direction. The music was rehearsed again and again; but the ejaculations in the diary at the amount of labour required in the preparation of this particular work seem endless. The text translated by Théolon was revised and altered by Moscheles himself, at the sacrifice of many a midnight hour. In spite of this, the audience which filled the salon of the opera-house to overflowing had not the faintest conception of the composer's meaning. Moscheles complains: "I know not whether the piece was too long for the Parisian public, or whether false intonation of the choruses injured the effect—enough, the performance was almost a failure. Everything that Lafont and I played as solos and duets was received enthusiastically, so also were Cinti and Nourrit the

vocalists, and Ivan Müller with his clarinette. Receipts, 8000 francs."

An unforeseen annoyance followed. An ignorant critic, contributing to the "Miroir," fell foul of Moscheles, reproaching him with having himself added the choruses, and making thereby the Fantasia dull and wearisomely long. Moscheles was therefore obliged to justify himself publicly in the papers.

On the Dimanche Gras and Shrove Tuesday we find Moscheles in the whirl and tumult of the Carnival. The endless number of carriages, the picturesque confusion and drollery of the processions and masks, the mad crowd following the Bœuf Gras—all these things delighted and amused him. In spite of all these distractions he found time on the Shrove Tuesday to continue and finish the Adagio of his E flat concerto.

Of his lady pupils at this period, the most interesting was Mademoiselle Mock (afterwards Madame Pleyel), whose great talent he took a true pleasure in cultivating. It was also flattering to him that the immortal Catalani, who this winter gave four crowded concerts at short intervals, entrusted him with the teaching of her niece.

In March Moscheles spent a fortnight at Rouen, several influential families inviting him there. They were active and zealous in showing him the interesting city and its environs, as well as everything memorable connected with the history of Jeanne d'Arc. Pape himself brought the best of his pianofortes from Paris,

and the tickets for the impending concerts were soon disposed of. He writes: "Without drudgery and running about nothing is ever done; those confounded theatrical directors take care of that. The local manager here is called Van Ofen, and refuses his singers. Of course the influential friends interposed in my favour, and finally succeeded in bringing round the troublesome manager. The concert was a great success, and a second one asked for and granted."

In fulfilment of a former promise Moscheles returned to Paris, to conduct a performance of Mozart's Requiem at Leo's, who had admirably rehearsed the choruses.

On Easter Sunday he played by request, at the "Concert Spirituel," his Potpourri with Lafont, but took as the theme of his improvisation a church choral, which seemed to him to be suited to the day.

"Again I succeeded on this occasion," we read in the diary, "in communicating to the public my own inspiration."

The Paris season ended, Moscheles joyfully accepted the invitation of his friends to return to London. "There," he says, "I found J. B. Cramer on the point of giving his yearly concert. He showed me two movements of a Sonata which he wished to play with me, and expressed a desire that I should compose a third movement as a finale; only I was not to put any of my octave passages into his part, which he pretended he could not play. I can refuse him nothing. I shall therefore be obliged to strive and write something analogous for him, the disciple of Mozart and Handel. He played to me a part of his new pianoforte quintet, dedicated to me—a genuine Cramer composition. He urged me to play to him the three allegri di bravura, 'la force, la légèreté, et le caprice,' which I dedicated to him."

The piece which Moscheles wrote in haste for this concert of Cramer's, as a finale to his friend's sonata, is the Allegro of the well known and constantly played "Hommage à Handel," which he afterwards converted into an independent piece, by composing an introduction to it, and publishing it in this form for two pianos. This novelty, on the occasion of the first performance at Cramer's concert on the 9th of May, created a furore. To hear Moscheles, of whom the newspapers said "that his execution is most wonderful, and more wonderful because he always makes the right use of his genius," playing together with "glorious John," and in addition to that, in a composition on which both had

worked, was "an unrivalled treat, an unprecedented attraction." Each of them had chosen a Broadwood instrument, Cramer as usual, Moscheles only on this occasion. "The strong metal plates," observes Moscheles, "used by Broadwood in building his instruments, give a heaviness to the touch, but a fulness and vocal resonance to the tone, which are well adapted to Cramer's legato, and those fingers softly gliding from key to key; I, however, use Clementi's more supple mechanism for my repeating notes, skips, and full chords." Cramer's D minor concerto, and the new quintet led by his brother François, in which Lindley, the favourite violoncello player, besides Dragonetti and Moralt, took part, pleased exceedingly. F. Cramer was a good musician, a great admirer of his brother, but himself merely a clever practical artist, without any genius for composition. He was well known as a teacher and leader at the Ancient and Philharmonic Concerts, as well as at the provincial musical festivals. Moscheles played his G minor concerto, which he had lately reconstructed, first at the Philharmonic, and afterwards at his own concert, with much applause. On the last occasion he was supported by the charming Cinti, Kicsewetter, and Dizi, the excellent harp-player. Everything went well and effectively together. "We have, however," he writes, "rehearsed here quite in a different manner from what people usually do, for, generally speaking, there is no rehearsal at all, often one-half of the band

runs once through the music. And what do the singers do? They sing incessantly the few things which the orchestra know, and which the public is never weary of hearing."

A few days later we read: "What are all concerts compared with that given by that charlatan Bochsa, the harp-player? I have heard only one short sample of it, but copy out for myself the programme, although even this in itself is a gigantic work. Indeed, the incredible length of the concert deserves to be marked and catalogued as a curiosity.

PART I.

1. Overture to the oratorio, the "Redemption," by Handel.
2. Air, sung by BELLAMY.
3. Air from "Joshua." Miss GOODALL.
4. Duet. "Israel in Egypt."
5. Chorus.
6. Air from "Judas Maccabæus."
7. Air from "Semele."
8. Air from "Theodora."
9. Chorus from "Saul."
10. March from "Judas Maccabæus."
11. Air from the "Redemption."
12. Chorus from "Israel in Egypt."
13. Duet from "Figaro."
14. Alexander Variations (played by myself).

PART II.

15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. Six pieces from "Bajazet," a musical drama by Lord Berghersh.

21. Violin concerto by Viotti, played by MORI.
22. Recitative and chorus from the "Mosé." Rossini.
23. Quintet.
24. Duet from "Figaro," sung by CAMPORESE and CARTONI.
25. Air from "Jephthah."
26. Duet from "Tancredi," by Rossini, sung by Madame VESTRIS and BEGREZ.
27. Recitative and air from the "Creation," sung by ZOCHELLI.
28. Recitative and air from Handel's "Penseroso," sung by Miss STEPHENS.
29. Final chorus from Beethoven's "Mount of Olives."

Moscheles remarks: "This monster programme puts even Astley's Theatre in the shade, where in one evening the public is treated to a Scotch Hercules, several tight-rope dancers, two Laplanders, two dogs and a bear!"

The grand soirées to which Moscheles was invited, to

play before persons of exalted rank, were not at all after his taste. "How different," he exclaims, "is music-making in these hot, overcrowded rooms, compared with our quiet reunions amongst musicians! Heaven be thanked, I did not fare as badly as poor Lafont, who in the middle of a piece was tapped on the shoulder by the Duke of ——, with 'C'est assez, non cher.' I am applauded when I tickle their ears."

The bright side of the matter was the substantial profit and the consciousness of professional success. "There is something interesting, too, in being invited to the house of a Châteaubriand, and meeting frequently princes, statesmen, and men of science. I was particularly pleased to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Siddons, and the distinguished actor Charles Young, in whom I recognise a highly cultivated and amiable man." The ball given for the poor Irish is mentioned as a very splendid fête. King George IV., who was present, had ordered the Grand Opera House to be magnificently decorated. The receipts were enormous, for 3000 tickets were disposed of; as much as fifteen guineas was given for a single ticket, the original cost being two. Towards the end of this season, we find Moscheles busy with a thorough revision of several of his works, especially the Alexander Variations. For the latter he wrote a new introduction, Boosey and Schulz preparing the new edition. Fresh editions, too, of the other works

were made. The Rondo "Charmes de Paris" was published, Moscheles' pianoforte edition of Mehul's opera, "Valentine de Milan," engraved, and last of all the publication started of the "Bonbonnière Musicale," the first number of which Moscheles dedicated to the young daughter of Horace Vernet, who drew a charming vignette for the title-page.

Accompanied by his friends, J. B. Cramer, Sir George Smart, and Kiesewetter, Moscheles made a short excursion to Brighton. Music there was represented by the Director of the Royal Band, Kramer (not to be confounded with the brothers Cramer already mentioned). This gentleman entertained his friends with orchestral performances of the best compositions of Handel, Mozart, and Beethoven, given by the band in a superior style. Moscheles employed the Brighton evenings usefully in writing some musical canons, which he sent to Vienna. He had half promised Kiesewetter to make a tour with him in Scotland in the autumn, but abandoned the idea. He had but little sympathy with Kiesewetter's eccentric views and mode of life, so ill adapted to his weak constitution. On the other hand, Moscheles gladly joined Lafont (whom he shortly afterwards met at Boulogne), in giving three brilliant concerts, and afterwards went to Paris, in order during the quiet time in autumn to devote all his leisure hours and strength to study and composition. In winter these labours were continued, and many concerts given.

Towards the end of the year, when the London Academy of Music sent him his diploma as honorary member of the Society, he inserted the following note in his diary: "I feel more and more at home in England, for people there evidently wish to show me respect and friendship; I feel deeply grateful for this."

CHAPTER VI.

1823.

VISIT TO BATH—LADY PUPILS—QUID PRO QUO—ORATORIO CONCERTS —UNFLAGGING INDUSTRY — MUSICAL ENGRAVING — CONDUCTORS AND LEADERS—ARTISTIC JEALOUSIES—ENGLISH AMATEURS—THE CHARITY CHILDREN AT ST. PAUL'S — MUSICAL PRODIGIES — F. HILLER, SCHAUROTH, MALIBRAN—SIR GEORGE SMART — VISIT TO GERMANY—AN ADVENTURE—NIGHTS IN THE BIRNBECK-KNEIPE —REHEARSALS OF WEBER'S EURYANTHE AT VIENNA — VISIT TO BEETHOVEN—SALIERI IN THE HOSPITAL.

MOSCHELES went to England in the middle of January, and as in the preceding year, he had moved about between Paris and Versailles, Rouen, and other French towns, so now he changed from London to Bath, Bristol, &c., for he was in request in the great metropolis as well as in the provinces. Young ladies wished in a few lessons to acquire some of the qualities which they admired in Moscheles' playing; of course they could not learn to improvise in a few finishing lessons, for this presupposed vast musical erudition, besides his inborn talent of treating a musical subject brilliantly and elaborately. At all events they thought they might learn the art of his repeating notes, and the evenness of his running passages.

Anxious to detain him in Bath as long as possible, his pupils and friends prepared soirées for him in the leading houses, in addition to the engagements undertaken by managers of concerts. In Bath, he praised specially the hospitality of the Barlow family. "I am treated as a son in their hospitable home; my room is always ready, and besides this, Miss Barlow is perhaps the cleverest pupil I have got." Further on we find remarks on a concerto in E major, which he began in this house, and worked out with the greatest diligence.

We also find some comical paragraphs; amongst others he has chronicled a funny "quid pro quo" which occurred to him as a novice in the English language, at the table of the Barlows. "To-day I was asked at dessert which fruit of those on the table I would prefer. 'Some sneers,' I replied, ingenuously. The company first of all were surprised, and then burst into laughter, when they guessed the process by which I had arrived at the expression. I who at that time had to construct my English laboriously out of dialogue books and dictionaries, had found that 'Not to care a fig,' meant 'To sneer at a person,' so when I wanted to ask for figs, fig and sneer I thought were synonymous."

Moscheles delights in the view of the Bristol Channel, and adds: "What can be finer than the first view of the Welsh mountains from Clifton? an enchanting panorama! The very place to write an adagio; the blue mountain chain forms such a grand

background to this bright Channel!" He further remarks: "The public Assembly Rooms are the places of rendezvous for the fashionable world, and the weak and ailing, who use the warm spring for bathing and drinking, find that comfort which we do not know of in German watering-places; the idlers soon meet, and while away their time pleasantly together. I am assured, too, that speculative mammas, with their superabundance of daughters, prefer this place to all others." Afterwards we find Moscheles back again in London. He tells us: "I was at a so-called Oratorio Concert; one part consisted of sacred, another of secular music. The public may have found the former part rather longer than they liked, for the people stormed and stamped because certain pieces of the 'Donna del Lago,' which had been promised in the programme, were left out." He was engaged for three of these concerts, and was satisfied with his success. "The public," he adds, "may on this occasion have been in good humour, for not only had the recently omitted numbers from the 'Donna del Lago' been dished up, but the entire opera was given." Again he writes: "To-day there was an Oratorio Concert where, amongst other things, besides a deal of secular music, we had the whole of Crotch's Oratorio, 'Palestine.' How, I ask, must nerves be organized which can endure so much heterogeneous music?" When Moscheles afterwards heard the 'Donna del Lago' at the Italian Opera, he found that the music contained many beauties, but beyond

all question what he admired most was "the charming Ronzi de Begnis and her exquisite singing."

Moscheles' industry never flagged, in spite of a rather serious indisposition which he brought with him from Bath to London. He was one of those to whom continuous employment was a necessity and delight; when at last the inevitable hours of exhaustion came, he was able to meet them by the most natural means, that of sleep, and afterwards resumed active work again with renewed powers.

During this time his chief employment was the composition of the E major concerto; in addition to this the Scotch fantasia, the altered concerto in F major, and the Sonata for four hands were prepared for publication. He says: "I wrote a Gigue as a contribution for the musical periodical 'The Harmonicon,' published by Mr. Welsh, owner of the Argyle Rooms. He asks me to send him anything I like, and pays five guineas for such a trifle. I have twenty guineas for 'Les Charmes de Paris,' and as much for the first number of the 'Bonbonnière Musicale;' but in spite of this I have a quantity of manuscript unpublished, the mere pecuniary advantages fail to satisfy me. I want to see real progress, and nothing positively objectionable in my new productions, otherwise I will not publish them."

In leisure hours he made a new arrangement of the Egmont Overture, and used to call such a task his recreation ("Handarbeit").

Every one intimately acquainted with Moscheles knew the accuracy with which he managed the engraving of his own productions. His engravers received the most precise instructions, even as to the turning over of the pages; the head of every single note had to be exactly in its right place, every rest made perfectly clear and intelligible to the reader. "All this," he was accustomed to say, "adds to precision in playing, and consequently also to the right understanding of the piece; if any one affects the great genius by writing so indistinctly that no engraver can read it, and if his music is published full of mistakes, that fact does not make him a Beethoven; *he* may do anything, and then he has his special engraver, who understands how to read him. Let them all, however, first compose like Beethoven, and then they may write as they please."

In revising for the press, Moscheles' correctness and conscientiousness were probably unique in their way, and these qualities were not less conspicuous in his lessons. No wonder he was ill at ease with his pupil Miss H——, who had lived some sixty summers, and was, like her elder brother, unmarried. "Both are dressed strictly in the fashion of the days of their youth," he writes, "which gives to this short-set couple a comical appearance. Her high head-dress, his nankeen trousers, blue dress-coat and brass buttons are enough to convulse one with laughter. As for the old lady, she does not intend to learn anything, for

how often during the forty-five or fifty minutes which I devote to her do I urge her on to play, and can scarcely get her to do it. The good lady is talkative, but at the same time hospitable; I am obliged to lunch with her each time, and whilst I eat, she talks, until at last I compel her to hazard her gouty little fingers on a piece of modern music. When, however, we have not worked actively together, my conscience does not allow me to pocket the guinea which she hands me every time, neatly wrapped up in paper."

Moscheles was very much astonished at the English custom of placing a famous musician at orchestral concerts in front of the band, at the piano, and on the occasion of a Philharmonic Concert we find him asking the question, "What do they mean by the term 'Conductor,' Mr. Clementi? He sits there and turns over the leaves of the score, but after all he cannot, without his marshal's staff, the baton, lead on his musical army. The leader does this, and the conductor remains a nullity. And now for the programme. The C minor symphony of Beethoven, for the first time here; and immediately after this sublime work, this food for the gods, a variation for the flute, a violin concerto, and several airs. Besides this Mozart's G minor symphony, and to conclude, an overture by Romberg—a programme which I write down now, that I may never forget it." Altogether there were strange doings in the Philharmonic Society. Kiese-

wetter wished no longer to play at their concerts, as he thought 5*l.* for a performance too little. Moscheles and Kalkbrenner were asked to play gratuitously. The former refused from press of business. Kalkbrenner, who was glad when he could appear at a Philharmonic Concert, accepted the invitation of the society, played his D minor concerto in a very finished style, and received well-merited applause. "I cannot recognise their claims to my gratuitous services, whilst my art brethren, on the contrary, find me always ready to support them." In turning over the pages of his diary, so as to verify this saying, we find that Moscheles played during this season not only for his friend J. B. Cramer, and for the harp-player Dizi, but also for the singers Torri and Sapio, Caradori and Borgondio, and other less well known artists.

Altogether the artists seem to have fraternized very satisfactorily, in spite of petty jealousies and professional rivalry. However, some painful scenes did occur; thus, at a soirée given by Miss B., a pupil of Moscheles, he says: "It was an awkward business! After we had all been repeatedly heard, Kiesewetter and I played Mayseder's long sonata. Cramer's exclamation, 'Cela m'ennuie,' worked like a thunderclap on the easily excited Kiesewetter; he sprang indignantly from his chair, and we subsequently had a deal of trouble and worry to reconcile the two."

There were large numbers of English amateurs who

counted it a special honour to associate with artists, and to play by their side at their private soirées. Thus, Sir W. Curtis on the violoncello, Mrs. Oom and Mrs. Fleming on the piano. Prince Leopold, and Princess Sophia, sister to King George IV., were always attentive listeners to the performers. Still Moscheles complains, "I am obliged to perform and endure too much trivial music."

He describes the annual festivity of the meeting of the 6000 charity children for divine service at St. Paul's Cathedral as remarkable and edifying. "The moment when the whole host of them stand up together is an imposing one. But," he adds, "how could they all, with the powerful organ accompaniment to the Psalms, and whilst singing in unison, contrive to fall the fourth of a tone, and that also in unison!"

Moscheles had abundant opportunities of forming a judgment of youthful talent, for fathers and mothers brought him their budding musical prodigies, the most of whom have vanished and are long forgotten. Still he often thought in later years, with great delight, of the moment when the boy Ferdinand Hiller first played to him, and he prophesied to the father the brilliant musical future of his son; this was for a long time a delightful recollection to both. Delphine Schauroth too, when only ten years of age, astonished him, even in those days, by her brilliant execution and musical aptitude. But more than all other wonders in the way of musical children, he was charmed with

the youthful, almost childish actress, Maria Garcia, afterwards Malibran, whom he saw on an amateur stage in the house of a M. Hullmandel. He writes: "The charming girl, almost a child, acted enchantingly in the 'Chauvin de Rheims,' 'Le Coin de Rue,' and 'L'Ours et le Pacha.'" At the same time he was delighted with the dramatic singing of her father, who was one of the greatest tenors of his day.

Moscheles, during his stay in Vienna, had laid the foundation of an accurate knowledge of the Italian language, for which he always had a predilection. In London he had perfected himself still more, and never failed to attend the Pistrucci evenings, where he listened with great delight to the "Improvisatore," as he enlarged, in well-sounding harmonious verses, on a chance theme suggested by the public. "It gives me food for thought in my own improvisations," he adds. "I must constantly make comparisons between the sister arts: they are all closely allied."

The London of 1823 had nothing in the shape of conveyances but two-horse hack carriages, and these were as costly as they were clumsy. Moscheles' delight, when for the first time he could use a one-horse cab, of lighter build, is recorded in the diary: "The happy change occurred exactly in one of my busiest weeks. Whilst preparing for a concert on the 27th of June, I was forced to cross and recross London. My dear friend, Sir George Smart, has relieved me of a part of these preparations; he is always ready to accompany,

to give rehearsals to singers and soloists; in a word, to spare his friend all sorts of trouble. That excellent man conducts nearly all the important musical festivals in London as well as the provinces, with the greatest care and precision. He is one of those rare beings who, in spite of all sorts of business, find time to answer their letters every day they receive them. He is always ready, too, to serve his friends, and many a foreign singer is indebted to him for a correct pronunciation in the oratorios of Haydn and Handel, and for such suggestions as enable her to carry out successfully the old traditions."

Moscheles' stay in England, so prosperous in every way, finished with the end of the London season. In August we find him already on his journey home, starting first of all for France. The first day in Paris is more pleasant than the second. "I have left at Schlesinger's a box full of valuables, which have been stolen, every one of them—namely, the snuff-box given me by the Duchesse de Berry, a silver coffee-service, twelve spoons, an antique ring, a Venetian chain, and other articles of value given to me as souvenirs. We suspect a young friend of Schlesinger, who saw me pack the things, and often remained alone in the room where the box stood. We are obliged to act with great delicacy in this matter." The suspicion was confirmed, but the penitent letter which Moscheles received from the young man induced him patiently to wait in hopes of a restitution of his lost property.

Later on we shall meet with a further development of this disagreeable affair.

He stayed but ten days in Paris, previous to going to Spa, where a concert was arranged without any trouble to himself. The pianoforte question, however, was a difficult matter. Moscheles did not succeed in obtaining the very excellent piano belonging to Lady Portland, whose acquaintance he had made at a ball. "She disappoints me extremely," he writes, "declaring that I should damage her instrument. I, who am so averse to all thumping. She actually told a friend of hers present at the ball that I played with my feet!"

Some confusion may have arisen in the lady's mind from her having heard of one of Moscheles' favourite jokes—he would play with his fists, improvise pieces, introducing passages for thirds in which he would contrive to strike the under note with the closed thumb, retaining all the while the softness of his touch. Lady Portland's piano not forthcoming, a Mrs. Bayham lent him a Broadwood, which, although it had seen its best days, did not prejudice his success.

We next find him at Aix-la-Chapelle. Here J. A. Mayer, the publisher, formerly a mere acquaintance of his, was of great assistance. This gentleman, as well as the entire family, became his life-long friends, and thus the lightly knit tie of a passing acquaintance became a lasting link in the chain of Moscheles' friendship.

Moscheles had a peculiar and very marked propen-

sity, which he retained to his latest years, for attending courts of law, and watching the progress of trials. Thus we find him, even at Aix, in the midst of a cheerful artistic life, rushing off to the court, and diligently listening to the criminal proceedings in the case of the murderers Joseph Pakhard and Josephine Herzoginrath. "His indifference shocked me," he writes. "Her sobs were heartrending." We often come across similar notes on public trials.

At the beginning of September Moscheles returned to Germany. At first we find him in Frankfort, from whence he hurries off to Hofrath André, in Offenbach, in order to revel in Mozart manuscripts. He says, "I immediately took a note for myself of the two bars, which Mozart struck out of his overture to the 'Zauberflöte' as superfluous.

What could I, who worship every note of Mozart's, who consider him the greatest musical genius, say, when Hofrath André maintained that Mozart did not thoroughly understand declamation, since words which

bear the contrary sense to that of his opera texts, might just as well be placed under his music, and be as suitable as the original words. This accusation seemed to me not worthy of defence. I remained silent. I was intensely interested in a sight of the half-finished scene of the opera 'L'Oca del Cairo.' The last numbers of this buried treasure are unfortunately only noted for the voice and bass! Who would like to end where Mozart has begun? I saw, too, an outburst of his waggish humour in a Concerto which he had written for the horn-player Leitgeb, with the following inscription, 'W. A. Mozart has taken pity on the poor Leitgeb, the ass, the ox, &c., and written for him a horn-concerto.'"

At that time Moscheles heard a new arrangement of the libretto to the opera, "Cosi fan tutte," which was given with Mozart's music unaltered, under the name of the "Fairy Mirror." This music delighted him. He heard Mozart's Requiem given by the Cäcilien-Verein, in the Cathedral, under Schelble's able direction. Here, too, he revelled in the choicest fragments of Handelian music. It gave Moscheles great delight to meet the esteemed contrapuntist, Vollweiler, as well as Aloys Schmitt, and to become acquainted with Wilhelm Speier, so well known for his Rheinlied. "*That* stamp of amateur I like," he said, "as well as an artist."

Deeply engrossed in all kinds of professional pursuits, Moscheles was still mindful of the welfare of his

brother artists. Böhm and Pixis were making a tour, and had just arrived in Frankfort. "Friend Mayer," said Moscheles, "shall get up a good concert for them in Aix." So he wrote to him, and urgently recommended them.

After his concert in Frankfort was over, Spontini's "Olympia" was just announced in Darmstadt; Moscheles, Pixis, and Böhm drove over to hear it, and they met with a strange adventure. "The wheel of our carriage was three times lost, and as there was nothing else to drive but a common cart, and we would not miss the opera at any price, we mounted this elegant vehicle, and made our solemn entry into Darmstadt at the same time with many princely and other carriages, with the inmates of which we were well acquainted. At this first hearing of 'Olympia' I found much that was grand and indicative of genius, without concealing from myself the weakness of many passages. Zelter, who delighted in opposing every modern 'eccentricity,' as he called most of the innovations, declared that he could hear plenty of such noisy music outside the opera-house without going into it."

In Munich Moscheles was kindly received by the Kaula family, and delighted in meeting his brother artists in the "Birnbeck Kneipe," for beer and musical discussion. There was Winter, the composer of "Das Unterbrochene Opferfest," Molique, Andreas Romberg, Bohrer, Krebs, and others.

In consequence of the arrival of the Prince of

Prussia, who was recently betrothed to a Bavarian princess, Moscheles was summoned to Nymphenburg to play before the royal party, and thoroughly enjoyed the kind reception given him by the "good King Max." He asked him, "How old are you?" "Thirty, your Majesty." "Double that number, and add seven to it, and you will have my age," said the king quickly. The Crown-Prince of Prussia, who joined in the conversation, invited Moscheles to Berlin, and the king made him promise to play again before the Court on the 4th of October. He did play on that evening, and had the satisfaction of seeing the royal party at his own concert on the 10th.

The vintage fêtes, which were celebrated in the presence of the Court, were a delightful recreation to Moscheles. There is, however, a complaining tone observable in some of his descriptions of the scenes he witnessed; he felt ill and unable to thoroughly enjoy that which was so delightful to thousands on the meadows and hills around. After attending a performance of his music to the ballet "Die Portraits," which the ballet-master Horschelt ordered to be given in his honour, he then became worse, and hurried back to dear old Vienna, in search of proper medical treatment. Vivanot, Malfatti, and Smethana did everything that friendship and their art could do. His brother came from Prague to nurse him, but in spite of their combined care, three gloomy weeks passed before he was out of danger. Then followed a period

of prostration, which cramped his vital energy and spirits almost more than the illness itself. For a long time he was much depressed; he found some consolation in his Shakspeare, but seldom touched the piano; even the visits of sympathizing friends failed to rouse him from his apathy. The offer made him by Barbaja, the lessee of the Kärntnerthor Theatre, to give as many concerts as he liked and share half the profits, remained unheeded. At this period, C. M. von Weber came to Vienna, for the purpose of bringing out his "Euryanthe;" already after the rehearsals the most dissentient voices of the German and Italian factions were heard, warning notes were given of a serious battle at the first performance—nay, some ill-disposed persons had presumed to rechristen "Euryanthe" by the name of "Ennuyante." Moscheles would not on any account miss the first performance, in order to raise his voice for the German master, and against "the shallow Italian jingle," as he called it. Thus his melancholy was overcome. "The opera is not suited for uninitiated ears," said he, after he had heard it: "it is too bold in rhythm and harmony; the text so terribly far-fetched that the music must, to some extent, be of the same kind; it has, however, very many beauties, and the airs 'Glöcklein im Thale' and 'Unter Blühenden Mandelbaümen,' but before all, the finale of the first act, must insure the success of the opera, even with the pit and galleries." The cast was faultless. The charming, youthful Sontag, the ex-

cellent tenor singer Haitzinger, the admirable Madame Grünbaum, and the equally good Forti, represented the leading characters. At the subsequent representations, when the house would no longer fill, the Italian faction began to triumph. Moscheles writes: "Ludlam (the healthy art-fraternity whose acquaintance we have already made) succeeded in infusing the orthodox German spirit into the press." Besides this, the society was anxious to honour Weber, and gave him a festive evening after the first representation of "Euryanthe." Amongst those present were Castelli, Jeitteles, Gyrowetz, Bäuerle, Benedict, Grillparzer, and many others. Poems, written for the occasion, extolling Weber's genius, were recited, and the most jovial Ludlamslieder sung.

The success of the first concert which Moscheles gave after his return to Vienna raised his spirits once more to the old level, although he was not free from bodily suffering. Having to return some visits, he began with Beethoven, accompanied by his brother, who was burning with anxiety to see the great man. "Arrived at the house-door," says Moscheles, "I had some misgivings, knowing Beethoven's dislike to strangers, and asked my brother to wait below whilst I felt my way. After short greetings, I asked Beethoven, 'May I be allowed to introduce my brother to you?' He replied, hurriedly, 'Where is he then?' 'Below,' was the answer. 'What! below?' said he, with some vehemence; then rushed down-

stairs, seized my astonished brother by his arm, and dragged him up into the middle of his room, exclaiming, 'Am I so barbarously rude and unapproachable?' He then showed great kindness to the stranger. Unfortunately, on account of his deafness, we could only converse by writing."

Moscheles wished also to visit poor Salieri, who, weak, old, and nigh to death, was lying in the common hospital. For this purpose he obtained the necessary permission of his unmarried daughter and the regular authorities, as hardly any one could be admitted to see him; he was not fond of visits, and made only a few special exceptions. "Our meeting," writes Moscheles, "was a sorrowful one; for already his appearance shocked me, and he spoke to me in broken sentences of his nearly impending death. At last he said, 'I can assure you as a man of honour that there is no truth in the absurd report; of course you know—Mozart—I am said to have poisoned him; but no—malice, sheer malice; tell the world, dear Moscheles, old Salieri, who is on his death-bed, has told this to you.' I was deeply moved, and when the old man in tears repeated his thanks for my visit (having already overwhelmed me with gratitude on my arrival), it was time for me to rush out of the room before I was entirely overcome with emotion. With regard to the report hinted at by the dying man, it certainly had been circulated, without my ever giving it the slightest belief. Morally speaking, he had no doubt

by his intrigues poisoned many an hour of Mozart's existence."

After Moscheles had made a round of visits to the artists, he went off to the pianoforte-makers, whose progress he always diligently watched, and found that Graf and Leschin had considerably improved the quality of their instruments.

In November and December, Moscheles gave a second and third concert in the Kärntnerthor Theatre, and for the last occasion Beethoven lent him with the greatest readiness his Broadwood piano. Moscheles wished, by using alternately at one and the same concert a Graf and an English piano, to bring out the good qualities of both. Beethoven was not exactly the player to treat a piano carefully; his unfortunate deafness was the cause of his pitiless thumping on the instrument, so that Graf—foreseeing the favourable issue of this contest to himself—generously laboured to put the damaged English instrument into better condition for this occasion. "I tried," says Moscheles, "in my Fantasia to show the value of the broad, full, although somewhat muffled tone of the Broadwood piano; but in vain. My Vienna public remained loyal to their countryman—the clear, ringing tones of the Graf were more pleasing to their ears. Before I left the room I was obliged to yield to the urgent request of several of my hearers, in promising to repeat the whole concert the day after to-morrow." This promise was fulfilled.

He persistently refused the pressing invitations he received to give a concert in the Theatre an der Wien; he was still suffering pain, and wanted to get away from Vienna. However, he took part in a concert for the benefit of the poor, and supported his friend Mayseder on the evening of his benefit, when he played the E flat concerto.

In gratitude for the merry evenings which he had spent among the Ludlamites, Moscheles composed for them, in the midst of his preparations for departure, a jovial chorus; the society upon this elevated him to the rank of Ludlam's "Kapellmeister." At the same time the smaller but very vigorous "Schlaraffen-Verein" (Idler's Club) conferred on him honorary membership. "Thus," he says, "the close of the year found me in high spirits, but invested with the night-cap, and all the other insignia of idleness. Better thus to *end* the year than to begin the new one."

CHAPTER VII.

1824.

PRAGUE—INAUGURATION OF THE REDOUTENSAAL — RECEPTION BY THE EMPEROR—SERIES OF CONCERTS — RESPECT FOR HIS OLD MASTER—DRESDEN—ARTISTIC SOCIETY—TIECK—C. M. VON WEBER —PERFORMANCE BEFORE THE COURT—LEIPZIG—DISTINGUISHED CRITICS AND ARTISTS—BERLIN—RELATIONS TO THE MENDELSSOHN FAMILY—FRAU VARNHAGEN VON ENSE (RAHEL)—FELIX MENDELSSOHN—ZELTER—POTSDAM—MAGDEBURG.

ON the 1st of January, Moscheles writes in his diary: "I could not express to my dear friends and patrons, at my parting visits, my sense of obligation to them for all their kindness; but I am very sensible of all that they have done for me. Ludlam, with its jokes, was hardly in tune with my present state of feeling, but I was of course obliged to appear at the parting banquet which they gave me." No sooner had he arrived at Prague than he became dangerously ill, and was laid up for four months in his mother's house. He was therefore obliged to forfeit his engagements in England for the winter and spring. The newspapers actually announced his death, but severe as the crisis was through which he passed, he was mercifully spared to his family and friends. On this occasion, too, it is music which completes his cure.

From January to April he had diverted himself solely with reading (chiefly the works of Goethe), and very seldom touched the piano. In the month of May he was asked whether he would inaugurate with his concert the Redoutensaal, in the presence of their Majesties, who had just arrived at Prague. "So I am about," he says, "to celebrate my recovery, not only with heartfelt gratitude to God and my friends, but also by a brilliant concert." The Oberstburggraf, the Stadthauptmann, and the members of the musical committee arranged everything; a new royal box was erected, the house was brilliantly illuminated, chorus and band strengthened.

On the 29th of May, Moscheles writes in his diary: "My mother's joy at my success yesterday compensates for all the sadness of the winter." On the 2nd of June he was received at a private audience by the Emperor, and greeted with these words: "You pleased me when you were merely a boy, and since that time it always gives me new pleasure to hear you." In addition to his kind patronage, an unusually handsome present from the Emperor had greatly contributed to the pecuniary success of the concert, which was followed by another at the "Ständischen Theater," and afterwards he had the pleasure of being present at the signing of his sister Fanny's marriage contract, and was able to provide handsomely for her.

On the 11th of June his brother travelled with him to Carlsbad, where he was to take the waters, but

the public insist on hearing him; he was obliged to give a concert, and at the special wish of the Duke of Cumberland, repeated it a few evenings later. Similar successes were awaiting him at Marienbad, Franzensbad, and Teplitz, and at all these places he gave concerts for the poor, and assisted his artistic friends in their own undertakings. Of course, in each of the watering-places there was a concourse of artists, and Moscheles was specially delighted at his meeting with Carl Maria von Weber. He rejoices that in going to Dresden he can spare a fortnight for Prague, where he again plays to his old master, Dionys Weber, and listens with affectionate reverence to his remarks on his own compositions. He always maintained before him the character of a pupil, however much Dionys Weber wished to honour the master in him. "One thing strikes me as remarkable," he says, "how the good man, who first of all regarded Beethoven as half-mad and warned me against him, is obliged by degrees to change his mind; but he does this cautiously, for there are still many things which he will not approve of, and I am forced to moderate my enthusiasm considerably in order not to annoy him." These words show a sense of reverence and honour that needs no comment.

We now follow Moscheles to Dresden, where he found Carl Maria von Weber and Morlacchi, acting as Hofkapellmeisters, Rolla first violin in the admirable Court band, Herr v. Lüttichau "Intendant" of the Royal

Theatre. We read of Moscheles enjoying the beautiful music in the Catholic Church, the brilliant singers Sassaroli, Tibaldi, &c. He speaks of Tieck, who delighted him with his reading of "Clavigo," of August Klengel, whose canon studies Moscheles prized as masterpieces, and with whom he spent many an enjoyable evening. Weber and his amiable wife invited him to their house at Hosterwitz (near Dresden). There, too, was Friedrich Kind, librettist of the "Freyschütz," and Weber's intention of accepting an invitation to England was earnestly discussed. "Of course," says Moscheles, "I can give him information and practical hints on measures necessary for his scheme. But I am sorry to see him in a state of debility and suffering, and dread the exertions which London will cost him." Unfortunately, these fears were destined to be realized, as we shall afterwards see in the year 1826.

Moscheles had to play again in Pilnitz before the Royal family, and again his performance was to be during the dinner hour. The redeeming feature was a jovial dinner amongst the artists after the performance was over, and they were much amused at receiving, in accordance with ancient custom, a thaler each for gloves, besides such valuables as the gold snuff-box with which Moscheles was presented. "The thaler," he writes, "goes well with the Vandalism of playing to royal folk at their dinner."

On the 8th of October, Moscheles and his brother went to Leipzig. Here let us briefly anticipate that important period of Moscheles' life which was spent in that city. Many years were to elapse before Moscheles, at the instigation of his friend Mendelssohn, was induced to migrate to Leipzig, where he was destined to remain and labour in the cause of art to the end of his days. It was in 1846 that Mendelssohn founded the Conservatorio of Music in Leipzig, and wished the pupils of that Institute to enjoy the benefit of his friend's experience. Alas! their joint efforts were to last but one short year. After Mendelssohn's death, Moscheles accepted as a sacred trust the duty of further developing that great Institute that owed its foundation to his departed friend.

But to return to the year 1824, and to the influence that Leipzig at that time exercised on his artistic creed. Whilst retaining his bravura style of playing, he aspired with ever-increasing earnestness to the highest aims of musicianship, and sought to appear with the calm and self-possession of thorough mastery before judges whose criticisms he respected, and an audience whom he considered well versed in art matters.

Referring to the diary of those days we find Moscheles at the "Birnbaum" (now called the Hôtel de Pologne), and visiting the whole musical fraternity. Kapellmeister Weinlich, Schulz, the violin-player, Matthäi, Mademoiselle Veltheim, the singer—all these

are favourably mentioned, and he delights in accompanying Madame Weitte, an excellent artiste. The following is an interesting notice added in after-years: "I must have seen the little Clara, afterwards the famous Clara Schumann at her father's, Mr. Wieck, and little did I think then what intense pleasure she would give me in after-years, and how her execution of my own G minor concerto in the Gewandhaus would delight me. No better reading and execution of the work can be heard; I could not myself play it more to my own satisfaction. It is just as if she had composed it herself." Later on we read in the diary: "I have done business in that famous commercial city of Leipzig. Probst bought my Op. 62 and 63 for 35 ducats, and I had 40 from Mechetti for my G minor concerto. Others, too, meet me in a very friendly way, and help me in making my concert arrangements. They introduced me to the Liedertafel, whose performances are excellent. There I met the famous critic Rochlitz, the admirable actors Devrient and Genast, &c. Bernhard Romberg, who had just come to Leipzig, agreed with me in saying that it is delightful to play before such judges." Moscheles took delight in the theatre, then under the direction of Hofrath Küstner, where he saw works by Shakspeare and Schiller acted to perfection. With regard to his own concert, he says: "It is remarkable that I gave it on the 18th of October. It appears that I,

too, have won my battle; for even in the room the directors pressed me to give a second concert. I have not, however, made up my mind to this." He did so the next morning, when urged by the local paper to grant the directors' request. The times in which artists were pressed to give concerts are amongst the things of the past. Friedrich Schneider, the composer of an oratorio, "Paradise Lost," showed him this new work when he visited Dessau to perform before the Court.

On the 31st of October, Moscheles and his brother arrived at Berlin. His notes on his stay here are more cursory than usual. He seems to consider all else unimportant as compared with his relations to the family of Mendelssohn. It is incidentally mentioned that he gave three brilliant concerts for the sufferers from inundation, for the blind, and for other charitable institutions, also that he played for some personal friends. We read, too, that the *haute finance*, the poets, the statesmen, were glad to welcome him. Spontini's operas, with their brilliant scenery and pageantry, the admirable singers Bader, Blum, Frau Milder-Hauptmann, and Frau Seidler-Wranitzky, even the charming actress Fräulein Bauer, are merely alluded to, and the great political event, the marriage of the King with the Princess Liegnitz is referred to in a few passing words. He writes, however, whole pages about Felix Mendelssohn's home and his family. We quote his impressions after a first visit: "This is a

family the like of which I have never known. Felix, a boy of fifteen, is a phenomenon. What are all prodigies as compared with him? Gifted children, but nothing else. This Felix Mendelssohn is already a mature artist, and yet but fifteen years old! We at once settled down together for several hours, for I was obliged to play a great deal, when really I wanted to hear him and see his compositions, for Felix had to show me a Concerto in C minor, a double Concerto, and several motets; and all so full of genius, and at the same time so correct and thorough! His elder sister Fanny, also extraordinarily gifted, played by heart, and with admirable precision, Fugues and Passacailles by Bach. I think one may well call her a thorough 'Mus. Doc.' (guter Musiker). Both parents give one the impression of being people of the highest refinement. They are far from overrating their children's talents; in fact, they are anxious about Felix's future, and to know whether his gift will prove sufficient to lead to a noble and truly great career. Will he not, like so many other brilliant children, suddenly collapse? I asserted my conscientious conviction that Felix would ultimately become a great master, that I had not the slightest doubt of his genius; but again and again I had to insist on my opinion before they believed me. These two are not specimens of the genus prodigy-parents (Wunderkinds-Eltern), such as I must frequently endure."

The pleasure, however, was mutual, and the oftener Moscheles came to dine and spend the evening at

their house, the heartier was the reception he met with. The Mendelssohns had frequently begged him to give Felix some lessons, but these requests he had with characteristic modesty always answered evasively. He writes in the diary: "Felix has no need of lessons; if he wishes to take a hint as to anything that is new to him, from hearing me play, he can easily do so." Madame Mendelssohn wrote to him on the 18th of November, 1824: "Have you kindly thought over our request about the lessons? You would extremely oblige us by consenting, if such a thing can be done without disturbing your plans during your stay in this place. Don't set down these repeated inquiries as inopportune, but attribute them entirely to the wish that my child should be enabled to profit by the presence of the prince of pianists." Even after this, Moscheles seems not to have made up his mind to say "Yes," but merely to have spoken of "playing occasionally," for on the 22nd of November we find again the following note: "If I may be allowed, dear Mr. Moscheles, to renew my request that you will give lessons to my two eldest children, be good enough to let me know your terms. I should like them to begin at once, that they may profit as far as possible during the time of your stay here." This note Moscheles must have answered in the affirmative, for on the 22nd of November he writes in his diary: "This afternoon, from two to three o'clock, I gave Felix Mendelssohn his first lesson, without

losing sight for a single moment of the fact that I was sitting next to a master, not a pupil. I feel proud that after so short an acquaintance with me his distinguished parents entrust me with their son, and congratulate myself on being permitted to give him some hints, which he seizes on and works out with that genius peculiar to himself." Six days later he says: "Felix Mendelssohn's lessons are repeated every second day; to me they are subjects of ever-increasing interest; he has already played with me my Allegri di Bravura, my concertos, and other things, and how played! The slightest hint from me, and he guesses at my conception."

From this time dates Moscheles' close intimacy with the family. He delighted in the intellectual atmosphere of the house: and would listen with interest to the conversation of Felix's father, "with his sound views on art-subjects;" he attended many of their morning or evening musical entertainments, and scrupulously catalogued the programmes. "On the 23rd November," he writes, "I heard a Psalm by Naumann, at the Singakademie, afterwards went to the Mendelssohns'. The brother and sister played Bach."

"Nov. 25th.—With the family of Mendelssohn-Bartholdy at the brother's house."

"Nov. 28th (Sunday).—Music in the morning at the Mendelssohns'. C minor quartet by Felix. D major Symphony, concerto by Bach, duet in D minor for two pianos by Arnold.

"Nov. 30th.—At Frau Varnhagen's with Felix. Exceedingly interesting."

Frau Varnhagen was the famous Rahel, of whose amiability and masculine understanding so much has been said and written. Her receptions were the rallying point for artists, scholars, and statesmen, for every one of whom she had a suitable word or a willing ear, and all this was done with perfect simplicity, whilst her good nature always prompted her to draw out the least gifted of her acquaintance. She loved music, so that a genius like Felix Mendelssohn was a heartfelt delight to her, and she invariably showed her warm appreciation of Moscheles.

"Dec. 3rd, 12 o'clock.—Music at Zelter's. Fanny Mendelssohn played the D minor Concerto by S. Bach, which I saw in the original manuscript. A mass in five parts by S. Bach was performed.

"Dec. 5th.—At Geheimrath Crelle's Felix accompanied Mozart's Requiem, in commemoration of the day of his death: Zelter and others were present.

"Dec. 11th.—A birthday festival at Mendelssohns', at which we were treated to some charming private theatricals. Felix distinguished himself as an actor quite as much as Edward Devrient.

"Dec. 12th (Sunday.)—Music at Mendelssohns'. Felix F minor Quartet. I played with him my duet in G for two pianofortes. Young Schilling played Hummel's Trio in G."

Zelter, the well-known teacher of Felix and his

sister, never failed to attend these morning performances. Although in his outward manner rather harsh and forbidding, he was not a little proud of his pupils. He invited Moscheles to a friendly supper, upon which his guest observes: "My musical conversations with Zelter were extremely interesting to me. He is the man who corresponded so much with Goethe on Teltower Rübchen and other better things."

"December 13th.—Returned to Felix his album, in which I yesterday wrote the Impromptu op. 77. He played it admirably at sight."

On the 15th of December Moscheles reluctantly departed from Berlin, and the Mendelssohn family, to which he had become so closely attached. He and his brother travelled with Fräulein Bauer and her mother to Potsdam, where he played, according to promise, at Blum's evening concert in presence of the Court.

17th of December was a melancholy day. Moscheles and his brother had to separate. The latter was bound for Prague; Moscheles went by coach to Magdeburg. "That kind brother of mine," he exclaims, "he has spoiled me by his devotion."

By desire of the Governor, General Haack, the concert in Magdeburg, on the 20th of December, had to be repeated on the 23rd of the same month. After paying a flying visit to Brunswick, Moscheles spent the last day of the year at Hanover, in quiet retirement.

CHAPTER VIII.

1825.

HANOVER—THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE—HAMBURG—MARRIAGE TO CHARLOTTE EMBDEN—PARIS—INTERCOURSE WITH DISTINGUISHED MEN—RECEPTION IN LONDON — MORI'S MONSTER CONCERTS — SEBASTIAN ERARD'S INVENTION — ADVANTAGE OF NUMBERING CONCERT TICKETS—HABITS OF STUDY—SIR MICHAEL COSTA—SUNDAYS WITH THE CLEMENTIS — THE COLLARDS — HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS AND CONCERTS—A LIVERPOOL REHEARSAL—THE CHRISTMAS WAITS.

THE Duke of Cambridge, a great lover of music, was at this time Regent of Hanover, and his name, with those of the Platens, Kielmansegges, and others, appeared in the list of patrons to Moscheles' two successful concerts.

Mocheles next played at Celle, and on the 16th of January reached Hamburg. The diary records the names of Clasing, Grund, Lindenau, Rudersdorf, Lehmann, and the little Louise David (afterwards Madame Dulcken), who, in spite of her tender years, played the 'Alexander Variations' admirably.

Amongst the great crowd of listeners in the Apollosaal at Hamburg was Charlotte Embden, Moscheles' future wife. A fair pianiste herself, she was enchanted with Moscheles' wonderful playing; a short acquaintance led to an engagement, and on the 1st of March

they were married. The day is thus marked in the husband's diary: "My 'Ehrentag' (day of honour). With the fullest sense of happiness, with purity of heart and intention, and full of gratitude to the Almighty, I entered this holy state, and pray God to bless me." We omit all the glowing passages confided to the diary by the happy bridegroom during the honeymoon. Suffice it to say that they bear witness to the love and esteem which were to lay the foundation of long years of happiness.

Moscheles gave concerts at Hamburg, Lüneburg, and Altona, for his own benefit, or for his friends, and on behalf of charitable institutions. The young couple went to Bremen and Aix-la-Chapelle, on their way to Paris, and there, at the houses of their relatives, met the painter Gérard, Benjamin Constant, Alexander Humboldt, Meyerbeer, and his brother Michael, Hummel, F. Mendelssohn and his father, and other men of note.

Moscheles writes to his father-in-law: "Charlotte has given me to-day an album, in which all the artists here assembled have written their autographs."*

On the 28th of March, Moscheles completed a contract with the Académie Royale de Musique, by which he engaged to play at the last "Concert Spirituel," in return for which he was promised the use of the

* This album was, for the space of forty-five years, enriched at every opportunity by contributions from the numerous celebrities, musical, literary, and otherwise, with whom Moscheles was brough in contact. It is now in the possession of his son Felix.

Salle des Italiens, when he should next visit Paris. On the present occasion he found no time for availing himself of this privilege, but travelled rapidly to London, where he had been long expected.

On the 2nd of May, 1825, Moscheles and his wife arrived in London, where he was immediately offered engagements, as also at Bath, Bristol, and other places. His pupils, too, rally round him. "My wife," he writes, "received a most cordial welcome, and friends vie with each other in showing her kindness. Can this be the insular formality which makes foreigners cry down the English as unsociable?"

In May the Philharmonic Society and the Royal Academy had their first meetings, and at the end of the month Mori gave one of his famous "monster concerts," in which Moscheles had to take a part. Mori, a clever violin-player, as well as a publisher of music, was frequently leader at the great provincial festivals, and also the originator of the "monster concerts." These were notoriously overcrowded. Angry remarks appeared in the newspapers, but inasmuch as the leading artists were always engaged by Mori, such complaints had little effect.

On the 1st of June we find this interesting note: "Pierre Erard showed and explained to me on a dumb keyboard his uncle Sebastian's now completed invention, for which the firm has just taken out a patent. I saw the earliest experiment of this invention in Paris. It consists in the key, when only sunk half

way, again, rising and repeating the note. I was the first to play upon one of the newly completed instruments, and found it of priceless value for the repetition of notes. In the matter of fulness and softness of tone, there is something yet to be desired, and I had a long conversation on the subject with Erard."

His appearance at the Philharmonic, and his own benefit, are described in glowing colours by Mrs. Moscheles in her letters to her friends. From these we select one, which represents her as a novice in the mysteries of concert arrangements. "It is my business to see that the tickets are numbered. At first this seemed to me rather gratuitous trouble, but I was soon enlightened on the point. A handsomely dressed lady who came to me, asked for three tickets at half-a-guinea each, and pocketed them. Instead of paying, however, she said her husband was a doctor, and presented his card there and then, adding that he never knew beforehand whether he should be able to go to the concert or not. On the day after she would send back either the tickets or the money. I, as a novice, agreed to it; but my husband, when he came home, laughed, and declared I had allowed myself to be taken in. He went to the doctor in question. The doctor laughed also. 'It is certainly my card,' said he, 'but any one of my numerous patients may have taken it away from my table here, nor am I so fortunate as to possess a wife!' Thus Moscheles was right. I *had* been taken in. Then he wrote down in large

figures the respective numbers, and gave them to the ticket-collector. Sure enough three ladies arrived who asked admittance, and showed the tickets in question. They were stopped, and told that they must pay or they would not be admitted. They protested they had no money with them—they would pay next morning. The ticket-collector called to Moscheles, and the ladies decamped. Moral—it is a useful plan to put numbers on the concert tickets."

The season drawing to a close, Moscheles began to breathe freely, and as his pupils were leaving London, he had more time for the composition of his "Studies," which in spite of all his professional avocations were constantly uppermost in his mind. On his walk from the house of one pupil to another, he used to dot down the subjects on any letter or other scrap of paper he happened to have in his pocket. In the evening these subjects were worked out, and all fatigue and sense of ennui forgotten. His wife would try over certain passages, and practise them on the next day during his absence from home. His latest hours of an evening were devoted to rising artists, amongst whom was the youthful and now famous Sir Michael Costa, who showed him his Canzonettes. In those days Moscheles already practised in a small way that hospitality which, carried on more extensively in later years, was of such comfort to many a homeless German in London.

The Moscheles' passed their Sundays with the

Clementis, at Elstree, near London. "Clementi," says Moscheles, "is one of the most vigorous old fellows of seventy that I ever saw. In the early morning we watch him from our window running about the garden bareheaded, reckless of the morning dew. He is too lively ever to think of rest. At table he laughs and talks incessantly. He has a sharp temper, too, which we set down to the hot blood of his Italian nature. He plays on the piano now but rarely, and gives out that he has a stiff hand, the result of falling out of a sledge when he was in Russia, but there is a suspicion that his unwillingness is caused by his inability to follow the great progress the Bravura style has made since his time. His wife, an amiable Englishwoman, is a great contrast to him." Clementi at that time was joint owner with the Collard brothers of a flourishing pianoforte firm. Moscheles, contrasting their pianos of those days with those of Broadwood, praised their lightness of touch, and consequently used them by preference when he played in public. Their tone, too, he found clearer, whilst the Broadwood, with a somewhat muffled tone and heavy action, produced a fuller sound. Moscheles called William Collard, the younger brother, "one of the most intelligent men he ever came across," and he soon became the most intimate friend and adviser of the young couple. Collard was a regular visitor at Elstree, and when the friends met, Clementi would say, "Moscheles, play me something!" and the latter would choose one of his host's Sonatas,

whilst Clementi, listening with a complacent smile, his hands behind his back, his short, thick-set figure swinging to and fro, would call out at intervals, "Bravo." When the last note was over, he would tap Moscheles in a friendly way upon the shoulder, and warmly congratulate him on his performance.

At last, after the season had been struggled through, the Moscheles could get away from London for a quiet holiday, and accepted an invitation from Mr. Fleming, of Stoneham Park, Southampton. The lady of the house was a pupil of Moscheles, and both she and her husband were for many years his and his wife's intimate friends.

"The house is full of company, including Lord Palmerston and some of his relatives. It is of course interesting to meet such men, and follow the Parliamentary discussion carried on at table. The principles they advocate are those of purest Toryism. It is fortunate that the art I represent stands upon neutral ground. At midnight, when we are in the drawing room, my art is again in the ascendant; then we have music until one or two o'clock. No wonder that the first beams of morning find us sleeping."

In the next month the Moscheles went to Cheltenham for the waters. "Here," he says, "we enjoy our tête-à-tête to our heart's content; the château was beautiful, but the retired life, the first since our marriage, is far more to our taste." And again: "I not only give my wife pianoforte lessons, but I teach

her how to copy music; and whilst she is practising that art, I compose an Impromptu, for which I have a commission from the Harmonic Institution. It is to be on the march from 'Tarare,' or 'Axur,' by Salieri, which opera, concocted for the English market, is now greatly applauded in London. This march has been metamorphosed by Mr. W. Hawes into a war-song, and awakens the greatest enthusiasm when sung by Braham. He makes a great point with the passage—

"'Revenge!' he cries,
And the traitor dies."

At Cheltenham, Moscheles wrote to order three Rondos, on "Die Wiener in Berlin," besides "La Petite Babillarde," for Cramer, his B minor "Study," &c. &c.

From Cheltenham they made some pleasant excursions to Oxford and elsewhere, and then settled down at No. 77, Norton Street, London. They always regarded as the most valuable addition to their household gods a splendid piano, presented to them by Clementi, and on which was inscribed with his own hand, in front of the keyboard, the dedication: "Muzio Clementi e Socj all' ingegnosissimo, J. Moscheles, ed alla sua amabilissima consorte."

The quiet domestic happiness was soon interrupted by professional business. Moscheles was invited to give concerts in Liverpool and Dublin. These offers he would have declined, as he disliked travelling alone, but at last his wife's argument prevailed,

and he writes on the 4th of November, "To-day I had to endure the hard trial of parting from my wife." On reaching Liverpool, and being taken by his friends to see the Town Hall, and Nelson's Monument, by Westmacott, he exclaims: "I was struck by the grandeur of the statue; may be I was still more surprised at being repeatedly asked to give lessons during the three days of my stay in Liverpool. I visited Roscoe, and found the old man very amiable and gracious. He took the trouble to show me his new work upon West Indian plants, and to give me most interesting explanations on the subject. On the 8th of November, at noon, we had the rehearsal in the Concert Room; but what a rehearsal! Wretched is too tame an expression for it. Mori, the London artist, did all that possibly could be done, but what was to be made out of a band consisting of a double quartet and four halting wind-instruments. The director of the theatre played the entrepreneur of the concert, Mr. Wilson, the trick of keeping away the orchestral performers, so that I was obliged to play the first movement of the E flat concerto and the Alexander Variations with a bare quartet accompaniment. The brilliant and numerous audience was much pleased with my Fantasia on 'Rule Britannia,' and an Irish air; and I was enchanted with my Clementi piano. Every evening I write to my wife, and the news I get from her cheers and invigorates me for my performance. On the 9th of November I was very successful with

my first concert at Chester; Phillips and I explored the interesting old city and its environs; and the next day we went on to Manchester. The better composition of the orchestra, directed by Mr. Cadmore, the general management of the concert directors, Baker and Fletcher, and the co-operation of several clever German amateurs, gave a new zest to my performance, and I was rapturously applauded. I could not, however, enjoy this fully, as I was anxious to get home." The first notice, after his return, tells us of the birth of his first-born, and then follow many expressions of anxiety, owing to the state of his wife and child. Towards the end of the year, he writes: "My mind is at ease. I can go back again to my work. I was at Erard's to-day, and saw his excellent pianos, which are built upon the new principle; but I decidedly refused his proposal to bind myself down to play solely on them, in spite of the profitable conditions he offered me. I intend for the future to be as perfectly free in this respect as heretofore." Later on he writes: "An odd incident made us laugh heartily. At Christmas time, a band of wind-instruments (the waits) plays here generally late in the evening, and they mustered in force at my door; I knew this custom of old, and as I remembered all the tortures I had endured from their falsely harmonized chorales, I ordered the servant to tell them they would certainly get no Christmas-box from me, unless they promised never to return again. Trombone, much wounded, sent back

to say, 'Tell your master, if he does not like music, he will not go to heaven.'"

Moscheles, after having finished a Fantasia for Collard, remarks: "The twenty-five guineas I get for my work is the best part about it; it belongs to that class of ephemeral productions which I do not treat to the distinction of a number in the catalogue of my compositions."

On the 31st we read: "We end the year with feelings of special gratitude to God's Providence, which has permitted us to tide over great perils."

CHAPTER IX.

1826.

STORMY VOYAGE TO IRELAND—IMPRESSIONS OF DUBLIN—RECEPTION AT THE CASTLE—RETURN TO LONDON—MUSICAL ACTIVITY—C. M. VON WEBER—DER FREYSCHÜTZ AT COVENT GARDEN—IMPROVISATION—REHEARSAL OF "OBERON"—BRAHAM'S BENEFIT—CAPRICE OF THE "GODS"—WEBER'S CONCERT—DEATH OF WEBER—THALBERG—VISIT TO GERMANY—SONTAG—FELIX MENDELSSOHN—ART AND ARTISTS IN BERLIN.

ON the first of January, Moscheles begins his diary thus: "To-day I can call my happiness my own; by to-morrow I shall have left it. But, courage! it must be so! I am in honour bound to fulfil my engagements." He went first to Bath, thence to Liverpool, and thus describes with much minuteness the dangers and difficulties in those days inseparable from a long journey, and of which we, in our age of rail and steamer, can scarcely form an idea. "On the 4th of January, at seven A.M., I started from Liverpool, and arrived at Birmingham at eight in the evening. On the 5th I travelled without stopping day or night. At two A.M. I had a grievous *contretemps*. We were close to Bangor, and I, the only passenger, was turned out of the warm coach into the cold, raw night, and made to cross the rushing river in an open boat. It

gave me the shivers, but I stood my ground, muttering my watchword, 'Courage and patience!' On the opposite shore a forlorn and solitary passenger got inside the mail-coach, which was standing in readiness. Thus we jogged on for the rest of the night—wind blowing, snow falling—until at last, at five A.M., we arrived at Holyhead."

"January 6th.—Eventful day! Severe trial! God's saving hand! In the hotel I found a respectable set of fellow-travellers, consisting of two gentlemen and one lady, ready to embark for Dublin. They were still waiting for the Chester mail, which arrived at seven o'clock. We were told that there was no steamboat to take us across the Channel; that the violent winds of the last few days had kept all the steamers on the Irish side, but that a sailing vessel would start immediately, and carry the mails across in from six to seven hours. Would we passengers cross in that vessel? We agreed, and embarked shortly after seven o'clock. It rained in torrents, and the sea was so high that we soon betook ourselves to our berths. I suffered so violently that after a few hours I was completely prostrate. The gale meanwhile increased. I counted the passing hours. It grew dark, but we did not land. The steward, on being asked when we should be released, whispered, 'Who knows? we are doing badly!'—Words too clearly verified by the lurching of the boat. Although I lay smothered in blankets and clothes, my feet were

perished with cold. It cost me no slight effort to shake off my drowsiness, and, groping about, to discover that the sea-water had got into my berth; the ship had become leaky. There was no longer any mystery about that, for the water came hissing into the cabin. The storm howled fiercely; it was pitch-dark. The captain could offer no other comfort than the assurance that we were not far from shore. Of course, not near enough to land. We were surrounded by rocks and sandbanks, and yet not near enough for a distress signal to be perceptible from the coast. At last, after a long battle and the most fearful shocks from the waves, which knocked our vessel about like a plaything, we were able to throw out anchors, and there we poor victims lay till daybreak. In this sad plight, however, I had not lost heart; faith in an Almighty Providence sustained me. I could think with calmness of my wife and child. They sleep peacefully, thank God, without sharing my hard fate. They will either see me again and rejoice, or bear my loss, with the help of God. I thought with painful composure of my other friends and relations. It seemed but a little step from this world to the next. At last, in the afternoon, the welcome tidings came, 'We are all right, a boat has reached our ship, and will take us up.' Whereupon, after getting together our goods and chattels, we were thrown, so to speak, with them into the reeling boat, and, after a short fight with the foaming surf, landed in Howth harbour. There I

hired a postchaise, which carried me (a seven-mile journey) to the city. The dreary, sandy plain, the country dotted over with ruins, the sorry aspect of the people, did not, I am bound to confess, impress me very favourably. At last I arrived in Dublin, drove over the beautiful Carlisle-bridge, and the Liffey, to Westmoreland Street, where I rested for a few hours in a lodging which Pigott, the music-seller, had hired for me."

On the 8th of January, Mr. Pigott took him to Christchurch; where he heard an old-fashioned anthem by Dr. Spray. He then made a round of visits, and became personally acquainted with Sir Charles and Lady Morgan. "I had often admired her as a writer," he observes, "and now find her an exceedingly amiable and sociable hostess."

"January 9th.—To-day I received, through Colonel Shaw, adjutant to the Lord-Lieutenant the Marquis of Wellesley, the intelligence that his Excellency would attend my concert, and that it would be under his special patronage. To-day he desired me to play before the Court. I drove to the Palace in a smart carriage sent for me, and found numbers of the Irish nobility assembled there, this being the first soirée given by the Marchioness of Wellesley since her recent marriage. Some good pieces, as well as a terzetto for two guitars and Physharmonica (by Schulz and his sons), were performed in dumb show, the great folk talking loudly the whole time. The Lord-

Lieutenant, addressing me in French, alluded to the very flattering recommendation I had brought him from Prince Esterhazy, and then asked me to play, and their Excellencies, as well as the whole party, were in raptures with my Fantasia on Irish melodies.

"January 11th.—Introduced to the Anacreontic Society, consisting of amateurs who perform admirably the best orchestral works. The usual supper followed. After propitiating me with a trio from 'Cosi fan tutte,' they drew me to the piano, but I did not trust the old worn-out instrument, and only played the overture to 'Figaro.' My health was proposed at supper, and I had to return thanks.

"January 13th.—First concert at Dublin, in the Rotunda. I suffered martyrdom at the rehearsal, chiefly from the wind instruments. Nor did my troubles end there, for the director of the theatre, Mr. Abbot, forbade the attendance of my singers, Messrs. Kean and Latham. It was not before four o'clock, and after the rehearsal, that I succeeded in bringing him to reason. Mrs., and Miss Ashe sang. The E flat concerto and Alexander Variations were enthusiastically received, but my Fantasia on Irish themes was the feature of the evening."

Moscheles dined with the Hibernian Catch Club, and writes: "Several glees were sung, and as a finale I improvised, whereupon the society unanimously elected me to an honorary membership."

Further on we read: "M. Allan, son-in-law of Logier, gave a public performance, where his pupils played. Pieces of my own were made to suffer. I repeat the word '*suffer*.' I feel more and more that this Logier system may produce good timeists, but what becomes of the right understanding and grasp of the composition? What of its poetry, when eight pianos are drilled into playing together with unerring precision? On the whole, I am struck by the musical taste and enthusiasm of the Irish nation." Good news from home, and a hearty reception in Ireland, amply explain the cheerful tone observable in the diary of these days.

His wife writes: "Here is a business matter for you which will make you laugh. Only think; old Nägeli, of Zurich, asks you to compose a Sonata for his periodical, but you are to avoid all repeating notes, all tenths, and all the usual signs used to indicate the expression. To conclude, he overwhelms you with compliments."

Towards the end of January Moscheles felt so exhausted with playing in public and private, incessant lesson-giving, and attention to his many and various duties, that he made short work of his preparations, and set out for London and his happy home. Here he found his wife's father, who had arrived on a visit. The debates in both Houses of Parliament, Kemble's acting, Pasta's singing, and many other attractions of the winter season—all these were de-

lightful novelties for the new-comer—but above all, Moscheles could show with honest pride a home, the comforts and happiness of which had resulted from his own unwearied activity and the honourable position he had achieved. Although his numerous pupils necessarily occupied much of his time, he composed in the course of this season the E minor, B minor, and D minor Studies, op. 70, his "Recollections of Ireland," besides revising and correcting numbers of proof sheets, not only for himself, but also for such of his friends as were publishing compositions in England. These "Recollections of Ireland," heard for the first time in London, were warmly received at his concert. We read: "Kiesewetter played beautifully, it is true, but he, a friend, claimed a fee of ten guineas; of course I agreed, but our friendly relations must be henceforth interrupted; friends ought to assist each other gratis, that is my maxim. The great pressure of the public at the concert necessitated the use of the Royal box, and many of my patrons were obliged to leave the room for want of seats." In those days people had not become acquainted with the convenient institution of reserved seats.

The appearance of Carl Maria von Weber, who conducted the overture to "Euryanthe," and an air from the same opera, sung by Caradori, may have been the principal cause of the crowded room. The illustrious man had been staying for the last few weeks with his friend Sir George Smart, and there Moscheles often saw him,

although Weber's health obliged him to keep aloof from the generality of visitors. Unfortunately, he needed that repose which he could not find in a London season. Moscheles says: "What emotion he must have felt on his first appearance yesterday, before the English public, in Covent Garden Theatre! The thundering applause with which he was greeted affected us deeply, how much more himself, the honoured object of all this enthusiasm! The performance consisted of a selection from the 'Freyschütz,' conducted by himself; the overture was encored with acclamation. Braham, Miss Paton, and Phillips sang the chief numbers of the opera, they seemed inspired by Weber's presence. During the peals of applause, Weber shook hands with the singers, to express his pleasure and satisfaction; at the end of the performance the whole pit stood up on the benches, waving hats and handkerchiefs, and cheering the composer. I saw him later on in the evening, sitting in the green-room, and completely exhausted; he was too ill fully to enjoy this signal triumph in a land of strangers, but we, I mean the poet Kind, the flute-player Fürstenau, the good old harp-player Stumpff, the publisher Schulz, and myself, as being his fellow-countrymen, felt honoured in our friend's reception."

On the 12th of March Moscheles, on hearing Weber improvise in Braham's house, writes: "Although it was not a remarkable exhibition of his powers, he made his performance deeply interesting by introducing some subjects from 'Freyschütz.' Unfortu-

nately his physical weakness makes any great exertion dangerous, and yet at eleven o'clock he hurried off to a large party given by Mrs. Coutts, as he was to be handsomely paid for his services. How we grieved at his thus over-exerting himself!"

On the 13th of March Weber is a guest at Moscheles' dinner-table. "What a treat! And yet even here the sight of him moved us to intense pity! for he could not utter a word when he entered our room; the exertion of mounting the small flight of stairs had completely taken away his breath; he sank into a chair nearest the door, but soon recovered, and became one of the most delightful and genial of guests. We took him to the Philharmonic concert, the first he ever heard; the next was conducted by himself. The following was the programme:—

Overtures to 'Euryanthe' and 'Freyschütz.'
Aria by Weber, composed for Mme. Milder, sung by Madame CARADORI.
Scena from 'Der Freyschütz,' sung by SAPIO.

Then Schuncke, a German, played the following pasticcio, conducted by the great German composer:—

1st Movement—Concerto C minor. Ries.
2 „ Part of Beethoven's E flat major Concerto.
3 „ Hungarian Rondo by Pixis.

"On the 11th of April I was present at the dress rehearsal of 'Oberon' at Covent Garden; people attended it like a regular performance; the cos-

tumes, scenery, and the stage moon introduced with the air 'Ocean, thou mighty Monster,' were admirable. This air, which was written expressly for Miss Paton by Weber whilst in London, made a grand effect, and so did the scena written for Braham (Hüon). Both singers were allowed an opportunity of displaying their fine voices, and producing certain striking effects, which told powerfully on the audience. Weber, as he sat at the conductor's desk, must have felt that it was not merely an audience, but a nation rising to applaud, and that his works would long survive him."

Poor Weber himself, in the midst of these triumphs, became weaker and weaker, yet he continued to persevere in active work, and conducted at several concerts where Moscheles played, his overtures to "Freyschütz," "Oberon," &c. "On the 18th of May," says Moscheles, "we both assisted Braham in quite an original fashion; it was his annual benefit (at Covent Garden Theatre), and he, the most popular of English singers, used always on this occasion to please the 'gods' by singing sailors' songs, so we had to endure a similar state of things to-night. Madame Vestris, the popular singer, who appeared in the operetta 'The Slave,' found willing listeners among the occupants of the galleries, who ruled the house, and were delighted with such nursery ditties as 'Goosie Goosie Gander,' &c. So far so well, but Braham had calculated without his host in setting before such an audience as this good music for the second part of the concert, which he

called 'Apollo's Festival,' and which, after the poor stuff that had been played and sung, began with the overture to the 'Ruler of the Spirits.' Could no one see that Weber himself was conducting? I'm sure I don't know, but the screams and hubbub in the gallery while the overture was played, without a note being heard from beginning to end, made my blood boil; in a state of high indignation, I sat down to my piano on the stage, and gave a sign to the band beneath me to begin my 'Recollections of Ireland.' At the opening bar of the introduction, the roughs in the gallery made themselves heard by whistling, hissing, shouting, and calling out 'Are you comfortable, Jack?' accompanying the question with volleys of orange peel. I heard the alternate crescendos and decrescendos; and fancied that in this chaos all the elements had been let loose, and would overpower me; but, thank heaven, they did not, for in this new and unexpected situation I resolved not to come to any sudden stoppage, but to show the better part of my audience that I was ready to fulfil my engagement, I stooped down to the leading violinist, and said, 'I shall continue to move my hands on the keyboard, as though really playing. Make your band pretend to be playing also; after a short time I will give you a signal and we will leave off together.' No sooner said than done. On making my bow as I retired, I was overwhelmed with a hurricane of applause. The gods cheered me, being glad to get rid of me. Next came Miss Paton, with

a scena for the concert room. She met with a similar fate. Three times she stopped singing, but came forward again, in answer to the calls of the well-behaved portion of the audience, who shouted 'silence.' At last the poor lady went away, burst into tears, and gave it up. Thunders of applause followed her exit, and when common ballads and songs began afresh, the gods were once more all attention and good behaviour." This affair went the round of all the papers. Moscheles was highly commended for his calmness and self-possession, whilst the tears of poor Miss Paton were rather severely commented upon.

"I shall never forget," says Mrs. Moscheles, in one of her weekly letters, "the 20th of May, the day of Weber's concert; for the composer, now so near his end, had made great exertions for a performance to be held in the Argyll Rooms, and yet met with so little support from the public. Lovers of music and the papers express their regret that it should be so, but say: Why hold it on the Derby-day, or allow it to clash with private concerts which monopolize the fashionable world? It was badly timed. As to the middle classes, they can only attend the theatres, and must not be charged with the neglect of his enterprise. Be that as it may, Weber conducted the never-failing overtures to 'Oberon' and 'Euryanthe;' his still unknown cantata, 'The Festival of Peace;' and a new ballad, written for and sung by Miss Stephens; Braham gave the air from 'Freyschütz' very finely;

Fürstenau, the flute-player, was heard for the first time, in some variation from 'Oberon;' Kiesewetter played his inevitable Mayseder Variations in E major, and Moscheles took his subject for improvisation from the Cantata 'Festival of Peace,' interwoven with 'motives' from the 'Freyschütz.' Madame Caradori and Braham were the soloists in the cantata. To think of such music in an empty room." Weber's disappointment at his ill-success was so intense that he determined on forfeiting the receipts of his proposed benefit at the theatre, where "Der Freyschütz" was to be performed under his direction, and occupied himself solely with preparations for his journey homewards.

In spite of the anxiety about Weber, Moscheles' birthday was not allowed to pass without some attempt at gaiety. "This time," his wife writes to relatives, "we had a tableau, quite unique in its way, but alas! matters are growing worse and worse with Weber." On the 4th of June Moscheles writes in his diary: "Sunday: When I visited the great man to-day, he talked very confidently of his return to Germany, but the frequent attacks of a dreadful convulsive cough, which left him completely prostrate, filled our minds with the utmost anxiety. When with great effort he managed to tell me that he intended starting in two days' time, that I was to prepare my letters, and he hoped to see me again to-morrow, I was deeply moved, although I never suspected that I was looking on him for the last time as a living man.

I left him with his friends, Kind and Fürstenau, and exchanged a few sad words with his kind host, Sir G. Smart, who told me that on no account would Weber suffer any one to sit up with him; that every night he locked the door of his bedroom, and that only to-day he had yielded to the earnest entreaties of his friends, and promised to leave it open, adding that he had peremptorily refused to allow anybody, either friends or paid attendant, to watch beside him.

"June 5th.—Early this morning I was summoned in all haste to Sir G. Smart's. At eleven o'clock last night Fürstenau had conducted Weber to his bedroom; his friends went to his door at an early hour, but found it locked inside, contrary to Weber's promise. To do this he must have got up during the night. It was in vain to knock or call for admission; no answer came. So Sir George sent to me and other friends, and the door was broken open in our presence. The noise did not disturb the sleeper; it was his sleep of death. His head, resting on his left arm, was lying quietly on the pillow. . . . . Any attempt to describe the depth of my sorrow would be profanation. I thought Weber a composer quite *sui generis*; one who had the imperishable glory of leading back to our German music a public vacillating between Mozart, Beethoven, and Rossini. On his dressing-table lay a small washing-bill written by him. This I put in my pocket-book, where I carried it ever after. I helped

Sir G. Smart and Fürstenau to seal up Weber's papers, and Sir George, feeling his great responsibility, sent for my own private seal.

"June 6th.—This morning, after the body of the great composer was placed in a leaden coffin, we opened and examined all his letters and papers, and made a list of all the property. Besides the thousand pounds which he must have earned in London, there was a further sum of a thousand pounds which he had received from the publishers, Walsh and Hawes, for the pianoforte edition of 'Oberon.' We found the manuscript of that opera, and came upon a song which he had composed for a Mr. Ward, who had paid him 25*l.* for it. The pianoforte accompaniment was unfinished. Sir George eagerly pressed me to complete it. (This was done in after-years.) I appropriated to myself a few sheets of the first sketches of 'Oberon.'"

A committee was now formed to decide upon the mode of conducting Weber's funeral. It consisted of the music publishers, Chappell and D'Almaine, W. Collard, from the firm of Clementi and Co., Preston and Power, Sir G. Smart, his brother, Mr. Smart, the composer, Sir John Stevenson, Mr. Attwood, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, Braham, the singer, and Moscheles. It was proposed to give Mozart's Requiem in the Catholic Chapel, Moorfields, the receipts to be appropriated to raising a monument to Weber. But failing to secure the permission of the Roman Catholic Bishop, who wished his congregation

to have free admission, application was made to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, with a view of securing a performance of the Requiem in their Cathedral. These gentlemen would not hear of a Requiem being performed in the Cathedral, and thus, after a deal of useless discussion and writing, the body of the great man was deposited on the 21st of June in the Catholic Chapel of Moorfields. The public were admitted without payment, so that no money was collected for a monument. "We artists," says Moscheles, "assembled for the funeral at nine o'clock in the morning, in the house of Sir G. Smart, and the procession moved on to the chapel in Moorfields. After the usual service, Mozart's Requiem was sung. Then twelve musicians (myself among the number) carried the body into the vault, whilst the funeral march from Handel's 'Saul' was played. Those solemn strains touched all of us most deeply."

On the 12th of June the Philharmonic Society began their concert with the "Dead March in Saul," noted in the programme "as a tribute to a departed genius." On the 17th of the same month "Oberon" was given in Covent Garden Theatre for the benefit of Weber's family, but only two-thirds of the house was filled. "This again passes my comprehension."

We read in a letter of Mrs. Moscheles: "Everything that my husband plays in public is trumpeted forth to you in the newspapers as 'matchless,' 'unrivalled,' and what not! They must soon invent some

new epithet. But *I* can only tell you of the kindly use he makes of his art in a quiet way. Yesterday, for example, our good old friend, Madame G., told me, with tears in her eyes, that for the first time since her sorrow she had enjoyed a happy quarter of an hour, and that was when Moscheles played to her. He went to the house for the very purpose, and we spent the evening quite alone with the family. His sympathy is always shown by acts, not words, and yet every hour of the evening is of consequence to him."

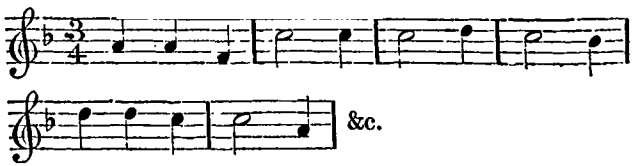
In the course of this season we find Moscheles playing constantly for the benefit of his friends and for several charitable institutions. Being unable to spare much time for rehearsals, he often extemporized, choosing generally for his subject the motivo of some piece which had particularly pleased the audience that evening. Of his own works, "Clair de Lune," the "Rondo in D major," and the "Recollections of Ireland" were invariably welcome. The most distinguished of his pupils at that time was Thalberg, who, although still a young man, was already an artist of distinction and mark. It was a source of great satisfaction to Moscheles, who had pioneered the young pianist, to see him recognised, not merely by the public in general, but by such men as Cramer and Clementi.

Many a fashionable soirée, entailing preparation, and leaving nothing behind but a feeling of ennui, was voted an interruption in Moscheles' household,

but the assemblage of celebrated men at the Rothschilds and some other houses is noted as interesting, and Prince Dietrichstein's invitation to a grand fancy dress ball in Covent Garden Theatre, from the brilliancy of the scene and the crowds that attended, quite unique in its way. Pit, stalls, and proscenium were formed into one grand room, in which the crowd promenaded. The costumes were of every conceivable variety, and many of the most gorgeous description. The spectators in full dress sat in the boxes. On the stage was a Court box, occupied by the Royal Family, and bands played in rooms adjoining, for small parties of dancers. "You will have some idea," says Mrs. Moscheles, "of the crowd at this ball, when I tell you that we left the ball-room at two o'clock, and did not get to the Prince's carriage till four."

Moscheles could not escape from the whirl of a London season until early in August, when he started for Hamburg. He marks the 7th of August, when he and his wife met their relatives, as a red letter day in his calendar. Six quiet happy weeks were enjoyed at Hamburg, and his intercourse with musical men, especially Bernhard Romberg, is often enlarged upon in the diary. The C major concerto was written during this visit. Leaving Hamburg, Moscheles, accompanied by his wife, halted first at Leipzig, where he played his newest compositions with great success, and had a pleasant meeting with his old friend Grillparzer, whose tragedy, 'Medea,' was given at the

Theatre, in honour of the poet. During the next few weeks he played alternately in Leipzig and Dresden, and at the latter place speaks of an enjoyable evening at Tieck's (the translator of Shakspeare), who recited his satirical play "Die Verkehrte Welt." After a short visit to Prague, Moscheles gave two concerts at Vienna with the same unvarying success. In private circles, too, his return was eagerly welcomed, and his wife affectionately greeted. They never failed to attend the levees of his former patroness, Frau von E., which took place daily between four and six, the interval between dinner and theatre. The old lady, painted, rouged, and reclining on her luxurious sofa, received company. Abbés, poets, savants, such as Carpani, the friend and biographer of Haydn, and others, met at these afternoon receptions, where the last new thing in politics, or Vienna gossip, was discussed by officials and statesmen. Ladies appeared in evening dress. The conversation was carried on in rather poor French, and the atmosphere generally seemed artificial and difficult to breathe. Moscheles also saw much of Czerny, the Abbé Stadler, and Schindler (l'ami de Beethoven, as he styled himself on his visiting cards). He was prevented from listening to the tempting offers of new engagements at Vienna, by a summons to attend his sister's marriage in Prague, where he gave two crowded concerts in the theatre. He notes the following: "During my improvisation, I interwove the melody in Cherubini's 'Wasserträger,'



with the Bohemian National Air :

a combination which was received with rounds of applause. I delighted in seeing my mother and wife, who sat together enjoying my triumph." Again we find him at Dresden. "I gave another successful concert, in the presence of Royalty, and was presented by Prince Max and Princess Louise with a pin—a laurel wreath of diamonds with a sapphire for the centre."

"November 10th.—Visited poor Frau von Weber; talked a great deal about her irreparable loss, and the many sad circumstances connected with it. I promised her my best exertions to settle some business for her when I got back to London."

Next day Moscheles travelled to Berlin, and of course visited the Mendelssohns, immediately after his arrival.

"November 12th.—Fanny's fourteenth birthday celebrated with music and dancing. I relieved the young composer Dorn by playing some of the dance

music, and had an earnest conversation with A. B. Marx on the subject of music."

Owing to the worry incidental to preparations for his own concert, the sociable and delightful meetings with the Mendelssohns, Beer, Bendemann, and others were sadly interfered with. His friend Blume assisted him, although he and Sontag had been forbidden by the manager of a rival theatre to sing for him.

"November 21st.—Day of the concert. Practised a great deal on an instrument which Madame Spontini (Erard's sister) sent me, with an urgent request that I would play on it at my concert. Fräulein Sontag, who was not allowed to help me positively, did so negatively, by giving out that she was hoarse. Instead of singing in the 'Sargin,' she went with my wife to the concert, and escaped observation by hiding in the back of the box. When I thanked the famous artiste, she said with her peculiarly sweet smile, 'But, dear Moscheles, should not an old Viennese friend help to frustrate the cabals of a theatrical director?' S'Jettl is immer noch's Jettl."* In spite of her good-nature and Möser's proficiency as leader of the band, the room was only two-thirds full, probably on account of the late announcement and other unfavourable circumstances."

The meeting with Felix Mendelssohn and his family was the source of many happy hours to the Moscheles'.

* "S'Jettl (familiar name for Henrietta) is still S'Jettl."

"How delighted I was when he and his sister Fanny played as a pianoforte duet his new overture to the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' and how grand I thought his sonata in E major! He played me also his great overture in C, with the leading subject for trumpets, and a small caprice which he called 'Absurdité.' This great and still youthful genius has once more made gigantic strides, but, strange to say, these are but little recognised except by his teachers, Zelter, Louis Berger, and a select few. This prophet, too, is not honoured in his own country; he must go elsewhere. I am glad that he, Marx, and some connoisseurs show much interest in my 'Studies,' by repeatedly coming to me to hear them played. Marx declares he is prepared to score one in C minor, entitled 'The Conflict of Demons,' which he thinks particularly well suited to a band." The origin of this C minor Study is curious. Moscheles had composed for his wife the "Rondo Expressif" in her favourite key of A flat major, and she practised it with great zeal, but never satisfied herself in the running scale passage at the end, and complained to him of this. "Very well," said he; "every one who feels this difficulty like you shall have a whole study of such runs to practise, and then they will soon learn them well enough."

The Chevalier Spontini was very friendly towards Moscheles, and never classed him amongst the rivals and envious foes of whom he constantly complained;

he consulted him privately with reference to the sum he should ask for the sale of his operas in England, and as to what means he should adopt for bringing out his works there.

At the Königstadt Theatre the charming Sontag delighted Moscheles in the "Sargin," the "Dame Blanche," and the "Italiana in Algieri." Blume showed Moscheles his new opera, "Der Bramine," in manuscript. Moser was just then studying, Beethoven's ninth symphony, and Moscheles attended the orchestral rehearsals and the performance with an ever-increasing interest and admiration for that colossal work.

On the 28th of November a second concert takes place in the Grand Opera House, that was filled to overflowing. The whole Court attended. Moscheles played, amongst other things, the E flat major Concerto, dedicated to the King.

The last month of the year was spent at Hamburg, where he finished his "Twenty-four Studies," op. 70; and the Fantasia, "Anticipations of Scotland."

CHAPTER X.

1827.

TOUR IN GERMANY—SPOHR—ELECTOR OF HESSE-CASSEL—MUSICAL PUPILS—TYROLESE SINGERS—ESCAPE FROM A DIFFICULTY—LISZT—LETTERS FROM BEETHOVEN—HIS MELANCHOLY CONDITION—CORRESPONDENCE WITH SCHINDLER AND RAU—BEETHOVEN'S RELATIVES—KARL VAN BEETHOVEN—GENEROUS ASSISTANCE OF THE LONDON PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY—DEATH OF BEETHOVEN—STARS IN LONDON—DINNER TO CLEMENTI—HEINE THE POET.

MOSCHELES inaugurated the year 1827 by giving concerts in Hanover and Göttingen, availing himself of his opportunity in the latter place of attending a few lectures of the most learned men in the University, whilst he was warmly welcomed by the inhabitants of the town itself and the students.

At Cassel he writes: "I am so delighted at seeing Spohr again, the consciousness that I understand this great man, the mutual interest we take in each other's performances—all this is delightful. His garden is charming even in winter." The diary gives frequent evidence of Spohr's devoting his time to Moscheles. On the 8th of January he assists him in making his concert arrangements. On the following day we read: "To-day Hauptmann, Gerke, and others met at Spohr's, and there was no end of music. On the

10th of January with Spohr at Wilhelmshohe, and dined at his house. Next day, during the rehearsal of my concert, received (to the astonishment of every one) an order from the Electoral Prince, intimating that my concert must be changed from the Town-hall to the Theatre, since the Elector and suite wished to attend." A letter from Mrs. Moscheles supplements these remarks. "This Elector, you must know, has not chosen hitherto to attend any concert in the Town-hall because there are no boxes there, and as a rule refuses the theatre for concerts (he has done so to Hummel); you see, he honours my husband as much as it is in the power of an Elector of Hesse-Cassel to do." The success of this concert is recorded in the diary, the band under Spohr's leading called "splendid," and the singing of Wild and Heinefetter highly praised. We again quote from the diary: "When we can find a quiet hour, it is devoted to my 'Twenty-four Studies.' I write the title-page, and prefix some observations to each separately, to make the pupil correctly understand my intention, each study being meant to overcome some special difficulty. My wife makes a translation straight off into French and English, for Probst publishes the 'Studies' for Germany and Schlesinger for France. In England I have stipulated with Cramer and Beale for a share of one-fourth in the profits."

At the next halting-place—Elberfeld—Moscheles wanted to escape giving a half-promised concert, but

the local music-director had already circulated a subscription list, and assured Moscheles that the public would take no refusal. "At last," he writes, "I saw that it was a point of honour, and consented. The programme will, or *should* run thus:—Symphony by Beethoven, played as well as possible by a set of fiddlers calling themselves an orchestra; my E major concerto, played by me with every possible precaution, that the band may not lag behind; Alexander Variations; air to be sung by a soprano, supposing such a one to exist; four-part songs for male voices, as a makeshift if the lady is not forthcoming; the whole to conclude with an extempore performance, after which, I suppose, they will let me depart in peace. The expenses will be deducted from the receipts—all clear profits to go to oats and hay for the post-horses. Forgive all this nonsense. I only want to show you that we are in excellent spirits. . . . ."

Aix is their next station, and there Mrs. Moscheles writes: "On the very day of the Elberfeld concert half the streets were under water, so that only some of the band came to rehearsal—a fraction of a fraction! The people, however, swam to the evening performance in coaches. The room was crammed. Here, in Aix, our old friends are so taken up with us, that you must forgive me for only sending you a hasty scribble." "I, too," adds Moscheles, "will send my scribble; if only to tell you how pleased I am to think that this

tour, if nothing to speak of in the pecuniary way, will give me fresh impetus as an artist. Here, where I have been so often heard, my subscription list bears witness to the eagerness with which my concert is expected, and for such honours I gladly forfeit my London lessons, but must say I delight in the thought of sending you my next letter from our dear little home in England." Shortly after his return we find him speaking in the highest terms of an Erard piano, sent to Bath expressly for him, and in the spring of this year he completes his "Fifty Preludes for the Piano," "Les Charmes de Londres," and a second rondo for the "Album des Pianistes." He wrote, too, at the instance of enterprising publishers, a number of fugitive pieces, to suit the fashion of the day. These, composed off-hand, were, in his eyes, of such little value as not to be catalogued amongst his regular works, but they were of use to him in teaching a certain class of pupils which mustered in great force this year. "They shrink," he says, "from all serious study. Occasionally a mamma says: 'Will you give her something with a pretty tune in it, brilliant, and not too difficult?' To meet this wish I try to avoid full chords and uncommon modulations, but this makes me look upon such pieces as spurious bantlings, not as the genuine offspring of my Muse."

Allusions like these to the prevalent taste for easy flowing music, account for England's welcoming as a pleasing novelty a family consisting of four singers of

the name of Rainer (three brothers and a sister), who made a pilgrimage from the Zillerthal to London. Like almost all artists fresh from the Continent, they had letters of recommendation to Moscheles. He arranged for their daily performance in the Egyptian Hall, where they sang their exquisite Tyrolese melodies, varying the entertainment with their national dances. Their freedom from affectation, the pure delivery of their characteristic songs, their dress—the genuine Tyrolese costume—all these together proved very attractive and delightful to a constantly increasing crowd of hearers. In spite of the moderate entrance-fee, the undertaking answered. More than this, these Tyrolese folk became the fashion. At the most brilliant and fashionable soirées, they relieved with their national melodies the songs of the greatest operatic singers. King George IV. was so delighted when he heard them, that he presented them with new costumes, in strict imitation of their own, of which they were very proud. These Rainers, who were constantly running in and out of Moscheles' house, either to ask his advice, or to tell him of their successes, did him quite unexpectedly a great service. There was a regular fatality attending the arrangements of his annual concert. One singer was hoarse, another was unavoidably absent, and all this at the eleventh hour. When we consider that the programme still contained the names of Caradori, Stockhausen, Galli, and de Begnis as singers, and that not only De Bériot, but also

Cramer and Moscheles were to play, one would suppose that the omission of a few vocal pieces would do no harm; but your regular concert-goer is tenacious of his rights, and this made Moscheles apply to the Rainers. "I hurried off to them. 'Can you do me the favour to slip away for a little time from your soirée at Lady ——? Will you sing twice for me? I am in a difficulty.' 'Of course we will,' said the whole quartet, unisono. They came and sang, and the gaps in the programme were filled up capitally."

Moscheles, yielding to an importunate music-publisher in London, wrote some slight pianoforte pieces on the Tyrolese melodies; but the favoured firm was sued by another, whose offer had been rejected, and the rival publishers went to law. Moscheles' publisher won his suit, and sustained no injury.

During this season the youthful Liszt was in London: although he appeared often, playing in his magnificent bravura style, his concert on the 9th of June was but thinly attended. Moscheles thus alludes to the performance. "The 'Concerto in A minor' contains *chaotic* beauties; as to his playing, it surpasses in power and mastery of difficulties everything I have every heard."

These were busy days for Moscheles, who frequently played at two concerts on the same evening. In the midst of this cheerful and active life, the news of the mighty Beethoven's illness fell upon Moscheles like a thunderbolt. His first impressions on receiving the

intelligence are thus recorded. "Shocking news from Stumpff! He tells me he has received a letter giving details of Beethoven's dangerous state. What a fearful misfortune for art, and how disgraceful that there should be a question of Beethoven's being properly supplied with the necessaries of life! Such a thing seems to me absolutely incredible. I can't bear to think of it."

In the first flush of emotion, Moscheles wrote to his old friend, Herr Lewinger, in Vienna, for accurate information about Beethoven's health and circumstances, but before the arrival of the answer so eagerly looked for (the postal communications in those days were slow, and in the winter particularly unreliable) the following letter from Beethoven to Moscheles came to hand: a letter which left no further doubt of the great man's unhappy condition.

"Vienna, 22nd Feb. 1827.

"My dear Moscheles,—I am convinced you will not take it amiss if I trouble you, as well as Sir Smart, for whom I enclose a letter, with a petition. The matter shortly told is this:—Some years ago the Philharmonic Society, in London, made me the handsome offer of arranging a concert for my benefit. At that time, thank God, I was not in such a position as to be obliged to make use of their generous offer. Now, however, I am quite in a different position; for nearly three months I have been laid low by a terribly

wearisome illness. I am suffering from dropsy. Schindler will give you more details in the letter which I enclose. You know of old my habit of life. You also know how and where I live. As for my writing music, I have long ceased to think of it. Unhappily, therefore, I may be so placed as to be obliged to suffer want. You have not only a wide circle of acquaintance in London, but also important influence with the Philharmonic Society. I beg you, therefore, to use this influence as far as you can, to induce the Philharmonic Society to resuscitate their generous resolution, and carry it out speedily. I enclose a letter to the same effect to Sir Smart, and have sent another already to Herr Stumpff. Please give the letter to Sir Smart, and unite with him and all my friends in London for the furtherance of my object. I am so weak, that even the dictation of this letter is a difficulty to me. Remember me to your amiable wife, and be assured that I shall always be your friend,

"BEETHOVEN.

"Answer me soon, so that I may hear if I am to hope for anything."

This letter enclosed another of the most distressing kind, written by Schindler, Beethoven's friend, who nursed him in his illness.

"Vienna, 22 Feb. 1827.

"DEAREST FRIEND,—You will see, on reading

through the letter of our unfortunate friend Beethoven, that I too propose addressing a few lines to you. I have much to write to you about, but will confine my remarks solely to Beethoven; for at present his state is to me the all-important subject, and one closest to my heart. His letter to you contains an expression of his requests and most ardent wishes. His letter to Sir Smart is in the same vein, as well as an earlier one in my handwriting written to Stumpff, the harp-manufacturer.

"On the occasion of your last visit here, I described to you Beethoven's position with regard to money-matters, never suspecting that the moment was so near when we should see this great man drawing near his end, under circumstances so peculiarly painful. We may well say 'his end,' for, judging by his present state, recovery is out of the question. Although we keep the truth from him, he must, I think, have his presentiments. It was not before the 3rd of December that he and his good-for-nothing nephew returned from the country. On his journey hither, he was obliged, from stress of weather, to pass the night in a small and wretched pot-house, where he caught so bad a chill that it brought on an immediate attack of inflammation of the lungs, and it was in this condition that he arrived here. The bad symptoms had just yielded to treatment, when dropsy of so determined and violent a character set in, that Beethoven had to be operated on on the 18th of

December. His state was such that there was no alternative. This operation was followed by a second on the 8th of January, and a third on the 20th of the same month. Scarcely was the wound allowed to heal, when the pressure increased so rapidly that I often feared the patient would be suffocated before another operation could be effected. It is only now that I find him partially relieved, and should he go on favourably, we may, I think, allow from eight to ten days to elapse before he undergoes a fourth operation.

"Now, my friend, remembering his impatience, and more than all, his quick temper, just picture to yourself Beethoven in such a fearful illness. Think of him, too, brought to this sad state by that wretched creature, his nephew, and partly, too, by his own brother; for both doctors, Malfatti and Professor Wawruch, declare that the good man's illness arises in part from the fearful anxieties of mind to which his nephew had for a long time subjected him, and that the disease had been aggravated by Beethoven's staying too long in the country during the wet season. This could not well be helped, for by order of the police the young man was obliged to quit Vienna, and it was not easy to get a commission for him in any regiment. He is now cadet to the Archduke Ludwig, and treats his uncle just as he always did, although living entirely on him, as in former days. A fortnight ago Beethoven sent him the letter to Sir Smart, to translate into English; we have had no answer

at all yet, although he is at Iglau, only a few stations from here.

"Should you, my dear Moschcles, succeed jointly with Sir Smart in inducing the Philharmonic Society to comply with Beethoven's wishes, you would certainly be doing an act of the greatest kindness. The expenses of this tedious illness are unusually great; so much so that the apprehension of being impoverished, and in want, troubles Beethoven night and day, for he would die rather than be forced to accept anything from his odious brother.

"Judging by the present symptoms, dropsy will turn to consumption, for he is now worn to a skeleton, and yet his constitution will enable him to struggle for a long time against this painful death.

"It pains him still more to find that not a soul here takes any notice of him, and certainly this lack of sympathy is most surprising. In former times, if he was slightly indisposed, people used to drive up to his door, and inquire for him. Now he is completely forgotten, as though he had never lived in Vienna. Mine is the greatest trouble, and I sincerely hope matters may speedily change in one way or another, for I lose all my time, I alone having to do everything for him, because he will not allow any one else to come near him, and it would be inhuman to forsake him in his absolutely helpless condition.

"Just now he speaks frequently about a journey to London after his recovery, and is calculating on the

cheapest way we can live during our absence from home. Merciful Heaven! I fear his journey will be a further one than to England. His amusement, when he is alone, consists in reading the old Greek classics, and several of W. Scott's novels, which delight him.

"If you, my dear friend, feel certain that the Philharmonic Society will carry out the project which they started years ago, pray don't omit to let Beethoven know at once; it would put life into him. Try to persuade Sir Smart to write to him as well, so that he may receive a double assurance of the good tidings. May God be with you! Give my kindest regards to your excellent wife, with the highest esteem,

"Your most devoted friend,

"ANT. SCHINDLER.

"P.S.—If the Concert proposed by the Philharmonic Society for Beethoven's benefit comes off, the committee should most distinctly give Beethoven to understand that the money must be appropriated to his own wants, and not to that of his most unnatural relatives, least of all to his ungrateful nephew. This would be a most beneficial plan; if it is not carried out, Beethoven will give the money to his nephew, who will merely squander it, whilst he himself suffers want."

"Sick—in necessity—abandoned—a Beethoven!" exclaims Moscheles. The excitement in the house

was intense. Moscheles hurried off to Smart, and their first impulse was to send the great man 20*l.*, thus enabling him to procure small comforts, and to show him that a Beethoven should never be allowed to feel want. It occurred, however, in time to Moscheles that the 20*l.* would probably be looked on by Beethoven as a kind of alms, that he might not only be offended, but probably enraged; so, abandoning the idea of sending the money, they applied without delay to the leading members of the Philharmonic Society. These gentlemen, equally shocked and as eager to help as Smart and Moscheles, reasonably asked for a short delay, so as to call together the members of their society, and to take counsel as to the ways and means of helping Beethoven. Meantime Beethoven's second letter, with an enclosure of Schindler's, arrived. They run thus:—

"Vienna, 14th March, 1827.

"My dear good Moscheles,—I have lately heard, through Herr Lewinger, that in a letter of the 10th of February, you asked for information on the subject of my illness, about which people spread such various rumours. Although I feel no kind of doubt that you duly received my first letter of the 22nd of February, which will explain to you everything you want to know, still I cannot help thanking you heartily for your sympathy with my sad condition, and entreating you once more to

take to heart the request made in my first letter. I anticipate with something like assurance that you, acting jointly with Sir Smart, Herr Stumpff, Mr. Neate, and others of my friends, are certain to succeed in obtaining a favourable result for me from the Philharmonic Society. Since then, happening by chance to find Sir Smart's address, I have written again to him, pressing my request very earnestly.

"On the 27th of February I was operated on for the fourth time, and now the return of certain symptoms makes it plain that soon I must expect a fifth operation. What will come of it? What will become of me, if this state of things continues? Truly my lot is a very hard one, but I bow to the decree of fate, and only pray to God constantly that, in His holy wisdom, He may so dispose of me that, however long I must suffer death in life, I may still be shielded from want. This conviction would fortify me to bear my lot, however hard and terrible it may be, with resignation to the will of the Most High. So, my dear Moscheles, once more I commend my cause to your care, and remain always with the greatest esteem,

"Your friend,

"BEETHOVEN.

"Hummel is here, and has paid me several visits already."

Schindler's letter was as follows—

"My dearest Friend,—I add a scrap to Beethoven's letter, from which you can gather information about his present state. Thus much is certain that he is nearer death than recovery, for his whole frame is wasting away. Still matters may go on thus for many months, for his lungs even now seem made of steel.

"In the event of the Philharmonic Society granting Beethoven's request, pray contrive that the money shall be lodged with some safe person—*i.e.*, a banker—on whom Beethoven could draw by instalments. The Philharmonic Society might unreservedly explain to Beethoven that they adopt these means solely for his benefit, as they know but too well that the relatives who are around him do not act honestly by him, &c. He is sure to be startled by this announcement, but I and others in whom he confides, will make him thoroughly understand that such a line of conduct is meant in real kindness, and he will be satisfied. In any case, whatever property he leaves behind will come into the hands of the most unworthy people, and it were better it was left to the House of Correction.

"Hummel and his wife are here. He travelled as fast as he could, with the hope of finding Beethoven still alive, for it was commonly reported in Germany that he was *in extremis*. The meeting of these two men last Thursday was a truly affecting sight. I had previously warned Hummel to betray no emotion at

the interview with Beethoven, but he was so overpowered at the sight that, in spite of all his struggles, he could not help bursting into tears. Old Streicher came to the rescue. The first thing that Beethoven said to Hummel was, 'Look here, my dear Hummel, here is a picture of the house where Haydn was born; it was made a present to me to-day. I take a childish pleasure in it—to think of so great a man being born in so wretched a hovel!'

"As I looked on these two men, who never were the best of friends, they seemed to forget all the differences and quarrels of their past lives in this most affectionate conversation. They have both appointed to meet next summer in Carlsbad. Alas! alas! My heartiest remembrance to your amiable wife, and now, adieu!

"Your constant and sincere friend,

"ANT. SCHINDLER."

Meantime the Philharmonic Society had determined on and carried out a scheme that must of necessity be advantageous to poor Beethoven. It was resolved unanimously at a meeting, which Moscheles attended as a member, that Beethoven should not be kept waiting until a concert could be arranged. The season of the year was unfavourable, and a concert in a great city like London involves a delay of from four to six weeks for preparation. They desired, therefore, to hand him over at once, through Moscheles, 100*l.*; but, to

spare his sensitive feelings, resolved to suggest that the money was merely in anticipation of the proceeds of a concert already in preparation. The following letter from Rau (one of Moscheles' oldest Viennese friends) proves that the money was sent and reached Vienna without delay.

"Vienna, 17th March, 1827.

"DEAR FRIEND,—After a very severe attack of inflammation of the eyes, which kept me closely confined to my room for three weeks, I am, thank God, once more so far recovered that I can take up my pen, although writing is an effort. Make a guess at anything you can't read, and don't be hard on me where you find me illegible.

"Your letter, with the 100*l.* sent to Beethoven, came safely to hand. It gave me great and unexpected pleasure. The great man, whom all Europe justly delights to honour, the noble-hearted Beethoven, lies here in Vienna on his bed of sickness. He is in dire distress, and although alive, still in imminent danger, and this news we must receive from London! There it is that his high-minded friends eagerly try to soothe his affliction, alleviate his wants, and save him from despair.*

* On the margin of the original letter we find the following remark in Moscheles' handwriting:—"I have, however, several proofs of the interest and sympathy called forth in Vienna at that time by Beethoven's dangerous illness. It is clear that several of his worshippers were eager to offer him help and consolation, if they could only get at him. Access to Beethoven, or those nearest to him, owing to his life of isolation, was, however, a difficult matter."

"I drove off at once to his house, that I might satisfy myself about his condition, and inform him of the help at hand. It was heart-breaking to see him clasp his hands and shed tears of joy and gratitude. You, his noble-hearted benefactors, would have been rewarded and delighted to witness a scene so deeply touching.

"I found poor Beethoven in the most wretched condition, more like a skeleton than a living being. He was in the last stage of dropsy, and it has been necessary to tap him four or five times. His medical attendant is Doctor Malfatti, so he is in excellent hands, but Malfatti gives him little hope. It is impossible to say for certain how long his present state will continue, or if recovery may yet be possible; but the recent news of the help afforded him has worked a remarkable change. The emotion of joy was so excessive as to rupture, in the course of the night, one of the punctured wounds that had cicatrized over; the water which had accumulated for fourteen days flowed away in streams. I found him on my visit next day remarkably cheerful, and feeling a wonderful sense of relief. I hurried off to Malfatti to tell him of this occurrence, which he considers a very favourable one. They intend to apply a hollow probe for some time, so as to keep this wound open, and allow the water to escape freely. May God bless these human means!

"Beethoven is satisfied with the attendance and services of his cook and housemaid. His and our friend,

the well-known and worthy Schindler, dines daily with him, and manages for him in a very friendly, honest way. He also looks after Beethoven's correspondence, and controls as far as possible the expenditure of the household. I enclose in my letter, dear friend, Beethoven's receipt for the 1000 florins presented to him. When I proposed to him to take only 500 florins at first, and leave the remaining 500 in the safe custody of Baron von Eskeles, until he wanted them, he confessed candidly to me that the 1000 florins came to him like a perfect godsend, for he was actually in the painful condition of being forced to borrow money. This being so, I yielded to his earnest entreaty, and handed him over the whole sum of 100*l.*, or 1000 florins.

"Beethoven will tell you in his own letter how he intends to show his gratitude to the Philharmonic Society. If, in the course of events, you wish to be useful to him, and I can give you a helping hand, you may rely upon my hearty and zealous co-operation. The whole of the Eskeles family desire their kindest remembrance to you, your wife and little son, and in these I join.

"Your sincere friend,

"RAU."

It is plain, from Moscheles' observation on the margin of Rau's letter, and from notes in the diary, that he had written to many friends at Vienna asking whether

it could be true that people neglected Beethoven, prostrated by sickness, and in want, and that he received, in every instance, the information that, owing to Beethoven's repelling manner, and his brother's and nephew's jealousy, friends had been kept back from visiting him. "I doubt if they could have prevented me," says Moscheles, and probably with good cause.

A very affecting letter from Beethoven himself, and one over which many tears were shed, followed that of his friend Rau. It was written on the 17th of March. Beethoven dictated it to Schindler, and signed it with his own hand.

"Vienna, 18th March, 1827.

"MY DEAR GOOD MOSCHELES,—The feelings with which I read your letter of the 1st of March, I cannot describe in words. The splendid generosity of the Philharmonic Society, which well nigh anticipated my request, has moved me to my inmost soul. I entreat you, therefore, dear Moscheles, to be my spokesman and communicate to the Philharmonic Society, my earnest, heartfelt thanks for the sympathy and assistance they have rendered me. I was compelled at once to call in the whole sum of 1000 florins, as I was just reduced to the painful necessity of being obliged to borrow money, and thus becoming further involved. With regard to the concert, which the Philharmonic Society have determined to give for my benefit, let me beg of them not to abandon their generous project, but to deduct from the gross receipts of that concert,

the 1000 florins now presented to me in advance. Should the Society kindly allow me the surplus, I undertake to prove my deep gratitude, either by writing for them a new symphony, the sketch of which already lies in my desk, or a new overture, or something else that the Society may wish for. May Heaven only soon restore me to health, and I will prove to the noble-hearted English how highly I appreciate their sympathy with my sad fate. I shall never forget your noble conduct, and hope soon to send a special letter of thanks to Sir Smart and to Herr Stumpff. Farewell, with sentiments of true friendship, I remain, with the greatest esteem,

"Your friend,

"LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

"P.S.—My hearty greeting to your wife. I have to thank the Philharmonic Society and you for a new friend in Herr Rau. Pray give to the Philharmonic Society the symphony marked by me with the metronome tempi; these I enclose."

Marking, according to the metronome of the Tempi in Beethoven's last symphony, op. 125:—

Allegro, ma non troppo, e un poco maestoso	88 = 𝅗𝅥.
Molto vivace	116 = 𝅗𝅥
Presto	116 = 𝅗𝅥
Adagio molto e cantabile . . .	60 = 𝅗𝅥.

Andante moderato	63 = ♩
Finale presto	96 = 𝅗𝅥
Allegro, ma non troppo . . .	88 = ♩
Allegro assai	80 = 𝅗𝅥
Alla marcia	84 = ♩
Andante maestoso	72 = 𝅗𝅥
Adagio divoto	60 = 𝅗𝅥
Allegro energico	84 = 𝅗𝅥
Allegro, ma non tanto . . .	120 = 𝅗𝅥
Prestissimo	132 = 𝅗𝅥
Maestoso	60 = ♩

We give a letter by Schindler, six days later in point of date, but posted at the same time as Beethoven's :—

"Vienna, 24th March, 1827.

"My dear Friend,—Don't let yourself be misled by the difference of date between the two letters. I wished purposely to keep back that of Beethoven for a few days, because, on the day after it was written, we feared our great master would breathe his last. God be thanked, however, that event has not yet happened; but, my dear Moscheles, by the time you read these lines, our friend will be no longer amongst the living. Death is advancing with rapid strides, and there is but one wish amongst us all, to see him soon released from these terrible sufferings; nothing else remains to be hoped for. He has been lying all but dead, for the last eight days, and can

only now and then muster sufficient strength to put a question, or to ask for what he wants. His condition is fearful, and appears by all accounts to be very similar to that which was lately endured by the Duke of York. He is in an almost constant state of insensibility, or rather stupor—his head hanging down on his chest, and his glazed eyes fixed for hours together upon the same spot. He seldom recognises his most intimate friends, except when people tell him who is standing before him. In fact, it is dreadful to look at him. This state of things, however, can only last a few days longer, for all the bodily functions have ceased since yesterday. He, and we with him, will therefore, please God, soon be released.

"People come in shoals to see him for the last time, although none are admitted except those who are bold enough to force their way into the dying man's room. The letter to you, even to the few sentences at the introduction, is, word for word, written at his dictation. I expect this will be his last letter, although to-day he contrived to whisper to me in broken accents, 'Smart, Stumpff, write:' if possible for him even yet to sign his name on the paper, it shall be done. He feels his end approaching, for yesterday he said to me and Herr von Breuning, 'Plaudite, amici, comoedia finita est!' We were fortunate enough yesterday to arrange everything respecting his last will, although there is hardly anything left but some old furniture and manuscripts. He had in hand a quintet for

stringed instruments, and the tenth symphony, of which he makes mention in his letter to you. Two movements of the quintet are entirely finished, and it was intended for Diabelli. The day after the receipt of your letter he was greatly excited, and talked to me a great deal of the plan of the symphony, which was to have been on a grand scale, as being written expressly for the Philharmonic Society.

"I much wish you had made it plain in your letter that Beethoven could only draw on this sum of 1000 florins by instalments, for I had agreed with Herr Rau on this matter, but Beethoven adhered to the last sentence in your letter. Well, with the receipt of the money all trouble and anxiety at once vanished, and he said quite cheerfully, 'Now we shall be able to give ourselves a better day occasionally,' for there were only 340 florins left in the drawer, and we therefore restricted ourselves for some time past, to beef and vegetables, a privation which grieved him more than anything else. The next day being a Friday, he immediately ordered his favourite dish of fish, but could merely taste them. In short, his delight with the generosity of the Philharmonic Society borders upon the childish. We were obliged to procure him a great arm-chair, which cost fifty florins; he rests on it daily for half-an-hour at least whilst his bed is being made. His obstinacy is as dreadful as ever, and this falls particularly hard upon me, for on no account will he have anybody about him but

myself. I had no alternative but to give up all my lessons, and devote to him every spare moment of time I could get. Everything he eats or drinks I must taste first, to ascertain whether it might not be injurious to him. Glad as I am to do all this, it lasts too long for a poor devil like myself. I hope to heaven, however, matters will right themselves if I continue to keep in good health. Whatever remains of the 1000 florins we intend to expend on our friend Beethoven's funeral, which will be performed without much ceremony in the churchyard at Döbling, a constant and favourite haunt of Beethoven's. There is the rent due on the 13th of April, that must be paid for another half-year.* Then there are several small debts (the doctor's fees amongst them), so that the 1000 florins may just cover what is owing, without leaving much balance in hand.

"Two days after your letter we received one from the worthy Mr. Stumpff, who speaks of you in terms of the highest praise. The reading of this letter excited Beethoven rather too much, for he was fearfully reduced and weakened. We heard him to-day say repeatedly, 'May God requite them all a thousand times.'

"You can well understand that the generosity of the Philharmonic Society has created a general sensation here. The English are praised up to the skies, and the Viennese millionaires loudly abused. The *Beobachter* has an article on the subject, and so

has the *Wiener Zeitung*. I enclose them.—(Interval of some hours.)—I have just left Beethoven: he is actually dying, and before this letter is beyond the precincts of the city the great light will be extinguished for ever. He is still, however, in full possession of his senses. I hasten to despatch my letter, in order to run to his bedside. The enclosed lock of hair I have just cut from his head, and send it you. God be with you!

"Your most devoted Friend,

"ANT. SCHINDLER."

A few days later a letter from Rau brought the sad tidings of Beethoven's death.

"Vienna, March 28th, 1827.

"DEAR FRIEND,—Beethoven is no more; he expired on the evening of the 26th of March, between five and six o'clock, after a painful struggle and terrible suffering. On the day before he died all consciousness had completely gone.

"I must say a word about the property he has left behind him. In my last letter I told you that Beethoven, according to his own statement, was absolutely without money or resources, consequently in the greatest need, and yet, when an inventory of his things was taken in my presence, we found, in an old half-mouldy box, seven Bank shares.

"Whether Beethoven purposely concealed them (for

he was very mistrustful, and looked hopefully for a speedy recovery), or whether their possession had escaped his own memory, is a problem I cannot venture to solve. The thousand florins sent over by the Philharmonic Society were found still untouched: I laid claim to the money in conformity with your instructions, and was obliged to deposit it with the magistrate until further notice from the Philharmonic Society. I would not consent to the funeral expenses being paid out of this money without being authorized by the Society so to act. Should you have it in your power to dispose of any part of the money, pray let it be done in favour of the two poor servants who nursed the sufferer with endless patience and devotion. There is not a syllable about them in the will. Everything goes to the sole heir, Beethoven's nephew. As to the present which Beethoven intended sending to the Philharmonic Society, Herr Schindler will communicate with you in due time. Let me know soon, and definitely, what steps I am to take, and you may rely on me for strictly carrying out your intentions. Beethoven will be buried on the 29th of this month. An invitation has been sent to all artists, members of the different orchestras, and theatres. Twenty musicians and composers will act as torchbearers at the funeral. Grillparzer has written a very affecting address to be spoken by Anschütz at the grave. Indeed everything which can be done to render the solemnity worthy of the deceased, seems to be in preparation.

"The family of Eskeles joins me in kindest remembrances to you and yours.

"Your friend,

"RAU."

We find amongst Moscheles' papers several relating to Beethoven's death:

INVITATION

TO

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN'S FUNERAL,

Which will take place on the 29th March, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

THE company will assemble at the lodgings of the deceased, in the Schwarz-spanier House, No. 200 on the Glacis, before the Schottenthor.

The procession starts from that point to the Trinity Church, at the Father's Minorites in the Alser Street.

The musical world sustained the irreparable loss of the famous composer about six o'clock in the evening on the 26th March, 1827.

Beethoven died of dropsy, in the 56th year of his age, after receiving the Holy Sacraments.

Due notice of the day, "der Exequien," will hereafter be made known by L. VAN BEETHOVEN'S

ADMIRERS AND FRIENDS.

(The distribution of these cards is at the music establishment of Tob. Haslinger.)

BEY LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN'S LEICHENBEGANGNISS

(*am* 29 *März* 1827).

Von J. F. Castelli.

Achtung allen Thränen, welche fliessen,
Wenn ein braver Mann zu Grabe ging,
Wenn die Freunde Trauerreihen schliessen,
Die der Selige mit Lieb' umfing.

Doch der Trauerzug, der heute wallet,
Strecket sich, so weit das Himmelszelt
Erd' umspannt, so weit ein Ton erschallet,
Und um diesen Todten weint die Welt.

Doch um Euch allein nur müsst Ihr klagen!—
Wer so hoch im Heiligthume stand,
Kann den Staub nicht mehr—er ihn nicht tragen,
Und der Geist sehnt sich in's Heimathland.

Darum rief die Muse ihn nach oben,
Und an ihrer Seite sitzt er dort,
Und an ihrem Throne hört er droben
Tönen seinen eigenen Accord.

Aber hier sein Angedenken weilet,
Und sein Name lebt im Ruhmes-Licht,
Wer, wie er, der Zeit ist vorgeeilet,
Den ereilt die Zeit zerstörend nicht.

AT BEETHOVEN'S FUNERAL.

Ev'ry tear that is shed by the mourner is holy;
When the dust of the mighty to earth is resigned,
When those he held dearest move sadly and slowly
To the grave of the friend in whose heart they were shrined:—

But our grief-stricken train is a wild sea that surges,
That spreads to yon starry pavilion o'erhead
And girdles the globe: for all nature sings dirges,
Where'er rings an echo, to-day o'er the dead.

But weep not for him: for yourselves sorrow only:
Though proud was his place in the hierarchy here,
This earth might not hold him; his spirit was lonely,
And yearned for a home in a loftier sphere.

So Heaven to the minstrel its portals uncloses:
The Muse thither calls him, to sit by her side
And hear, from the throne where in bliss she reposes,
His own hallow'd harmonies float far and wide.

Yet here, in our memories homed, he abideth;
Round his name lives a glory that ne'er may grow dim;
Time fain would o'ertake him, but Time he derideth;
The grisly Destroyer is distanced by him.

AM GRABE BEETHOVEN'S

(*den* 29 *März* 1827).

Es brach ein Quell vom hohen Felsen nieder,
Mit reicher Strömung über Wald und Flur,
Und wo er floss, erstand das Leben wieder,
Verjüngte sich die alternde Natur.
Ein jeder kam zur reitzgeschmückten Stelle,
Und suchte sich Erquickung an der Welle.

Nur wenige von richtigem Gefühle,
Empfanden seine Wunderkräfte ganz,
Die übrigen erfreuten sich am Spiele
Der schönen Fluth und ihrem Demantglanz:
Die meisten aber fanden sein Gewässer
Dem Andern gleich, nicht edler und nicht besser.

Der Quell versank. Nun erst erkannte Jeder
Des Börnes Kraft, nun erst, da sie zerstob!
Und Pinsel, Klang, der Meissel und die Feder,
Vereinten sich zum längst verdienten Lob;
Jedoch kein Lied, nicht Sehnsucht, nicht die Klage
Erweckten ihn und brachten ihn zu Tage.

Du, der hier liegt, befreyt von Schmerz und Banden,
Du warst der Quell, den ich zuvor genannt!
Du grosser Mensch, von Wenigen verstanden,
Bewundert oft, doch öfter noch verkannt!
Jetzt werden Alle jubelnd Dich erheben:
Du musstest sterben, sterben, um zu leben!

SCHLECHTA.

AT BEETHOVEN'S GRAVE.

From the high rock I marked a fountain breaking;
It poured its riches forth o'er glade and plain;
Where'er they streamed I saw new life awaking,
The grandam world was in her prime again;
To the charm'd spot the tribes of earth came thronging,
And stoopt to that pure wave with eager longing.

Yet of these hosts few only, keener-sighted
Than were their fellows, all its glamour knew:
The simple multitude surveyed, delighted,
Its diamond glitter and its changing hue;
But—save unto those few that saw more clearly—
That wondrous fountain was a fountain merely.

At last its source dried up, its torrent dwindled;
And all mankind discerned its virtue then:
In minstrels' breasts and bards' a fire was kindled,
And brush and chisel vied with harp and pen:
But wild desire, and minstrelsy, and wailing
To call it back to life were unavailing.

* * * * * * *

Thou who sleep'st here, thy toil, thy bondage ended!
Lo! in that fountain's tale is told thine own.
Marvelled at oft, more oft misapprehended,
By the few only thou wast truly known.
All shall exalt thee, now that low thou liest;
That thou mayst live, O deathless one, thou diest.

The following letters from Schindler, Rau, and others, although giving some further details about Beethoven's death, turn chiefly on the subject of the 100*l.* presented by the Philharmonic Society, a matter which gave rise to all sorts of discussion, without coming to any really satisfactory conclusion. Schindler writes:—

"Vienna, April 4th, 1827.

"My dear Friend,—I find myself induced to write to you once more, and thus to insure the safety of the letter I enclose for Sir Smart. It contains Beethoven's last expression of thanks to Smart, Stumpff, the Philharmonic Society, and to the whole English nation. Beethoven, during the last moments of his life, urged me most earnestly to carry out his wishes about this letter. Let me entreat you, therefore, to give Sir Smart the letter as soon as possible;

Mr. Lewisey, of the English Embassy, has had the kindness to translate it into English.

"On the 26th of March, at a quarter to six o'clock in the evening, during a heavy thunderstorm, our immortal friend breathed his last. From the evening of the 24th until he died, he was almost constantly in a delirious state; but whenever he had a moment of relief, he remembered the kindness shown him by the Philharmonic Society, and praised the constant friendliness of the English nation.

"His sufferings are not to be described, especially from the moment when the wound gave way, occasioning a fearful drain on the system. His deathbed was remarkable for the magnanimity and Socratic wisdom with which he prepared to meet his doom. I shall probably publish an account of his death; it would be of rare value to his biographers.

"Beethoven's funeral was, as in justice it should be, that of a great man. Some 30,000 persons crowded on the glacis, and surged through the streets where the procession was to pass. I cannot describe the scene. If you remember the fête in the Prater, on the occasion of the Congress in the year 1814, you will have some idea of it. Eight Kapellmeisters were pall-bearers, amongst them Eibler, Weigl, Gyrowetz, Hummel, Seyfried, &c. There were six-and-thirty torchbearers, amongst them Grillparzer, Castelli, Haslinger, Steiner, Schubert, &c.

"Yesterday Mozart's Requiem was performed as a

commemorative service in the St. Augustine Church. The church, although a large one, could not contain the crowd that thronged there. Lablache sang the bass part. The leading publishers of Vienna suggested this service.

"You have Beethoven's last letter, that of the 18th of March, and Schott in Mainz has his last signature.

"With regard to his personalty, seven Bank shares, and several hundred gulden have been found, and now the Viennese talk and write about Beethoven's having had no need of aid from a foreign nation, &c., without reflecting that Beethoven, old and powerless at the age of 56, could make the same claims as if he had been a man of 70. If he had ceased working for years, as the doctors told him he must, he would certainly have been forced to sell one share after the other, and for how many years, think you, could he have lived on the proceeds of these shares, without falling into the greatest distress? In short, dear friend, I and Herr Hofrath von Breuning beg of you earnestly, in the event of such monstrous reports reaching England, to appease the manes of Beethoven, by publishing in one of the most largely circulated German newspapers, such as the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, the letters that you have of Beethoven's upon the subject; the Philharmonic Society might do this on its own account, and thus silence these scribblers at once.

"The Philharmonic Society has the honour of

having defrayed the expenses of the great man's funeral; without their help, this certainly could not have been done in a suitable manner.

"The universal cry was, 'What a shame for Austria! This mustn't go further, for everybody will contribute his share!' but with this outcry the matter ended. The Musik-Verein determined, the day after the funeral, to have a Requiem performed in Beethoven's memory, and that was all. But we people of the Kärntnerthor, intend to get up a grand concert in April, and raise a sum for a handsome monument.

"I have further to inform you that the sexton of Währing, where Beethoven lies buried, was with us yesterday, and showed us a letter in which he was offered 1000 florins if he would deposit Beethoven's head at a certain spot. This stirred the police to active inquiries. The funeral cost a trifle over 300 florins; our friend Rau will have written to you about it. Should the Philharmonic Society wish to leave the rest of the money here, allowing me, for instance, to appropriate a small sum to my own use. I should regard it as a legacy from my friend Beethoven. I don't possess the smallest trifle to remind me of him, and in this respect I fare the same as others, for his death was a surprise to him and to all of us around him.

"Do write me a few lines, and say if you have received the letters of the 22nd February, the 14th and the 18th of March; and let me know, too, if Sir

Smart has also had his. Beethoven's relations, when his death was imminent, behaved in the meanest way; he was still breathing when his brother came and wanted to carry off everything, even the 1000 florins sent from London, but we turned him out of doors. Such were the scenes enacted by the side of Beethoven's deathbed. Call the attention of the Philharmonic Society to the gold medal of Louis XVIII.; it weighs 50 ducats, and would be a noble reminder of that great man.—Adieu.

"A. SCHINDLER.

"Hummel plays to-morrow in the Kärntnerthor Theatre. Mr. Lewisey begs to be remembered to Mr. Neate."

Another letter was received from Schindler shortly afterwards:—

"Vienna, April 11th, 1827.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—You will be shocked at the quantity and length of my letters, but read and believe if you can! To save your honour, that of our friend Beethoven, and of the Philharmonic Society, there was nothing left to us, but to put you in possession of every detail. You heard in my last letter, that there is a great deal of talk as well as public comment on the generous conduct of the Society. But the *Allgemeine Zeitung* contains an article of the most offensive character to every one, so much so, that we have thought it our duty to answer it through Hofrath

Breuning, who undertook to write the enclosed truthful account, which Pilat will send this very day to the editor of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. Although you have never seen the original article in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, on reading our answer you will at once guess its object and general purport. What you and Smart have further to do, is to publish in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* your letters as well, so that these wretched scribblers may be thoroughly humiliated. Rau and Pilat think our article too courteous, but neither Breuning nor I dare come out with the whole truth, although we should like to do so, and think the disclosure due to the world. Apart from the fact of my having already, as Beethoven's friend and champion, made myself many enemies, I think it would be base conduct, were I to remain silent when his memory is slandered, now that he is dead and buried, and his well-intentioned friends are publicly attacked, and their generous efforts misinterpreted.

"I wrote to you lately that the Philharmonic Society should enter the lists by publishing in its own name the letters to yourself and Smart; we are all of this opinion. The Philharmonic Society should state what is perfectly well known in London, that Beethoven, after his first concert in the Kärntnerthor Theatre, two years ago, after deducting all expenses, which came to 1000 florins, and paying the managers for the hire of the theatre, had only 300 florins of clear profit, not a single subscriber paying a farthing

for his box; not even did the Court appear at the concert, although Beethoven, by my advice, gave a personal invitation to every member of the Imperial household. Every one promised to come, and not only in every instance failed to redeem that promise, but never sent Beethoven the smallest contribution, a present of some sort being the invariable rule, even at the benefits of ordinary concert-givers.

"At his second concert, given at the Redoutensaal, in the same month, the committee, who undertook the management on their own account, were obliged to pay 300 florins out of their own pockets; and I had the greatest difficulty in preventing Beethoven from making up the deficit out of the 500 florins guaranteed to him for his services on the occasion. It gave him the greatest pain to feel that the committee lost money on his account.

"When the subscription was started for his last Grand Mass, not a soul at Vienna, no, not even the Court, would subscribe, and there were other countless insults and humiliations that poor Beethoven was obliged to endure. Now is the best opportunity of making all these things known. All Vienna knew that Beethoven had been lying on a sick-bed for two or three months, and no one took the trouble to inquire into his state of health and circumstances. With such sad experiences of Vienna, could he be expected to look for help here? I declare to Heaven that had not the Philharmonic Society, by its generosity, aroused the

Viennese from their inaction, Beethoven would have died and been buried like Haydn, who was followed to the grave by fifteen persons.

"As to the concert to be given by the collected forces of our theatre for raising a monument, matters stand thus: 'Norma,' which was to have been given after Easter, has been fixed for this week, so we lose our evening by this extra opera night. An afternoon concert Weigl thinks unfavourably of, and proposes its postponement until next autumn. But by that time, what little zeal there is will have completely cooled, and no one will think of doing anything more in the matter.

"I cannot help telling you about the conduct of the medical men. At the very beginning of his illness, Beethoven asked the doctors he had formerly consulted to attend him. Dr. Braunhofer excused himself on the plea of his being too far from the house. Dr. Staudenheim, after three days' solicitation, came at last, and retired after one professional visit. The consequence of this was that Beethoven had to trust himself to the care of a professor in the general hospital, whose services he obtained in a very singular way. Gehringer, the proprietor of a coffee-house in the Kohlmarkt, happened to have a sick servant whom he wished to place under the care of this practitioner. He therefore wrote to Professor Wawruch, asking him to receive the patient, and requesting him, at the same time, to visit Beethoven, who was in want of medical aid.

Considerable time elapsed before I ascertained that Beethoven's amiable nephew Karl, whilst playing one day at billiards in this coffee-house, entrusted the proprietor with this commission. The professor knew neither Beethoven nor his constitution, treated him in his regular routine fashion, prescribing for him, during the first four weeks of his illness, seventy-two bottles of medicine, often three different sorts in one day, so that, as early as the 1st day of January, the patient was more dead than alive. At last I could not look any longer on this gross mismanagement, and went off straight to Dr. Malfatti, formerly Beethoven's friend. He required a great deal of persuasion, and when Beethoven himself implored him, most earnestly at the first consultation, to attend him professionally, Malfatti replied he could not, out of respect for the other doctor, and came at most once or twice a week to the consultation. During the last week, however, he came daily. In short, to you, I can and will say it: Beethoven might have lived ten years longer, had he not been sacrificed to the most contemptible meanness and ignorance of others. All these matters will be more fully explained at a later period.

"Hummel went back again to Weimar on the 9th. His wife and his pupil, a Mr. Hiller, from Frankfort, were with him here. The latter sends you his kind remembrances, and so does Hummel. The expenses of the funeral are now nearly settled, and amount to 330 florins.

"I might tell you a great deal more, but I must conclude. Our friend, Lewinger, sends both of you his kind remembrances. He is so kind as to send this letter by Rothschild. Rau also desires to be remembered. Write to us soon. Say everything that is kind for me to Herr Stumpff, and tell him that it was Beethoven's intention to dedicate to him one of his newest works. This shall be done, if we can only find some one work that is completed. A kind farewell from

"Your old friend,

"SCHINDLER."

After a few months Rau writes to Moscheles on this matter:—

"Vienna, June 17th, 1827.

"Do not accuse me of neglect, dear friend, because I have left you so long without information respecting the state of Beethoven's affairs. I told you already that I put in a claim to the 1000 florins sent by the Philharmonic Society before he died. Herr Hofrath Breuning, the executor of the will, could and dared not take any steps in the matter, until Beethoven's creditors had been publicly summoned in the usual way. They met on the 5th of June. By the advice of Herr Baron v. Eskeles, I sent a legal friend of mine to the meeting, desiring him to renew my claim, but the 'Masse-Curator,' Dr. Bach, steadily opposed it. So in order to expedite matters, and

bring them to a successful issue, I want a power of attorney from the Philharmonic Society which, duly proved at the Austrian Embassy, may confer on me full powers to demand back, by legal process, the 1000 florins, and to appoint a legal friend to settle this business. I propose Dr. Eltz as a fitting person.

"After the meeting I went off to Dr. Bach, to talk over the matter confidentially, for I could not understand the difficulties which people thrust in the way of this righteous demand. He answered me honestly and openly that it was his duty, acting on behalf of the nephew, still a minor, to dispute every counter-claim that interfered with that nephew's interests. But his opinion was that a lawsuit, and its heavy attendant expenses, would be best avoided if the Philharmonic Society would generously be induced to consider this sum as a contribution to Beethoven's monument, the remainder to be lodged in the house of Eskeles or Rothschild for remittance back to the Society. Under this supposition, Dr. Bach would do his best to further this remittance. Baron Eskeles, and many experienced jurists, gladly entertain this scheme, especially as, since Beethoven's death, one of our most important witnesses, I mean Hofrath von Breuning, has also died. This excellent man caught cold whilst attending the sale of Beethoven's property by auction, and died after three days. He was the single witness who could identify the 1000 florins as the same that were

sent over by the Society. We shall be guided by your next letter as to our future conduct in this affair.

"The Eskeles and Wimpffens, one and all, join with me in kind regards to you and your wife,

"Your friend,

"RAU."

"Vienna, Sept. 14th, 1827.

"MY DEAREST FRIEND,—By the kindness of Mr. Levisey, bearer of despatches to the English Government, I seize the opportunity of writing and forwarding you the enclosed souvenir of our friend Beethoven. In your last letter you wished for a manuscript of some well-known composition of the great master. Here then is the last part of the scherzo of his last Symphony, and along with it one of those remarkable pocket-books in which Beethoven, whilst out walking, used to jot down his ideas, working them up, on his return home, from these skeleton sketches into his full score. I was so fortunate as to rescue several of them, and to me they are of the deepest interest, but they are scarcely intelligible to any but those who can trace the full flower in the germ before them. The book I send contains sketches for one of his last quartets; and should you ever hear any of these you will see by some of the passages written down at full length to which quartet they belong. I believe I

cannot better prove to you my friendship than by sending you this relic,. the first and only one I shall ever part with—unless a large sum of money be offered. Lewinger tells me he has already sent you Beethoven's portrait. I only hope it is that in which he is lithographed writing, for that is the best; all the others are bad. On the sheet of paper before him are the words 'Missa Solemnis.' I wanted to send everything to you by Mr. Clementi, whose acquaintance I made in London, but I missed him before he left, and had not heard of his intended departure.

"Pixis came here from Paris, for a fortnight, and returned yesterday, travelling by way of Prague. Spontini, too, has left us. He is beating up recruits, and gave my sister an engagement. She and I may go together next spring to Berlin, as the Kärntnerthor Theatre will probably be closed again. This at all events is certain, that Barbaja's management ends next April. What will happen afterwards is an open question. People talk confidently of Madame Pasta coming here for the next winter. I should exceedingly like to hear the real truth from you. You can easily find it out for me; I should be glad, for my sister's sake, that she should see and hear such an artiste. Perhaps you would enclose a note for me in a letter to Lewinger or Rau, and give me information on this subject. I should like, too, to have an ackowledgment of the receipt of these papers,

sketches, &c. Tell me how you are, and all your belongings.

"The Beethoven business proceeds very slowly; we are met by so many obstacles. In June, that most amiable man, Hofrath von Breuning, died; and now the 'curator' has been laid up for the last six weeks. I am only anxious to know what is to be done with the money sent from England. The tombstone is to be placed very shortly. Piringer and others have ordered it. I have heard nothing, seen nothing of it, for everything is done secretly, probably that they may have the sole credit. At Prague, Herr Schlosser has published a most wretched biography of Beethoven. Here, too, a subscription is circulating for another 'life,' which, I hear, will be compiled by Herr Gräffer, although the biographer, selected by Beethoven himself, is Hofrath Rochlitz, of Leipzig, to whom, by Beethoven's desire, Breuning and I had to deliver very important papers. The newly-appointed guardian of Beethoven's nephew has handed over Breuning's papers to Herr Gräffer. This was very bad conduct, but no harm is done, for the papers were for the most part connected with the family history, and I have the most important still in my own, custody. God bless you!

"Your very sincere and obliged friend,

"ANT. SCHINDLER."

The business in which Moscheles found himself

involved by the death of the great Beethoven, and the service he had rendered him, could not be brought to a satisfactory conclusion at once, as the following letter proves:—

"Vienna, Feb. 10th, 1828.

'To Herr Ignaz Moscheles, Composer of Music, and Member of the Philharmonic Society of London.

"MOST RESPECTED SIR,—After the death of Herr von Breuning, which took place in Vienna on the 4th of June 1827, I was appointed by the proper authority in that city the legal guardian of Karl von Beethoven, a minor, the nephew and heir of the composer Ludwig von Beethoven, who died—alas! prematurely for the world of art—on the 26th of March last year. I undertook this heavy responsibility solely for the purpose of trying to lead this highly-gifted youth back to the paths of virtue, from which (I say it with sorrow) he has to some extent strayed. I did it for the sake of his great uncle, who had befriended him since his childhood, although he had not always availed himself of the most discreet means to insure his welfare. I have yet another reason. The young man has expressed great confidence in me, and has conducted himself with the strictest propriety since he entered upon the military profession as a cadet in an infantry regiment.

"Judging by the legal documents before me, Beethoven's small fortune (after deducting sums for payment of some heavy debts, expenses of his illness, and

funeral) consists of little more than 8000 florins in Austrian paper-money. I am on the point of negotiating the legal registration of this property, for according to the terms of the will my ward is only to enjoy a life-interest in the property, whilst the capital reverts to his heirs, unless otherwise appointed by will, to whom the property will be legally secured.

"In addition to several other debts legally registered and publicly announced at the general meeting of Ludwig von Beethoven's creditors, there is a further claim for 1000 florins, Austrian money, preferred by the advocate, Dr. Eltz of Vienna, as the representative and nominee of your friend, Herr Rau; he is also empowered to act for the Philharmonic Society of London. This sum is said to be identified as the money sent some time since, during Beethoven's lifetime, as a present in the shape of pecuniary aid, by the Philharmonic Society of London.

"As it is necessary before the legal settlement of the testator's property to prove that this claim on behalf of Dr. Eltz has been either settled or withdrawn, and as I, acting as guardian, am most anxious to arrange this business as soon as possible, I write to you, sir, as one of Beethoven's most intimate and respected friends, as the representative of that high-minded body, the Philharmonic Society of London, and as one of ourselves whom we delight to honour, although living far from us; lastly, in the name of a youth full of talent and promise, who when his uncle

died lost his sole support, and is left destitute. May I beg of you, sir, to take the neccssary steps that the Society may generously withdraw their claim, even assuming it to be a perfectly righteous one, through Herr Rau, and his representative Dr. Eltz; and that they empower Herr Rau to notify this withdrawal of claim to the proper authorities.

"I am deeply and solely concerned for the welfare of this most promising youth, who by the death of his uncle, Ludwig von Beethoven, who idolized him, has lost his only support. I address myself very confidently to the generous Philharmonic Society, trusting they will not ask the return of the sum given to assist Beethoven—money presented so long ago that it is impossible to say that the identical sum still exists. I would further request them, through you, not to curtail the small sum with which I am to maintain my ward, for I can hardly hope to get more than 400 florins in the shape of yearly interest. According to the accounts, more than 1000 florins have been expended in defraying the expenses of the testator's illness and funeral, besides paying other debts; so that it will be fully believed that I feel great difficulty in securing my ward from want, until he is fortunate enough to get his commission as an officer—a position which, in the absence of other support, would actually leave him still in embarrassed circumstances.

"For these reasons, sir, I shall be excused in ex-

pressing a hope that the Society, and the old friends and admirers of Beethoven, will show their honour to his memory by befriending the nephew who sorely needs their assistance. I venture to offer my services, and bind myself to invest any sum as advantageously as I can.

"I cannot bring myself to think that the Philharmonic Society would ever persist in enforcing their claim; nor, if it came to a question of law, do I doubt for a moment the Judge would give a decision in favour of the heir, but still the law expenses and the delay would seriously embarrass me. The sum left is so small, and I have got to pay law expenses, legacy duties, &c.

"Finally, I think I can explain to the Society the reason why Ludwig von Beethoven complained of poverty before his death, and asked their assistance. He considered his nephew as his son and ward, and thought it his duty to provide for his support. This feeling may confidently be asserted to have prompted him to look on the seven shares of the Austrian National Bank, not as his own property, but as that of his favourite nephew, for whose support he destined them in his will. It was a matter of religious feeling with him, and he adhered to it loyally, that the burden of maintaining his poor nephew, for whom he would have sacrificed his own life, imposed on him such a duty.

"I may safely say that the noblest sacrifice to the manes of Beethoven, and the fulfilment of his dearest

wish, for which he toiled throughout all his life, would be the securing of his poor nephew from want. Were I myself blessed with a fortune, and had I not duties to my own relatives, I would willingly devote it to him.

"I trust, sir, you will recognise the honesty and purity of intention with which I write to you, and will excuse me the more readily as I can assure you that I have, out of pure affection, for the nephew of the great man, undertaken the duties and care of a guardian. On this point, and for references to my personal character, M. Rau will give you all the information you can wish.

"Hoping that I shall soon receive a kind and favourable reply, sent to me direct, or through Mr. Rau, and commending myself and the cause of my ward to your kind consideration,

"I remain, Sir, with great respect,

"Your most humble servant,

"JACOB HOTSCHEBAR.

"Imperial Hofconcipist."

Rau also wrote as follows:—

"Vienna, Feb. 10th, 1828.

"DEAR FRIEND,—I send you herewith a letter from the administrator of Beethoven's property, by which you will see that the legal proceedings are drawing to an end. I was called on to give an official explanation about the 1000 florins, presented by the Philharmonic Society; but not having received further instructions from you, and being unwilling without them to make

myself responsible, I asked for a delay, until I heard your wishes on the matter. The enclosed letter will put you in possession of all the facts.

"Between ourselves, if you can manage to negotiate the surrender of the 1000 florins, we shall be spared much unpleasantness, and perhaps a lawsuit. Even Dr. Eltz and Baron Eskeles think that the 1000 florins found at Beethoven's death would with great difficulty be identified, as Hofrath Breuning, who managed the inventory, is now dead. Should the money, however, be unexpectedly redemanded, a power of attorney must be sent to Dr. Eltz by the Philharmonic Society, in order that he may prove his legal claims *at the cost of the Society.* The legal process might possibly swallow up the entire sum. Pray give me a speedy and definite answer. The Eskeles, Wimpffens, Ephraims, &c., are well, and join me in kind remembrance to you and your wife.—Your friend,

"RAU."

On receipt of this note, Moscheles conferred with the Directors of the Philharmonic Society, and induced them to abandon altogether their claim to the money, but the whole business and the comments thereon gave him a great deal of annoyance and trouble. Reports came to England from Vienna, where people were naturally ashamed of Beethoven's having had to look to London for assistance, stating that Beethoven, after all, had not been so badly off, that he had not touched the

100*l.*, and besides that he had left some Bank shares; how could Moscheles have been *bold enough* to open a subscription for him in London, or the Philharmonic Society have *ventured to force itself upon our Beethoven* with their present? Moscheles personally was profoundly indifferent to such insinuations; it was enough for him to have been called 'friend' by Beethoven himself, and to have lightened, in however humble a way, the sufferings of his latter days. Still it was due to Beethoven's memory, as well as to the Philharmonic Society, to see that the truth was properly stated, and thus to silence malignant and envious tongues. He therefore made a public statement, which went the round of the newspapers. The lock of Beethoven's hair, the sketches in his own hand, the metronome tempi of the 9th Symphony, and the sketch-book which Schindler sent him, were always kept and regarded as the most sacred relics, and are now in the possession of his son Felix.

We here insert a letter of Beethoven's which, although unconnected with the preceding correspondence, is of interest to the student of his works; it is from the collection of autographs in the possession of the late Consul-General Clauss of Leipzig.

"To Mr. Joseph von Warena, in Grätz.

"HONOURED SIR,—Rode was perfectly correct in everything he said about me. My health is none of the best, and without any fault of my own, my

condition in other respects is perhaps the most unfavourable I have ever experienced; that, however, and nothing in the world shall prevent me from helping as far as possible, by such small work as I can offer, your Convent ladies, who, like myself, are suffering from no fault of their own.

"Two completely new symphonies therefore are entirely at your service, an air for a bass voice with chorus, several isolated small choruses, and if you want the overture to 'Ungarns Wohlthäter" (overture to King Stephen, Hungary's benefactor), which you performed last year, this is at your service as well.

"The Overture to 'The Ruins of Athens,' although in rather a small style, is also at your disposal. Amongst others there is a Dervish chorus, a good signboard for a motley audience (ein gutes Aushängeschild für ein gemischtes Publikum). In my opinion you would do wisely to choose a day when you could give the oratorio of "Christ on the Mount of Olives." Since I wrote it, it has been performed everywhere. This would make up the half of a concert; for the second half you might give a new symphony, the overtures, and several choruses, and also the above-mentioned bass air with chorus. Thus the evening would not lack variety. Still you had best talk over this matter with, and be advised by, the local musical authorities. With regard to what you say respecting my remuneration at the hands of a third person, I believe I can guess to whom you allude; were I in my former

position, well, I would say straightforwardly 'Beethoven never takes a farthing where humanity is to be benefited,' but just at present I am so circumstanced by my large charities (a state of things I have no reason to be ashamed of), and by other matters arising from the conduct of men destitute of honour and good faith, that I tell you plainly I shall not refuse my share, if offered to me by a person who can well afford it. The question here is not one of claims, but should the whole business about this third person come to nothing, be assured that, I am even now just as ready as I was last year, without the smallest recompense, to do any good turn to my friends, the respected ladies of the Convent, and that I shall be ready to assist suffering humanity as long as I breathe.

"And now farewell; write soon, and I shall most zealously look after everything that is required. My best wishes for the Convent, with great respect,

"Your friend,

"LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN."

The programmes of the Philharmonic Concerts of this season bear witness to the respect paid to Beethoven's memory and that of other German composers, since their masterpieces were to be met with in every programme. Liszt and Moscheles appeared as solo performers, and the best singers were constantly heard. The programme was often composed of the masterpieces of Handel, Haydn, and Mozart. Amongst

the vocalists we read of Madame Stockhausen, who had already become a favourite with the public; her unpretentiousness and earnestness made her a model to every young aspirant in the profession. Her voice was lovely, bell-like, and exquisitely flexible. She had created a furore in the salons of Paris with her native Swiss melodies, but devoted her best energies to serious study. When she came to London in search of engagements, a soprano was wanted for oratorios, and Sir George Smart, who at once recognised her talents, offered to study with her the English text, with a view to correct accent and pronunciation. This kind and able man offered to instruct Madame Stockhausen in the traditional method of singing in Handel's oratorios; without his aid her success in England must have remained doubtful. Sir George soon found that his gifted pupil profited by his teaching, and she became an indispensable support for the London as well as the great provincial music-festivals. Her fame steadily increased, but she continued as amiable and unpretending as before, and with all her grand performances in oratorios, condescended to charm her audiences with her light Swiss melodies.

We read in the diary, "We artists gave a dinner and musical entertainment to old Clementi. Cramer and I received him; he was greeted with rounds of applause, and ninety of us sat down with him to dinner. He was placed between Sir G. Smart and myself, and when the cloth was removed we had speeches, toasts,

and music. Of course a wish was expressed and rapturously applauded, that Clementi, the father of pianoforte playing, should be heard on this occasion, and thus prove his right to the title. Clementi rose from his chair; Smart, Cramer, and I led him to the instrument. The excitement was great, the whole party eagerly listening. Clementi had not been heard for years. He extemporized on a theme from Handel, and completely carried us away by his fine playing. His eyes gleamed with youthful fire; those of many of his hearers were dimmed with tears of emotion. Amidst shouts of applause, and the heartiest congratulations, he resumed his seat.

"Clementi's pianoforte playing, when he was young, was famed for the exquisite legato, pearliness of touch in rapid passages, and unerring certainty of execution. Even now the remains of these qualities were recognised and admired, but what chiefly delighted his audience was the charm and freshness of his modulations in improvisation."

On the day of the dinner given to Clementi, Moscheles writes: "I can only jot down a few words in addition to my wife's letter, before our great dinner comes off, as ten stiff fingers are waiting in the next room for me to make them flexible; they are like thirsty mill-wheels waiting for a fresh flow of water.

"Hummel wished to publish his 'New Pianoforte School' in England, and I negotiated the matter for him, although I saw the wreck of his scheme in his

demand of 150*l.* the publisher refusing to give more than 100*l.*

"During this season 'Oberon' was frequently given at Covent Garden, and also Mozart's 'Seraglio,' not, however, the pure unadulterated Mozart music, such as we Germans know, but with whole numbers cut out, and other popular English melodies substituted. A fearful desecration! The culprit who has this Pasticcio on his conscience is Kramer, of Brighton, director of the King's band. As a compensation for this musical outrage, we had some rich and often amazingly beautiful scenic effects."

Moscheles played before the Court circle assembled at the Duchess of Kent's in Kensington Palace. "The little Princess Victoria was present, and the Duchess begged me to play *at once,* so that the Princess, who was obliged to go to bed early, might hear me. She left the room after my second piece. I had to play a great deal (on a Broadwood), and accompanied the Duchess in a song of Beethoven's, besides a duet from 'Zelmira,' sung by her Royal Highness and the Princess Feodora. The Royal party took a very friendly interest in my performances, but what I think pleased them more than all was my improvisation on some of the Tyrolese Melodies, for the Duchess had twice commanded the attendance of the Rainers at the palace."

Extracts from Mrs. Moscheles' letters will show that her husband's time was socially and professionally a

busy one: "Happily such a day as that of Monday last is a rare occurrence in my poor husband's life, busy as it always is. First came the inevitable nine lessons, then the dinner of the Royal Society of Musicians, where he played, and to wind up, an evening party at Sir Richard Jackson's, which lasted until two A.M."

This was the first season that Heinrich Heine appeared in London. During his residence in Hamburg, he was on intimate terms with Mrs. Moscheles' family, and since those days had become distantly related. It would have been strange if, in such a commercial centre as Hamburg, Heine's genius had been instantly recognised, and, as a fact, no one suspected it in the youth who, often absorbed in thought, was always satirical, and more than averse to the routine of "business" in a rich uncle's office, though it might prove the surest passport to the income of a millionaire. But a poet he was, and a poet he would be. Consequently all he retained of his mercantile studies was a horror of business, and a singularly beautiful handwriting.

So far from agreeable were his recollections of Hamburg that when, in 1830, Mrs. Moscheles asked him to write in her album, he treated her to a satire on her native town, which we here give in the original, and an English version of the same:—

Dass ich bequem verbluten kann,
Gebt mir ein weites edles Feld!
O lasst mich nicht ersticken hier,
In dieser engen Krämerwelt!

Sie essen gut, sie trinken gut,
Erfreu'n sich ihres Maulwurfsglücks;
Und ihre Grossmuth ist so gross,
Als wie das Loch der Armenbüchs'.

Cigarren tragen sie im Maul,
Und in der Hosentach' die Händ',
Auch die Verdauungskraft ist gut—
Wer sie nur selbst verdauen könnt!

O, dass ich grosse Laster säh',
Verbrechen blutig, colossal—
Nur diese satte Tugend nicht,
Und zahlungsfähige Moral!

Ihr Wolken droben, nehmt mich mit,
Gleichviel, nach welchem fernen Ort—
Nach Lappland oder Afrika,
Und sei's nach Pommern, immer fort!

O nehmt mich mit!—Sie hören nicht—
Die Wolken droben sind so klug!
Vorrüberreisend dieser Stadt
Ängstlich beschleun'gen sie den Flug.

H. HEINE.

TRANSLATION.

I crave an ampler worthier sphere:
I'd liefer bleed at every vein,
Than stifle mid these hucksters here,
These lying slaves of paltry gain.

They eat, they drink; they're every whit
As happy as their type the mole;
Large are their bounties, as the slit
Through which they drop the poor man's dole.

Cigar in mouth they go their way,
And hands in pockets, they are blest
With grand digestions—only *they*
Are such hard morsels to digest!

The hand that's red with some dark deed,
Some giant crime, were white as wool,
Compared with these sleek saints whose creed
Is paying all their debts in full.

Ye clouds that sail to far off lands,
Oh, waft me to what clime ye will;
To Lapland's snows, to Libya's sands,
To the world's end—but onward still!

Take me, O clouds! they ne'er look down:
But proof of a discerning mind,
One moment hang o'er Hamburg town,
The next they've left it leagues behind.

After the publication of his "Reisebilder," he made many enemies; some persons, of whose identity with characters portrayed in that work there could be no doubt, smarted under the merciless lash of the poet, and would have retaliated on him if they could, whilst lookers-on at a distance chuckled with delight at the biting satire. Heine's prose was acknowledged to be that of a master. His originality of thought, striking imagery, terseness and vigorous language, contrasted wonderfully with the involved periods of some of his contemporaries. His great reputation had reached England before his arrival, and naturally his appearance in London created a sensation.

Mrs. Moscheles writes: "My old Hamburg acquaintance, the famous Heinrich Heine, is here. We delight in seeing him. He often invites himself to dinner, and I flatter myself that he feels quite at home with us. His genius and writings are a constant source of delight to me, yet I can't help feeling some slight misgiving, knowing as I do the keenness of his satire. At his very first visit we had a very curious conversation. I scarcely know how I came to muster courage, but when he told me of all the lions he

wanted to see, I said, 'I can get you tickets of admission to numbers of private galleries and other sights, and shall consider it an honour to do so, but I must stipulate for one thing in return. This is that you will not mention Moscheles by name in the book you are no doubt going to write about England. He was completely taken by surprise, and I gave additional reasons. Moscheles' speciality is music; this, I know, interests you—but you have no thorough knowledge of it as an art, and consequently cannot fully enter into it. On the other hand, you can easily find in Moscheles a subject for your satirical vein, and introduce him in your work; I should not like that.' He laughed, or rather simpered, in his peculiar way, and then we shook hands over our bargain."

Again Mrs. Moscheles writes: "Heine took a walk with us in Grosvenor Square, the key of which had been lent us; he was very facetious on the number of chimney-pots, which are certainly bewildering to a gaping foreigner. Two days ago he came here, wet through, for a change of clothes. I sent him into my husband's dressing-room. He sent back the things shortly before he left England, with the following note:—

"My dear Mr. Moscheles,—On the point of starting, I bid you heartily farewell, and take the opportunity of thanking you for the sympathy and kindness you both have shown me: I am sorry I did not find Mrs. Moscheles at home the day before yesterday.

You, Mr. Moscheles, were 'engaged;' and I did not like to have you called away. I am just packing my trunk, and at last return your property, thinking it a good joke to ask for my boots, as well as the second volume of the 'Reisebilder,' left as a deposit in your dressing-room. If I possibly can I will pay you another visit, if only to assure you by word of mouth that I highly, very highly esteem and love you both.

"Your devoted,

"H. HEINE.

"32, Craven Street, Strand,
July, 1827."

Carl Klingemann, the gifted poet, and friend of Mendelssohn, who arrived in London this year, as Secretary to the Hanoverian embassy, became, after the lapse of a few weeks, a constant visitor and intimate friend of the Moscheles. His delightful verses, which Mendelssohn set to music, are well known. He was not only welcome to the Moscheles as a man of letters, but his vocal gifts and musical talent gave exceptional value to his criticism of musical compositions. In later years family ties helped to strengthen the sincere friendship which had arisen between the two families. During this season, Oury, an admirable violinist, gave Chamber Concerts; De Bériot and Cramer were shining lights, and Camillo Sivori, a boy of nine years of age, Paganini's pupil, appeared on the musical horizon. "Truly a prodigy for

power, purity of tone, and execution." On one occasion, when the Hamburg relatives are invited to London, Moscheles writes:—

"We have plenty of room for you both; should you find it too narrow, there is plenty more in our hearts. Besides, you ought to see my boy clambering about me, and chattering an obligato accompaniment to my letter."

Shortly after the arrival of the guests, Moscheles rejoices at the birth of a first daughter, and, a few months after, we find the whole family travelling to Scotland, Moscheles fulfilling, as he went along, professional engagements in several of the great northern towns.

CHAPTER XI.

1828.

EDINBURGH—CURIOUS ARCHITECTURE—SIR WALTER SCOTT—A DELIGHTFUL VISIT—HIGHLANDERS AND THE BAGPIPES—SCOTT'S APPRECIATION OF GERMAN LITERATURE—CONTRIBUTION TO MOSCHELES' ALBUM—SCOTCH CHURCH SERVICE—VISITS TO THE LIONS OF EDINBURGH—SPURZHEIM THE PHRENOLOGIST—LIFE OF A MUSICIAN IN LONDON—MADEMOISELLE SONTAG—PETER PIXIS—FÊTE AT VAUXHALL—SCOTT AND THE PRIMA DONNA—MADEMOISELLE MARS.

EDINBURGH, 3rd January. — Yesterday's walk through the streets was a series of surprises. As I looked at the old houses, consisting in some instances of sixteen stories, inhabited by the poorest families, renting single rooms, each with its dimly lighted window, I seemed to look at a feeble attempt at illumination. Standing on the viaduct which connects the Old and New Town, I had these old houses to my left, on the right, the handsome Princes Street, and the whole of the new quarter, now in the process of building, which is to consist of a number of crescents, squares, and streets, filled with palatial houses, built of freestone. Such buildings are to be seen elsewhere, but Princes Street is certainly unique in its way; there is a long row of houses on one side,

intersected by sloping streets, from which you get a view of the Frith of Forth, whilst the opposite side opens to your view Edinburgh Castle on its rock, to which you ascend by a terrace garden. As I was taking my evening stroll, I saw a party of Highlanders, kilt and all, coming off guard. They marched down from the Castle and passed close by me, regaling my ears with genuine Scottish music of drum and fife.

"Our lodgings in Frederick Street, which were taken for us beforehand, were curious specimens of architecture. One peculiarity consisted in a raised ground-floor, that ran under the neighbouring house, but disconnected with any staircase leading to the upper stories. The next house to that, on the contrary, had no rooms on the ground-floor, and the visitor, after mounting a staircase, found a bell, which secured his admission to the first story. House-doors and steps were quite open; many other houses were constructed on this curious principle."

The success of this winter expedition, undertaken by Moscheles for professional purposes, was seriously imperilled by an Italian Opera Company which had forestalled him, and he was obliged to put up with a third-rate orchestra, got together any how from regimental bandsmen; the Highlanders, with their bare legs and kilts, being the poor substitutes for a well-trained orchestra.

The concert room was only two-thirds full, but Moscheles, in his fantasia, the "Anticipations of Scot-

land," created great enthusiasm; and the newspapers, one and all, condemned the apathy shown by this poor attendance at his concert. This appeal to the good sense of the Edinburgh folk had its effect, for the two next concerts were filled to overflowing.

The Moscheles, on the occasion of this visit to Edinburgh, made the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott, in whom the reading world had discovered "the Great Unknown," and to whose intellectual eminence thousands upon thousands looked up with feelings of the deepest gratitude and homage. The sickliness and sentimentality characteristic of the romance writers before the days of Scott, it is true, were avoided by Miss Austin, Miss Edgeworth, and some few others, who found materials for their fictions in the episodes of private life, but Scott was the first to introduce characters of real historical interest, and clothe them with flesh and blood.

The world in those days knew nothing of the stimulants supplied wholesale by Eugene Sue, Alexandre Dumas, &c., and revelled in the simplicity, picturesqueness, and wholesome truths conveyed in the fictions of the "Great Wizard of the North."

To the delight of Moscheles, Sir Walter sent an immediate answer to his letter of recommendation, saying that, being confined to his house with an attack of gout, he hoped Moscheles and his wife would come to breakfast, instead of waiting for him to visit them.

Next morning, at 10 A.M., they called at No. 6,

Shandwick Place, where the illustrious man was staying for the winter, with his second, and unmarried, daughter. "He opened the door himself," says Moscheles, "and welcomed us heartily: he was suffering from gout, and walked with a stick. Before we had taken off our things we felt completely at home, and my wife's anticipated awe of the great man had entirely vanished. We sat down to breakfast forthwith, and a genuine good Scotch breakfast we had, served on handsome silver plate, by two servants in powder and livery. Scott's conversation was extremely animated and delightful: he understands German, and is thoroughly versed in our literature, and an enthusiastic worshipper of Goethe. He told us many anecdotes, but when he asked me, 'How do you like my cousin the piper?—you know, we Scotch are all cousins'—I am afraid my answer must have done violence to his sense of music, which by nature was very limited. It was impossible for me to pretend to any enthusiasm for the bagpipes. Sir Walter had expected as much, but expatiated on the wonderful effect the national music has on the native Highlanders, arguing that a wandering piper would attract crowds in the streets of Edinburgh; also, that in battle the sound of bagpipes would inspire Scotch soldiers with a desperate valour. 'You should hear my cousin the piper play and sing "The Pibroch o' Donald Dhu," but with the Gaelic words,' said he; 'those words are the only appropriate ones to convey

spirit and animation, but the melody itself carries one away.' He began to hum the tune, and beat time on the carpet with his stick, which was always by his side; 'but,' added he, 'the whole thing is wrong; I sing so badly: my cousin, who has just come in, must play the tune for us upstairs in the drawing-room.' Accordingly, we went upstairs; the cousin played me the subject; I extemporized upon it, and completely won the heart of our ever-youthful-minded and genial host. This was the prelude to my playing several Scotch airs, which I had to vary and interweave in all manner of ways. At last we parted, after a delightful visit, ever memorable to us; the amiability and sweetness of Scott's manner are never to be forgotten. Kindness, indeed, is written in every feature, and speaks in every word that falls from him. He treated my wife like a pet daughter, kissed her on the cheek when we went away, and promised he would come and see the children, and bring them a book. This he did, and his gift was the 'Tales of a Grandfather.' He had written in the title-page, 'To Adolphus and Emily Moscheles, from the Grandfather.'"

"After our visit, Sir Walter was unfortunately confined to his bed with a fresh attack of gout; he got better, however, and on the occasion of my third concert, which was a matinée, to the surprise of a crowded and fashionable audience, Sir Walter stepped into the room before the music began. My wife,"

says Moscheles, "sat as usual in a remote corner of the room; Scott, however, found her out instantly, and sat down by her side, drawing upon her the envious eyes of many a fair beholder. His hearty bravoes and cheers, when I played, stimulated the audience to redouble their applause, which reached a climax when I gave them the Scotch airs. Between the parts he asked my wife if she knew Bürger's poem 'Der Dichter liebt den guten Wein,' and, on her answering in the affirmative, he told her how he delighted in this poem, which he had translated into English, adding, 'Would you like to have it? I shall send it you.' She begged him to recite the song in the original; this, to my wife's great delight, he willingly assented to, whilst all around listened eagerly. On the following day, the last before we left Edinburgh, Mrs. Moscheles received the following note:—

"My dear Mrs. Moscheles,—As you are determined to have me murder the pretty song twice, first by repeating it in bad German, and then by turning it into little better English, I send the promised version.

"My best wishes attend your journey, and with best compliments to Mr. Moscheles,

"I am truly and respectfully yours,

"Walter Scott."

"The day before we left Edinburgh we were amused to see our kind friend sitting in the Court of Justice, with a wilderness of official papers before him."

Moscheles sent Sir Walter his album, with the request that he would contribute to its pages. Finding the following poem by Grillparzer, he translated it:—

Tonkunst, dich preis' ich vor Allen,
Höchstes Loos ist dir gefallen,
Aus der Schwesterkünste drei,
Du die *frei'ste*, einzig frei.
Denn das Wort, es lässt sich fangen,
Deuten lässt sich die Gestalt;
Unter Ketten, Riegeln, Stangen
Hält sie menschliche Gewalt.
Aber du sprichst höh're Sprachen,
Die kein Häscherchor versteht,
Ungreifbar durch ihre Wachen
Gehst du, wie ein Cherub geht.
Darum preis' ich dich vor Allen
In so ängstlich schwerer Zeit;
Höchstes Loos ist Dir gefallen,
Dir, und wer sich dir geweiht.

This outburst of the poet, groaning under the censorship of Austria, and gagged in every generous effort for the emancipation of his countrymen, must have touched Scott's sympathies. A few hours afterwards he sent back the album, with the following translation of Grillparzer's poem, headed with these words, "I am afraid Mr. Grillparzer's verses, and Mr. Moscheles' valuable album, are only disgraced by the following rude attempt at translation:"—

Of the nine the loveliest three
Are painting, music, poetry,
But thou art freest of the free,
Matchless muse of harmony.

Gags can stop the poet's tongue,
Chains on painters' arms are flung,
Fetter, bolts, and dungeon tower
O'er pen and pencil have their power.

But music speaks a loftier tone,
To tyrant and to spy unknown;
And free as angels walk with men,
Can pass unscathed the gaoler's ken.

Then hail thee, freest of the free!
'Mid times of wrong and tyranny;
Music, the proudest lot is thine,
And those who bend at music's shrine.

This translation, evidencing Scott's accurate knowledge of the German language, Moscheles prized as one of the gems of his album.

The poet and the musician parted, Moscheles promising to find a London publisher for some pretty songs set to music by a Miss Browne, with words by her sister, Felicia Hemans. Scott, on his part, engaged to pay an early visit to the Moscheles. The music was published, and the visit paid.

Moscheles observes upon Edinburgh: "The church service, from which the organ is banished, struck me as peculiar. The Psalms are intoned by a four-part choir, in which the congregation joins. But the basses are usually in unison with the sopranos, instead of forming the support of the other voices. Dr. Thomson's sermon was very good in itself, but the nasal twang and Scotch accent coupled with the

vehement gesticulation of the preacher, made it more singular than elevating. The Scotch Sunday, I must say, is wearisome to a degree. Twice or three times at church, more prayers at home, or sitting twirling one's thumbs; no music, no work, no visiting—a perfect blank. I have had to endure all this. It's a difficult matter to steal quietly off to one's own room and write letters, or clandestinely to read books of a secular kind. If I didn't do this I should not survive. The deep snow this winter only allowed us to take short walks or drives about the city; here is a description of one.

"To-day we visited Calton Hill, and had a glorious view. On one side the blue line of sea, on the other Holyrood House; above us the rock of Arthur's Seat, on which Nelson's monument stands. It is an unwieldy mass, and seems too heavy for the rock. We could hardly keep our balance here from the violence of the wind. We drove to Roslyn Castle and Salisbury Craigs, but the weather was so cold we could not enjoy ourselves. Holyrood House is very interesting; the arrangement of the rooms is the same as in the days of Mary Stuart; the bed-hangings and furniture, as well as the coverlets and tapestry, worked by the unfortunate Queen, have turned yellow from age. Time has left its stamp on everything. Still, no one standing in these rooms can fail to think with sympathy of the fair—possibly guilty—but ill-fated Queen. There are to be seen Darnley's armour, boots, and gloves;

the small window out of which the infant James I. was handed, because his royal mother, weak and helpless, was under arrest in this little room; and, last of all, the hidden side door, near the Queen's boudoir and bedroom, which leads to an underground passage. When the Queen was surprised by her husband, whilst she was with her favourite Rizzio, the unfortunate musician, it is said, was repeatedly stabbed with daggers, and dragged to the door leading to an outer passage, where dark stains are seen on the floor. We looked at these incredulously, and treated them as mythical; but to vouch for their genuineness, or rather of the poet's belief in it, Mr. Ballantyne, Scott's friend, and the printer of his entire works, showed us a note which, as the testimony of the poet, is certainly of some weight. 'I have no doubt,' says he, 'of Rizzio's blood being genuine. I will look at the plan of the place; but I think I am right.'

"Another day we were shown the High Court of Justice, crowded with Scotch advocates in their wigs and gowns. The din was fearful; but the judges contrived to follow the speeches of the opposing counsel, although the mere effort of listening in the midst of such a buzz seemed a mystery to me. I stood close to Mr. Murray—one of the greatest advocates in Scotland. He was in the act of speaking, but every word was drowned by the noise, and escaped me. I could see his mouth moving, and his hands raised; that was all. If the listening to the legal arguments

of counsel be such a difficulty, I asked myself, what must be the task of the judges in forming an opinion, or delivering a judgment? Flights of steps behind the Court of Justice lead to a perfect labyrinth of small courts, lanes, and odd corners. Passing by these back-stairs, and through these tortuous passages, one thinks of poor Effie Deans, and for the first time begins to realize the feasibility of her seducer's escape."

Amongst the numerous acquaintances made by Moscheles in Edinburgh, was that of Sir John and Lady Sinclair. He also called on the great phrenologist Spurzheim, and, wishing to test his powers, gave no name, but requested him to examine his skull. Spurzheim merely uttered a few unmeaning commonplaces, such as a "disposition for fine art," and the like; afterwards, however, on hearing the name of Moscheles, he explained in a learned manner, how nature had stamped him for a musician. Spurzheim gave a public lecture on the anatomy of the human brain, and Moscheles and his wife were present.

During the whole time of his stay in Edinburgh, Moscheles was obliged to give lessons, in spite of the almost prohibitory fee of two guineas an hour. "Some ladies," he says, "are bent on galloping through my compositions with me at their side, no matter how difficult the music is, or how short the time." But he was soon weary of all this. "I shall be off as fast as

I can," he writes, "and be proof against the numerous offers they make me; I can't be plagued with endless concerts." He was true to his word, and was soon back in London.

The "dead time of the year" is supposed to commence when the season is over; but to a busy professional man in London, all months are full of life. During February Moscheles was much occupied. April, May, and June were crowded with engagements, there was leisure in July and August for him to ask himself why he had not been crushed by the weight of private and public business which had pressed so heavily on him, why the avalanche of nine hours' lessons per diem did not sink him at once and for ever, and how he managed to survive at all. He had to keep up his social position too, to give and attend parties, to keep late hours incessantly, and play at his own and others' concerts; always remembering that his reputation—perhaps his livelihood—depended on his playing up to a standard very difficult to maintain when the artist is jaded and worn. Coming home in the small hours of the night, he would find a heap of business letters, calling for an immediate answer, before he could retire to rest. Happy the man who, after three-and-twenty years of such a life, does not feel utter prostration. The real talisman against it is in a happy, cheerful home, and in a total surrender of professional business during the autumn months. Let him enjoy country air, in lieu of heated rooms and

the gas of theatres; salt waves instead of deluges of lessons, and the privacy of home for the rush of society. This is well enough in theory: it is a difficult matter to reduce to practice. There are tempting invitations for a professor to make a Continental tour, and lucrative offers from the managers of provincial festivals in England. Every watering-place has its quantum of fashionables, glad to find a musical celebrity for teaching their daughters or playing at their parties. If an artist is not firm as a rock against these varied solicitations, he will carry London with him, as the snail does her house, and come back from the country to re-open the campaign: his pockets full of money, but his body and soul unrefreshed. If, on the other hand, he will exorcise for awhile the spirit of money-getting, his muse will commune with him in his solitary walks, and, so far from forsaking him, remain his steady friend.

When Moscheles returned from Scotland in February, he found a letter from his friend Peter Pixis, who wished to spend the next season in London, as Sontag's accompanist. This lady was engaged at the Italian Opera, and Pixis was to act as her secretary and entrepreneur as well. She came to London on the 3rd of April, and was a constant visitor at Moscheles' house, where her beauty and fascinating gifts were a source of delight to her friends. Her simplicity was her great charm. "Sitting with her," says Moscheles, "at our homely dinner, we entirely forgot the famous

prima donna whose début all London is awaiting with the greatest eagerness.

"She sang to us repeatedly in private, and with her splendid voice and gifts gave us a foretaste of that delight and fascination which was to keep her public audience spell-bound." "To-day," says Moscheles, "I was present at the dress rehearsal of the 'Barbiere,' she enchanted every one with her Rosina. When the lovely girl appeared on the balcony, she was applauded to the echo, and the magic of her voice and style captivated us in the opening air, 'Una voce poco fà.' Her representations in London were a continued series of triumphs. The pressure in the pit of the Opera House was so great that gentlemen, by the time they found their seats, were minus coat-tails, and ladies lost their head-dresses. We used to witness the rush from Mademoiselle Sontag's own box, which was always at our service." "I can't say," says Moscheles, "which of her characters I consider the most successful, for her vocalization is always enchanting; if I feel the absence of grand dramatic effect, I am more than compensated by the beauty, natural grace, and the combined charm of her voice and person. Her variations on the 'Schweizerbue' are absolutely perfect in their own way, and it never occurs to me to ask myself 'How she can sing such trash?' because she sings it so perfectly."

"April 6th.—Making arrangements for my own and Sontag's first concert. That wonderful creature

brought Pixis to dine with us. In the evening we had some friends who were in ecstasy at hearing the German Nightingale."

"April 8th.—At a grand dinner given in Sontag's honour, by Prince Esterhazy, Prince and Princess Polignac, Baron Bulow, Count Redern, the Marquis of Hertford, Lord and Lady Ellenborough, Lady Fitzroy Somerset, Countess St. Antonio, &c. &c., were present. Sontag sang exquisitely in the evening. Pixis and I played solos and duets."

"No success is without its alloy, for some captious newspaper scribbler volunteered to inform the world that Sontag was unfit for the position of prima donna; her success soon gave a contradiction to this libel."

On the 4th of May we read in the diary, "Busy with a musical work which brought back some painful recollections. I wrote for Willis, the publisher, an accompaniment to Weber's last composition—an English song, which he had written for Miss Stephens,* who had sung it at his last concert. Only the vocal part, and a few bars of the accompaniment, were sketched in his manuscript. I filled in what was wanting, carefully distinguishing my own writing from that of the composer, by using red ink."

On various occasions this summer, the Moscheles, Pixis, and other German friends and acquaintance of Sontag, joined her in short excursions, as to Epsom

* The present Dowager Countess of Essex.

Races, Chiswick, &c. The prima donna was in great request socially. The Duke of Devonshire danced with her at his own ball, where her beauty and grace made a great sensation.

The director of the Italian Opera had determined to allow his artists the privilege of engaging singers only on condition that the concert should be held in the hall adjoining the theatre; he also stipulated for a share of the receipts. Pixis consented to this arrangement, and gave a concert, where Sontag sang and Moscheles played.

"July 8th.—To-day we attended a fashionable fête at Vauxhall, given on behalf of the poor Spanish and Italian refugees. The 'Battle of Waterloo' was performed, and the Duke saw himself admirably represented. The evening concluded with a concert, in which both Pasta and Sontag sang."

"July 19th.—Velluti's shrieks in the opera were absolutely unendurable; his false intonation drove me wild. I may be severe upon him, but the wounds he inflicted were hardly to be cured by the flute-like voice of Sontag."

"On one occasion (we quote Mrs. Moscheles' letter) we had the happiness of entertaining the famous Sontag at a large party at our own house—she was enchanting as usual. Sir Walter Scott, who happened to be in London, was present. He was delighted at meeting Sontag, whose introduction to Sir Walter, on the eve of her appearing in the 'Donna del Lago,' was singu-

larly well-timed. Lockhart, it is true, tells us in his biography that Sir Walter felt annoyed at being besieged by a crowd of flatterers and strangers, who made a pilgrimage to Abbotsford, and overwhelmed him with compliments, their knowledge of his works being based possibly on a single attendance at the 'Donna del Lago,' at the Italian Opera; but in the presence of Sontag, the great man was all ears, and eyes too, I think. When she questioned him about her costume as the Lady of the Lake, he described to her with the utmost minuteness every fold of the plaid, and was greatly pleased when I produced a genuine satin clan plaid, the present of Lady Sinclair, whilst in Edinburgh, the loan of which I was delighted to promise to Sontag. He showed her the particular way the brooch should be fastened at the shoulder, and would not allow any alteration. Henrietta had two worshippers that evening, the second being Clementi, who seemed as much fascinated as Scott. He got up from his chair and said, 'To-night I should like to play also.' The proposition was received with acclamation." "He extemporized with all the freshness of youth," writes Moscheles, "and we listened with intense delight, for Clementi very rarely played before company. You should have seen the ecstasy of the two old men, Scott and Clementi; they shook each other by the hand, took it in turns to flirt with Sontag, without seeming jealous of one another; it was a pretty duet of joint admiration, of

course the poet, musician, and songstress were the observed of all observers."

On the 24th of July Sontag finished gloriously at the Opera, with the "Amenaïde."

Moscheles composed, during the season, for Cramer and his niece, a four-hand Rondo in E flat, "La Belle Union," performed at the annual benefit concert of "Glorious John." He also wrote his G major sonata for pianoforte and flute. "I launched forth," he says, "my 'Gems à la Sontag,' and it was immediately caught hold of by my numerous pupils, and afterwards by the whole tribe of would-be pianists, attracted by my close imitation of the roulades and cadenzas of the illustrious Sontag."

That delightful concert-singer Madame Stockhausen was, in this her second London season, a recognised favourite with the English public. She had now become completely mistress of the language, and was constantly heard in Handel's oratorios. The famous Mars, old in years, young in appearance and performance, still delighted every one with her acting. "None that saw her in the part of Valérie, or in the 'Ecole des Vieillards,' can ever forget her."

"To-day a strange episode varied my daily duty of lesson-giving," writes Moscheles; "I appeared in a small court, amongst a wretched crowd of men and women who were sued for small debts. I myself figured as defendant, having (as it was said) refused to pay for an advertisement of my own concert. Of

course the loss of time was more serious to me than paying at once the sum demanded, but I hate being cheated. I took up the matter more earnestly than the plaintiff reckoned on, but he was non-suited, as he could not even prove that he belonged to the newspaper which he pretended to represent."

Moscheles and his family passed the month of September very pleasantly at Hastings, and composed there a light piece written to order—"Strains of the Scotch Bards;" giving it some importance afterwards by a dedication to Sir Walter Scott, whose answer, upon being requested to accept it, ran thus :—

"My dear Sir,—I regret that my absence upon short journeys from home should have caused your obliging proposal to inscribe the music of 'Donald Dhu' to me to remain some time unanswered. Believe me, I feel obliged by the proposal, and will accept it with great pleasure. Tell my fair friend, Mrs. Moscheles, that I send my best compliments, and beg to retain a place in her recollection; and when you see the fine old gentleman Mr. Clementi, will you oblige me by remembering me to him?

"I am always, dear Sir,

"Your obliged humble servant,

"Walter Scott.

"Abbotsford, Melrose, October 18."

On his return to London, Moscheles began to write his long-meditated Symphony in C, which he finished

about the end of November. Mathews and Yates had taken a lease of the Adelphi Theatre. "Mathews," says Moscheles, "who is an immense favourite with the English public, delighted us with his inimitable comic acting. The last piece—'London and Paris'—with the steamer crossing the Channel, was now and then rather too spicy, but we nearly died with laughing."

Moscheles plays at a concert in Brighton, but again complains of a wretched orchestra.

In London, besides private teaching, he was frequently engaged as pianoforte instructor at the Royal Academy of Music, and attended the pupils' concerts in the Hanover Square Rooms.

We read again; "Erard presented me to-day with a grand concert piano, of the value of 160 guineas. I certainly owe him my best thanks for such a present. Externally the instrument is all that can be wished for; but the tone of the higher notes is somewhat dry, and I find the touch still too heavy. My Clementi, therefore, still remains my favourite, although Erard's instruments have begun steadily to make their way. Madame de Rothschild, now that she has heard my Erard, wants to invest in one."

Moscheles kept his Christmas in the good old German fashion; for we find allusions to the Christmas tree—so suggestive of absent friends and home associations.

CHAPTER XII.

1829.

MOSCHELES' PRODUCTIONS—FUGITIVE PIECES—EXPENSE OF PRIVATE CONCERTS—DOMESTIC SORROWS—VISIT OF FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY—THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM—A CINQUE-CENTO OF VOCALISTS—DE BÉRIOT—"TROUBADOURS" AND "BOHEMIAN BROTHERS"—ARTISTS' CONCERTS—POWER OF THE ITALIAN OPERA—LAPORTE—HANDEL'S "ACIS AND GALATEA"—VISIT TO HAMBURG—REMINISCENCES OF A TOUR IN DENMARK AND SWEDEN.

IN reading musical biographies, we often meet with elaborate dissertations on the works of composers, with an abstruse analysis of the writer's "intentions." If we look for a parallel in the history of letters we find the commentators of Shakspeare ascribing to him intentions which do more credit to their ingenuity than to their judgment. Beethoven's works have undergone a similar ordeal. The great man wrote down simply what he thought and felt; but since his death critics, in their fancied wisdom, have interpreted his works in all manner of ways. Of course the sentiment expressed in the "Moonlight Sonata" affects most minds alike; the "Eroica" is always majestic, but such sonatas as "Les Adieux," "L'Absence et le Retour," are open to different reading, according to

the feelings of the executant, and will make a different impression upon each individual listener. "And so it should be," Mendelssohn used to say; "if the composer can only move the imaginative power of his hearers, and call forth some one image, some one thought—it matters not what—he has attained his object." In accordance with this view we purposely abstain from attempting a critical analysis of Moscheles' compositions. Whatever their merits or defects, this is certain—that works which when first published made an impression, and are now listened to with delight and interest after a lapse of from thirty to forty and fifty years, must possess more than ephemeral value. Such compositions are to be found in the G minor concerto (1820), the "Twenty-four Studies" (1825 and 1826), the "Hommage à Handel," the Rondo in A, the E flat major Sonata, the "Sonata Mélancolique," the "Recollections of Ireland," the three Allegri di Bravura, "La Force," "La Légèreté, "Le Caprice," and others.

From about the year 1840 Moscheles' appearances in public were less frequent than formerly. His later concertos (in C major, the fantastique, pathétique, and pastorale) did not become so popular as his earlier compositions, the proper readings of which he himself made known to the public. He used frequently to complain that people only played his G minor concerto, the other seven being noways inferior in his

estimation. He would have desired that his twelve grand characteristic studies, intended for practised artists, able to master their difficulties, should all have been played in turn, without exclusive preference being given to the "Nursery Tale." Of these twelve studies, he thought the "Dream," "Terpsichore," and others more especially adapted to the concert-room.

As to the light fugitive pieces which publishers from time to time demanded of him, he says: "They are my poor-box; with what they fetch I can support many a poor devil in Germany who writes well and is ill-paid. I have raised the price to thirty guineas apiece, so that I may not be molested too frequently with such orders."

We see the rate of remuneration current in those days, by the following account of payments made to artists for private concerts. Moscheles writes, "I had the management of Madame de Rothschild's concerts, and paid on her account the following sums:—Madame Stockhausen, 35*l.* for two evenings; M. de Bériot, 5*l.* for one; M. Mori (violin-player), 7*l.* for one; Mlle. Pisaroni, 20*l.* for one; Donzelli, 10*l.* for one; Curioni, 10*l.* for one; Schütz and wife, 15*l.* for one; De Begnis, 25*l.* for two; myself, 40*l.* for two; making in all 167*l.*—a pretty little sum according to our German notions."

In January Moscheles, when playing at a concert in Bath, says: "Certainly I thought myself so much

out of practice that I doubted my success; the public, however, thought otherwise."

In the early spring of this year, Moscheles is deeply moved by domestic sorrow and anxiety. His eldest boy died on the 23rd of March, and the only remaining child was in delicate health during the whole winter. "The poor mother," he says in his diary, "knows nothing but anxiety, sorrow, and sleepless nights. One of our darlings is in his grave; with God's help she will be spared her one remaining treasure. As a man I have a load of sorrow to bear, as an artist I belong to the public." Moscheles was spared the fresh sorrow that at one time seemed so imminent. Change of air and scene worked so beneficially on the child's health, that as early as June the parents were free from all anxiety, and able to enjoy the society of artistic friends who visited London in this year, and were carried off by Moscheles to spend their Sundays with him in the country. During this season Malibran reappeared, Pisaroni also was engaged at the Italian Opera, and Sontag earned fresh laurels; but by far the most delightful and interesting visit of all was that of a young friend from Berlin—no other than Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, at that time a youth of nineteen years of age. "Felix's father," says Moscheles, "had asked me in a letter if I thought, and believed, and counselled that his son should visit London, bringing some of his compositions with him, amongst them the Midsummer Night's Dream

Overture. Well, I thought and believed that the young man was a genius, so I counselled that he should come to us at Easter, and I promised with all my heart to introduce him to the great London world."

Further on we read—"I took for him a lodging in 203, Portland Street, and I have enjoyed the purest happiness in his friendly and musical intercourse. As a friend, he is of untold value; cheerful, yet full of sympathy with us in our recent loss, and our anxiety for the frail treasure still left to us; he is always ready to exchange the attractions of London for our rural solitude, where his society acts like healing balm on our wounded spirits. He seems to have set himself the task of compensating us for our sufferings. How delightful it is, when he brings some of his new compositions, and after playing them, waits with childlike modesty for an expression of my opinion. Any other would long since have become aware that in him I recognise my own master, and that I am in raptures where he is expecting to be sharply criticised. Do what I will to give him a correct view and appreciation of our relative positions, he always insists on subordinating himself to me as his teacher. The brilliant reception given to the public performance of his Midsummer Night's Dream Overture did not dazzle him. 'I must do better in everything,' was his motto; and to my praises he merely

answered: 'Do *you* like it? Well, I am glad of that.' He showed me the manuscript of his sacred cantata on a chorale in A minor; an unpublished chorus in sixteen parts, 'Hora est;' and a stringed quartet in A minor. He was always fond of bending his genius to the composition of little pieces—vocal or instrumental—as presents to his friends." In Moscheles' album, for instance, he wrote a charming piece, entitled "Perpetuum Mobile" (in C major); and another day brought the pretty Miss C.—— an English ballad, written expressly for her, &c. &c.

At the same time with Mendelssohn there appeared in England the Chevalier Neukomm, Haydn's pupil, a noble-minded and highly cultivated man, and the most loyal of friends; but, unfortunately, without artistic genius; he was merely a solid, well-intentioned, and correct composer, "with a pitiful lack of Attic salt," says Moscheles. His oratorios, the "Ten Commandments" and "Christ," were performed, and he had written some effective things, such as the "Midnight Review," for the favourite singers Braham and Phillips. At first these pieces roused the audience to enthusiasm; but in the long run they failed to obtain for the composer the lasting recognition of an English public, which is, generally speaking, faithful in its devotion to artists.

Mendelssohn and Neukomm, who often met in the quiet home of Moscheles, became very friendly; their

mutual appreciation, however, being confined to the social virtues of one another; for Neukomm, a tame musician, found, by force of contrast, his friend Mendelssohn too impetuous, noisy, and lavish in the use of wind-instruments, too exaggerated in his Tempi, too restless in his playing; whereas Mendelssohn would turn on his heel, exclaiming in a fit of youthful impatience, "If only that excellent man Neukomm would write better music! He speaks so ably, his language and letters are so choice, and yet his music—how commonplace!"

Fétis, and his lectures upon music, were equally distasteful to Mendelssohn. "What is the good of talking so much about it?" he says; "it is better to write well; that is the chief matter. What is the good of this embodiment of 'la musique mise à la portée de tout le monde,' lectured on in French to an English audience, who certainly understand only half of the technical expressions; and perhaps do not realize for the lecturer one-half of the receipts he expects?" Fétis, at this time, joined Moscheles in sketching the plan for the "Méthode des Méthodes," in the joint publication of which, Fétis's skill as a linguist was of the greatest service to Moscheles, as he translated into excellent French his friend's musical treatise on the study and higher branches of pianoforte playing.

In the world of vocalists there was an "absolute cinque-cento," to quote Moscheles' own words, "for

besides Malibran, Sontag, and Pisaroni, we have Madame Stockhausen, Camporese, Velluti, Donzelli, and other singers. In addition to these, a German opera company, under Schütz, he and his wife are excellent singers." Sontag, always kind and charitable, gave a "concert monstre" on the 13th of July, for the benefit of the sufferers by the inundation in Silesia, and every one lent a helping hand. Mendelssohn's "Overture to a Midsummer Night's Dream" was given for the second time, and more vehemently applauded than before. His double Concerto, too, in E major (manuscript), which Moscheles played with him, was a great success. The receipts amounted to 500*l.*

The favourite violinist of this season, beyond all question, was De Bériot — then at the very zenith of his power. His latest composition, the B minor Concerto, written after his marriage to the unrivalled Malibran, and possibly with her aid, was more interesting than his former bravura pieces. With regard to pianoforte players, the most important of the newcomers was Madame Dulcken, the highly-gifted and distinguished sister of Concert-meister Ferdinand David. She left Hamburg to settle in London, and was welcomed by all genuine artists and connoisseurs.

The "one-shilling" performances were represented by the so-called "troubadours" and "Bohemian brothers," the former French, the latter village musicians from Bohemia. These performers, common-

place as they were, reaped a plentiful harvest for their employers, Messrs. Bochsa and Logan.

"We artists fare worse," says Moscheles, in noticing these exhibitions; "we look to something more than mere gain, regarding our concerts as the means of producing our newest works before large musical audiences, and subjecting them, year after year, to the ordeal of criticism at the hands of competent judges. The speculation of Laporte, the Opera Director, places a great stumbling-block in our way."

The state of things was this. Those artists who had annual concerts were anxious to let their patrons hear the best dramatic singers, and accordingly often engaged them with a view of enhancing the attractions of their programme.

Laporte, who had become in 1828 the lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre, was peremptory in his dealings with concert-givers, his dictum being: "Hire my opera concert-hall, or you must do without my singers," and the high price he put upon this arrangement made the acceptance a very difficult matter. The pill of course was sugared over with many honeyed French conversational terms and phrases, but Bochsa, the "manager's manager," knew how to translate them into good English, whilst negotiating with Moscheles behind the scenes during the opera performance—the only time one was tolerably sure of meeting with these gentlemen. Moscheles had several novelties ready for his concert, a Symphony, a Fantasia, "Strains of the

Scotch Bards," which, from being dedicated to Sir Walter Scott, was sure to excite great interest; "and yet," he says, "I was obliged, like the rest of us, to have Italian singers, and to experience all the endless worry of negotiating their costly services; I hired Laporte's concert-room at great expense—not only this, I had to offer the owner of the Argyll Rooms, which I had already engaged, a forfeit of 10*l.* This he contemptuously refused, and threatened me with a lawsuit; I always had a wholesome dread of lawsuits, and so I consulted a legal friend, who at last persuaded the man to accept the 10*l.*" Laporte knew his advantages only too well; he was master of the position, virtually monopolizing the services of Malibran and Sontag, the idols of the public. Indeed, the power of the Italian Opera was such that none of the national theatres could compete with it.

We read on the 22nd of June:—"One of the choicest entertainments this season was the dramatized representation of Handel's 'Acis and Galatea,' performed at Bochsa's concert; the music allotted to the chief characters was admirably sung by Miss Paton and Braham; Zucchelli, with a gigantic eye in the middle of his forehead, was a very good Polyphemus. In spite of his Italian name, he is an Englishman by birth, and, loyal to his Handelian traditions, gave every word and note of that master's music in the classical and orthodox manner. What else had we? Next in order after Handel's music, the Grave-scene

from 'Romeo and Giulietta,' exquisitely sung in Italian, by Sontag and Malibran, and for a finale, that German trifle the 'Pastoral Symphony;' but that I missed, for an overdose of music is not good for the health."

On the 31st of July, when the Moscheles were free to embark from England for Hamburg, he exclaims: "Who so happy as we?—we leave the chronic miseries of concerts and the whole season behind us, and join our friends and relations, amongst whom, if sorrow for our recent loss be reawakened, we shall find comfort and sympathy." Moscheles during this holiday planned several sketches for his later compositions.

Pressing offers were made to Moscheles to give concerts, but he refused them as being foreign to the purpose of his visit to Hamburg. The German theatre, however, now that he and his wife had become half Anglicized, offered much that was novel and attractive; and they were enchanted with Auber's "Stumme von Portici," the cast including Cornet and the younger Fräulein Schröder, the sister of Devrient.

Moscheles travelled alone to Copenhagen; and we insert some passages from letters written to his wife during his two months' absence.

"Schleswig, Sept. 27, 1829. The entire road hither is extremely like the Lüneburger heath. At times the carriage was all but upset, but I should only have landed on the sand. I have wandered through Schleswig, which in length and narrowness is

only to be compared to miles of German sausages. Ahlefeld, the Kammerherr, was very friendly, but to give a concert here, and realize from sixty to seventy thalers, would be a ridiculous waste of time. So the horses are put to, and I shall drive on to Flensburg."

On the 29th of September he crosses the Little Belt, but, no steamer being ready, is forced to pass a long dull day (30th) at Nyborg. On the 2nd of October he passes the Great Belt, and after a night's journey reaches Copenhagen. After describing his delight with the beauties of the place and its art treasures, he observes: "I heard for the first time Weyse, the musical theorist, and a perfect idol here, play an extempore fugue upon the organ in the Frauen Kirche. When it was over, I went home with him, and read several of his interesting works. I also made the acquaintance of Kuhlau, the clever composer. Both these artists amuse themselves by constructing musical canons in the shape of riddles, and by finding their solution. At a party given by Mr. W., I met not only these two men, but also the poet Oehlenschläger, and all the connoisseurs and art critics of the place. Kuhlau and others played, and then came my solo. When urged to improvise, I begged to hear Weyse, who could not be prevailed upon, so to the piano I went, and found myself, as it were, fenced in by a wall of listeners, who were silent as death, whilst I was collecting my thoughts; I would try to be learned as Kuhlau and Weyse, interesting

in harmony, plaintive and sentimental, and I would wind up with a storm of bravura passages. I must have succeeded, for the burst of applause was unisono, and the astonishment on the faces of all was such as neither you nor I have ever witnessed. Old Professor Schall fell on my neck and kissed me ('for shame!' the English would say). Kuhlau and Weyse besieged me till I gasped for breath. For shame! I say to myself, to be blowing my own trumpet in this way; but for whom am I writing? This success promises well for my concert; but another fortnight must elapse before that can come off; a second or a third is out of the question. I might have to wait till 1830. It can't be done!

"I had to play before the Court; and here I give you the programme and all particulars. . . . . When my solo and duet with Guillou were finished, and I was asked to improvise, the old Queen came up, and making a thousand excuses, hoping she would not be in the way, &c., sat by my side at the piano, where she was soon joined by the King. I let myself go like a racehorse—fire, passion, even coquettishness—I tried everything to act on the royal nerves. First of all, I Rossinified a little, for I knew that the Rossini fever rages at the Court here. Then I was a Dane, and worked up some national melodies. The shouts of applause made me desperately confident, and I wound up with the Danish 'God save the King' ('Kong Christian'). When I had finished—— I leave

you to imagine the rest, only it certainly was a novelty to see a King running about amongst the musical veterans present, to express his astonishment and hear them confirm it."

The next letter is from Helsingborg, on the way to Gothenburg, where Moscheles, instead of waiting at Copenhagen, wishes to give a concert. "The passage from Copenhagen to Elsinore took six and a half hours, and three-quarters of an hour in the afternoon to cross the Sound. Here I was advised to hire a carriage, and a compound of coachman and servant, styled a 'Husar,' for the journey to Gothenburg. 'Glücklicher Prinz,' I can call myself as usual, for I have the most lovely weather."

From Gothenburg he writes: "The day before yesterday, after despatching my few lines from Helsingborg, I had a very successful although fatiguing journey. My hired carriage, as they called it, was nothing more than a small seat, attached to a four-wheeled car. My box and portmanteau I had between my legs. I was knocked and thumped about most unmercifully. I could not make out a word my talkative Husar said, but I could converse all the more freely with lovely nature, glorious in every climate and under every zone; here on the shores of the Cattegat displaying an endless variety of romantic rocky scenery, interspersed with noble forests. Generally speaking, the roads were good; a notice sent on twelve hours before insured us fresh relays of horses, but, alas! we got the start at Kungsbacka, and found

out to our dismay that we had in consequence two hours to wait. The comforts of the hostelry consisted of a sort of measly-looking biscuit, and a tallow candle, at which I lighted my cigar, then on we went again in the dark and rainy night. A halt at eleven o'clock, but not at Gothenburg, merely to fetch an extra horse, as we had a stiff mountain pass before us. At one o'clock, however, the welcome light greeted us from the lantern at the Gothenburg Custom House, more welcome than the police search I had to submit to on alighting. After tremendous knocking at 'Blone's Hus,' we aroused a servant-girl from her slumbers, but although my bed had been ordered beforehand, all I could get was a room on the topmost story, where my head touched the ceiling. To my question whether I could not have an empty room on the first story I was answered by a Swedish shrug of the shoulders, which was Greek to me. I had a fire lit in my garret, allowed the dense smoke to fill it, wrapped myself up in my furs, and went to bed. My bad temper vanished at the thought of you. Th. Hell's poem 'Macht der Frauen' (Woman's Power), which I lighted on accidentally, expressed sympathetically my own thoughts. This morning I got the identical rooms I saw last night, they had been bespoken for me. My concert is advertised and arranged for the 27th, three days hence, and immediately afterwards I go back again to Copenhagen. I am incessantly occupied with calculations about the Danish and Swedish postal arrangements, to see that

our correspondence may not be interrupted. In a foreign town like this, I always mount the ramparts, from which I can command a view over the town: how awfully grand these precipices and torn fragments of rock around the harbour, and actually in it! The winding river 'Gôta-Elf' reminded me of our Elbe, and I was no longer alone. . . . The city has spacious streets and squares, one of which really reminds one of the Linden. The weather is clear and beautiful."

He goes on to tell of two great families, who in all musical matters are the despots of the place, and of course rivals. "One has a Clementi piano, and the other a Graf. Which shall I choose for my concert? That is 'the burning question,' and I answer it by playing on both. Before the concert I attended a real Swedish dinner. The host, a regular character, a fit subject for Hogarth, did the honours at his large dinner party in the queerest fashion, as you will see. First, I must tell you that, before the company sat down, schnaps and herring were relished by gentlemen, standing at a side table, only three glasses being allowed for twenty-five people. We had veal, pike, and soup to begin with, then roast goose, plum-pudding, and splendid fruit for dessert. My 'original' is a stumpy man, over sixty years of age, with sparkling eyes peering out from under his greyish-brown wig, his upper teeth gone, four under teeth remaining as a sort of palisade to his enormous, pendent, moist under-lip. He starts every topic of conversation,

entirely regardless of all the notabilities present, whilst his wife must have signed a silence-clause in her marriage contract. Herr S. was so full of the great event of seeing Professor Moscheles in Gothenburg, and beneath his own roof, that he continued to shower down praises on the Professor in the most ridiculous style. He too has travelled in foreign parts, there to learn (or unlearn) manners—his wanderings are à la Wilhelm Meister, he is as sentimental as Sterne; he has been in England, and feels bound to toast 'the Professor.' I give you a slight sample, as faithfully as I can, of his rigmarole nonsensical speech: 'Gentlemen, would it be bold, may I with some confidence use my privilege as master of the house, and make a speech? Heaven defend that I enjoy the honour and the chance—you, my honoured friends, who know me as a plain honest man to speak—the chance, do I say? What is chance? Gothenburg enjoys the honour, &c.' Here followed the most silly compliments to myself, and then again, 'Heaven defend, without trenching too near on the modesty of this man—all admiration set apart—will, no doubt, make a lasting impression. Long may he live, the master of music in the kingdom of the beautiful.' You can imagine my state of mind on hearing such a farrago of nonsense; I had to bite my tongue to prevent myself from laughing. The Governor, the Rath, the Commandant of the place, and the other guests, did not seem at all surprised;

'they must know him. When he had finished his speech, a part song was performed by one amateur, 'the refrain,' suggested by the occasion, always being the words: 'Es lebe der Meister.' There was a jingling of glasses as I rose from my chair to return thanks, but hardly had I said that it was no accident that brought me there, but a wish on my part to be heard by the art-loving public in Gothenburg, when Herr S. out me short by modestly interrupting me with: 'Heaven defend that the Professor thinks that I think that accident (for everything in the world is accident) has given us, not him, the happiness of seeing a man in our walls whose modesty —Heaven defend—I should offend.' More trash followed. Then the ladies left us, and the gentlemen remained sitting round an enormous bowl of cold bishop. Our host's silly tongue never stopped wagging. Songs were sung, they did not much edify me; as far as I could I remained a passive spectator. After leaving the spacious dining-hall, we passed through several elegant salons, to a room where the Clementi piano stood, and I was obliged to extemporize. This I did in a way to humour the particular kind of audience; and you may easily guess the result. Schwartz, the pianoforte teacher, and Bärnroth, organist of the Cathedral, proposed that I should play on the organ. This I did the following afternoon, in the presence of the same company. I dashed into it, and worked away at the pedals as though I had Vestris's feet.

"My concert was attended by every one with any real or fancied taste or ear for music, so that I had a brilliant and crowded audience. You will see the programme in the newspaper. In obedience to a challenge from the company, I improvised on Swedish airs, which were given to me in writing. I think I must have been pretty successful, for they cheered me lustily, and flocked round me on all sides. All invitations after the concert I firmly refused, for I want to get back as fast as I can. . . . To-night, in spite of all my hurry, I must remain in Helsingborg, where I am writing to you. I have sent you a short extract from my last letter by another and a shorter route than usual, that I may insure your hearing from me."

Moscheles would not go to Stockholm, although he had half promised to play there; travelling alone was not at all to his taste. From Copenhagen he afterwards writes: "I can't think of a second concert here, as it would cost a whole fortnight of my time; consequently there is a great rush to secure seats at my one public performance.

"I have seen the favourite Liederspiel 'Elverhoy' (founded on an old Danish fable, with characteristic songs and choruses) and most tastefully arranged by Kuhlau. The overture, which is a compendium of all the music that follows, pleased me exceedingly. I have again paid a two hours' visit to Weyse, for I think him the most interesting person here; he entertained

me with learned dissertations on art, considered technically and æsthetically. His fugues are good, his enigma canons really masterly. To-morrow he comes to me, and we shall frequently exchange visits."

On the 10th of November he writes from Copenhagen: "Yesterday was a memorable day in my calendar. I was literally besieged from eight o'clock in the morning until six in the evening. People scrambled to get the most expensive boxes, and almost went on their knees for single tickets; many had to pocket their money again, for no more tickets were to be had, and I advertised to-day that no money would be taken at the doors. Everything has been sold at double prices; the result is a net profit of 1500 thalers. Notwithstanding, I should lose too much time were I to give a second concert, as Guillou and Milder are fighting for the only possible nights. They both gave their first concerts at the usual prices, and had a good attendance. What can I say about my reception? Nothing; you can guess what it was like. Well, the applause grew louder and louder. In spite of my own disloyalty towards the Alexander Variations, I was obliged to play them, as you will see by the programme herein enclosed; and the Improvisation—well, on that subject I cannot write. Guillou, who was going to give his second concert at the usual prices, offered me to join him, and we would have double prices. It only made three days difference to me, so I accepted the offer.

Well, these three days we can bear like the rest, can't we? The concert is announced in G.'s name, with my assistance."

Later on he writes: "The same scene enacted at my last concert has now repeated itself, and that too directly the first announcement appeared. Everything again sold off at double prices; 641 thalers came to my share. Besides this, I shall turn snuff-taker, for His Majesty honoured me with the present of a gold enamelled box. Prince Christian sent me a diamond ring; Frau —— a gold watch-chain; I had besides all sorts of complimentary messages from the Court."

The month of December was spent in Hamburg, and at the close of the year we find Moscheles in Paris.

CHAPTER XIII.

1830—1831.

AN ACCIDENT—HUMMEL—MADAME MALIBRAN—MUSIC IN ENGLAND—FAILURE OF BEETHOVEN'S NINTH SYMPHONY—ERARD'S PIANOS—HENRY LITOLFF — NEUKOMM — PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS—FIRST RAILWAY JOURNEY—OPERATIC CELEBRITIES—FIELD'S RETURN TO LONDON—PAGANINI—PRODIGIES FROM THE CONTINENT—VISITS OF INTIMATE FRIENDS—THE REFORM AGITATION—A MUSICAL FESTIVAL—CELEBRATION OF CHRISTMAS.

AFTER the first six weeks, spent happily in Paris, the family returned to London. There Moscheles met with an accident. He was thrown from his carriage, but, however serious the accident at first appeared, fears of any permanent injury happily proved groundless. Scarcely was his wife relieved from anxiety on his account, when her serious illness (after the birth of a second daughter) weighed heavily on his mind for nearly three months. No wonder that in the diary there is a comparative scantiness of musical incident, when measured by the richer harvest of former years.

"Hummel is here, he intends giving a concert, and happily I can distribute many of his tickets amongst my pupils. I wish I could have talked him over, and

prevented his appending so curious a notice to his advertisement; it was to this effect: 'People were not to suppose he would play at the Philharmonic Concert; only in case a very profitable engagement were offered him, could he be heard anywhere except at his own concert.' He hoped by this announcement to undeceive the frequenters of the Philharmonic who might reckon on hearing him there, without going to his own concert. A few days later, at Malibran's matinée, he made a mistake, in improvising on 'God save the King,' for whilst George IV. was still lying dead and unburied, people hardly thought of William IV. For this he was taken to task by the public and the press, and, generally speaking, he added nothing to the well-deserved laurels he had gathered in Vienna. It was noticeable that he began to dislike trouble and exertion, for he possessed no longer the elasticity requisite for plunging successfully into the whirl and maze of London life; besides that, England, proud of Cramer, discovered that his legato was equal to Hummel's, and preferred native to foreign talent. Hummel, annoyed possibly at seeing this view adopted by many of the newspapers, refused when asked by Cramer to play a duet with him at his concert, and this refusal created an unpleasant feeling against him. At that time Malibran's genius and sad fate attracted the liveliest sympathy. Married in very early years to a husband who had been forced upon her, but liberated afterwards

by special favour of the Pope, she had clung to De Bériot with true devotion, and now appeared in London as his wife; but, in this marriage also, hers was the unselfish, self-sacrificing, part; for out of affection for her husband she not only sang in the opera, but, after the fatigues of performance at the theatre, appeared at private or public concerts, "and," says Moscheles, "she always sings exquisitely, and with true inspiration; she is never the mere vocalist, but a musical genius. If obliged to repeat a cavatina, as is generally the case, she improvises new passages more beautiful and original than the first, unsurpassable as they seemed. Her very smile captivates the orchestra and conductor, and she kindles with a spark of her own spirit the most inanimate of orchestral players. Of this fire she has such a quantity in reserve, that she can scatter it about without harm to herself. Some of her lightnings she has darted upon De Bériot's smooth, finished, but occasionally lukewarm performance, and I plainly enough see, Madame in Monsieur's 'B minor Concerto.'"

In a season so beset with domestic anxieties, Moscheles could think of no serious original compositions, but was obliged in pursuance of a contract to finish some of his light fashionable pieces, such as the "Gems à la Malibran;" a light pot-pourri of her most popular songs, written in the closest possible imitation of her original 'fioriture,' which Moscheles had committed to memory. On the eve of his own

concert already advertised, and with a view of bringing out some novelty, he put together within a few days his "Recollections of Denmark," the echo of his travels in that country; and these national melodies lost none of their effect by the composer's treatment.

We find constant complaints this year about the condition of music. "It is a mistake to give at every Philharmonic Concert two symphonies and two overtures, besides two grand instrumental and four vocal pieces. I never can enjoy more than half." Another time we read: "Beethoven's Ninth Symphony failed! What am I to think of this? Must the fault be laid at the director's door? Are the orchestral players or the public to blame? I do not know; but things shall not remain so." And as a fact they did not remain so, for when the Directors, after this and another abortive attempt in the year 1824, determined never to produce the work again, persuading themselves into the belief that the deaf composer had written some senseless trash because he never heard it, the German press beat the alarm so furiously and lashed so mercilessly the depreciators of this colossal work, that the production and proper appreciation of it in England was made a point of honour. It took several years to convey to the English public the correct perception and appreciation of this Symphony, and later on we shall see that the Philharmonic Society turned to Moscheles for directing the study and re-

hearsals of the work, and making it accessible to the public. This once done, the Symphony maintained its place in the programmes of the Society.

Looking further on in the diary, we find the following notice:—"What musical follies are daily perpetrated, for one shilling a head, in the Egyptian Hall! Michael Boai, a German, who hits his chin with his fists, producing thereby sounds in which a tune is discernible and variations thereon, and an Englishman who pretends he can produce two tones at once by humming like a clarionet and muttering a bass tone simultaneously. What rubbish all this! Equally ineffective is a band of Russian horn-music, each member having a reed-pipe capable of producing but one note, which, in the performance of pieces, he brought in with unerring precision."

Important in the history of pianoforte-playing is the fact that Erard's pianos became very popular, having attained this year a great excellence. "The touch in particular is vastly improved, I begin to revel in these instruments."

When the season was over the family went to Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, the Revolution in Paris interfering with their intended visit to that city. "Charles X. set aside for Louis Philippe, and now an exile with his family at Castle Lulworth. What a change!" At Ryde, where Moscheles revelled in his Erard piano, he composed the "Recollections of England," which he dedicated to Queen Adelaide, and the

C minor Trio, dedicated to Cherubini. In the latter half of the autumn Moscheles moved to 3, Chester Place, Regent's Park, where he lived for more than sixteen years, before he finally quitted England and settled in Leipzig. At one of the first parties given in his new house, the new Trio was played, with Lindley and Cramer, before many enthusiastic friends, and Moscheles' home henceforth became a place where artists were always welcome. With so kind a host—himself free from envy and jealousy—they could forget all rivalry and meet on neutral ground. In January of 1831 Moscheles made a short professional tour to the provinces (York, Leeds, Derby), where he laboured to improve much that was defective in the condition of music.

We have seen how Moscheles, starting as a bravura player, gradually took broader views of his art both as a composer and player. His powers steadily matured, and this year we find in his compositions and execution a depth of feeling and expression in advance of former years; witness the adagio of his Concerto in C major, written about this time, and the new Trio, upon hearing which Hummel said that no modern pianoforte player but Moscheles could write such an adagio. It should, however, be stated here that this progress, although mainly originating with Moscheles himself, was greatly favoured by the improvements made in Erard's pianos; their organ-like tone and full resonant sounds gave Mos-

cheles such pleasure that no doubt he had every incentive to bring into relief these great excellences, and display them in his adagios. "A very violoncello," he used to say, praising the tone, which he could prolong without using the pedals; to the excessive use of these he had a rooted aversion. "A good player," he used to say, "must only rarely use the assistance of either pedal, otherwise he misuses it." Frequently he would listen to an excellent pianoforte player, praise him in many respects, adding, "I wish he had not his feet so perpetually upon the pedals. All effects now it seems must be produced by the feet—what is the good of people having hands? it is just as if a good rider wanted for ever to use spurs."

Amongst his pupils of those days was Henry Litolff, then a boy of ten years of age, who was introduced to him by his friend Collard as a poor, clever, but rather neglected child. Moscheles immediately recognised his talent. His father—an Alsatian, who with difficulty supported his large family by playing dance-music—was too poor to have a piano for his son Henry, who practised in Collard's warehouse, and was so well prepared at every lesson that he delighted and surprised Moscheles with the playing of his Studies and Concertos.

The leading musical star on the dreary horizon of this winter's season in London was Neukomm. He had written for the impending Philharmonic Concerts a new Symphony in E flat major, which, according to

Moscheles, was "lacking in Attic salt;" and yet in the course of this year he was destined to achieve great popularity, which he owed to some extent to some spirited verses by Barry Cornwall. "David's Lament for Absalom," declaimed in deep tragic tones by Braham, and "The Sea," by Phillips, given with all the spirit due to a national song, were frequently items in the programme, but so powerful an impression was made by the "Midnight Review," that Moscheles was obliged to write a Fantasia upon it. This production, regarded by its author as a step-child, was called by his pupils "charming" and "delightful," and was played by many a fair lady. About this time Neukomm's more serious works were given, and his oratorio the "Ten Commandments" put into rehearsal for the musical festival at Derby in September, after having been given with the greatest applause by the Classical Harmonic Society in London. A performance of the work on a small scale was arranged at Moscheles' house, with Madame Stockhausen and Clara Novello for the solo singers. Moscheles, who appreciated the high musical cultivation and artistic aims of his friend, says of him: "I am sorry he writes such an inordinate quantity of music, and carries out the principle which he advocates: that one must be writing daily. What becomes then of inspiration, which alone shields one from vulgarity?" Neukomm's society was highly prized in Moscheles' household, where he went by the name of the "Encyclopædia;"

for whoever wanted information on any subject was sure to get it from him.

In criticising the Philharmonic Concerts of this year Moscheles finds fault with the "conductor still sitting at the piano, and turning over the leaves of his score; without a bâton of course he has no influence over the band, which is under the sole command of the first violin—a process leading to constant unsteadiness in the performance of large orchestral works. In the programmes the most heterogeneous things are often huddled together, orchestral works alternating with chamber music; then again, we have the first part of Spohr's 'Last Judgment' and a miscellaneous second part by other composers. That doesn't suit a German ear;' what would Spohr say to it?"

In February Moscheles, on a professional tour in the north of England, speaks of his first railway journey. "On the 18th I went by rail from Manchester to Liverpool; the fare was five shillings. At 1·30 I mounted one of the omnibuses, which carried all passengers gratis to the great building called the 'station.' Eight to ten carriages, each about as long as an omnibus, are joined closely to one another; each carriage contains twelve places, with seats like comfortable arm-chairs; at a given signal every traveller takes his place, which is marked with the number of his ticket, and the railway guards lock the carriages. Then, and not before, the engine is at-

tached to the foremost carriage; the motion, although one seems to fly, is hardly perceptible, and the traveller is amazed when he looks out of the window and observes at what incredible speed the train approaches the distant object and suddenly whirls by it. Words cannot describe the impression made on me by this steam excursion on the first railway made in England, and the transports I felt with an invention that seemed to me little short of magic. The famous engineer, Sir John Stephenson, has realized his project amidst untold struggles and difficulties."

Coming back to London, he reports of his visit to the theatre. "A new opera by Pacini—'Pompeii;' the beautiful scenery is the only part I cared for, the horrors of the night of the city's destruction being represented in a masterly way."

Then again: "Saw Kean as Richard the Third; he makes one shiver in one's shoes, but rants too much—perhaps because he is too old, and yet determined to make his points."

He is enthusiastic on the subject of Pasta and her magnificent acting. "The voice, at first veiled, comes out triumphantly at a later stage, like the sun breaking through the mist.

"Lablache, with the grandest of all voices—the 'voce sul labbro'—his drollery, especially in the 'Barbiere,' and his deaf old man in the Matrimonio Segreto, can never be surpassed. Rubini, too, is

exquisite; the ballet of 'Kenilworth,' representing the whole of Scott's romance, is beautifully put upon the stage. Taglioni, in every ballet in which she appears, is as ladylike as she is graceful, a danseuse quite unique and enslaving every one."

Moscheles says of Field, who after a twenty-five years' absence appeared once more in London: "His legato playing delights me, but his compositions are not at all to my taste; nothing can afford a more glaring contrast than a Field's 'Nocturne' and a Field's manners, which are often of the cynical order. There was such a commotion yesterday amongst the ladies, when at a party he drew from his pocket a miniature portrait of his wife, and loudly proclaimed the fact that she had been his pupil, and that he had only married her because she never paid for her lessons, and he knew she never would. He also bragged of going to sleep whilst giving lessons to the ladies of St. Petersburg, adding that they would often rouse him with the question, 'What does one pay twenty roubles an hour for, if you go to sleep?' He played to us a good deal in the evening; the delicacy and elegance, as well as the beauty of his touch, are admirable, but he lacks spirit and accent, as well as light and shade, and has no depth of feeling."

At evening parties Moscheles had to endure a great deal of amateur music, and often played as a matter of self-protection, where otherwise he would have declined. On the other hand he never wearied of

making music with his brother artists. At his annual concert, which was densely crowded, he introduced the "Recollections of Denmark," with their original northern melodies, and, for the first time on such an occasion, used an Erard in preference to a Clementi piano.

Paganini made his appearance in London, and public attention was concentrated on him. All sorts of scandalous stories about him had already circulated in England, as well as upon the Continent. He was supposed to have murdered his own wife, and during the years of his imprisonment to have taught himself upon the single G string which remained to his violin those "tours de force" with which he astonished foreigners first, and the English afterwards. Then his avarice was supposed to border on the fabulous, and his appearance reminded one of an apparition from the realm of ghosts.

Mr. Embden (Mrs. Moscheles' father), a great lover of music, had, previous to Paganini's visit to England, rendered him substantial service by securing him an engagement of a most lucrative kind, which but for such timely aid, he would never have succeeded in obtaining. "On his first visit to us, his gratitude found vent in such exaggerated expressions as are known only to an Italian vocabulary; we were the children of his 'onoratissimo, &c.,' and he took down from the mantelpiece a miniature portrait of his benefactor, covered it with kisses, and addressed it with the most high-flown epithets. Meantime, we had leisure to

study those olive-tinted, sharply defined features, the glowing eyes, the scanty but long black hair, and the thin, gaunt figure, upon which the clothes hung loosely, the deep sunken cheeks, and those long bony fingers. Our study and his deluge of compliments both well over, we began to discuss Paganini's plans, the first of which, that of playing at double prices in the Italian Opera House, had come to nothing, owing, it is said, to the opposition of the Duke of Devonshire. Suffice it to say that only two boxes were sold, and the concert had to be given up. This induced him to play in the Opera House at the usual prices." We read later on: "My assistance is of use to him here, and I am paid with quite as many honeyed epithets as my father-in-law received. This face of mine is as much kissed as my father-in-law's painted one. Paganini often comes to us. We receive him well, although I suspect he is rather too sweet to be genuine."

The impression made by Paganini at his first concert was overwhelming. "The crowd in the Opera House was wild with excitement. He had to play nearly everything twice over, and was not only greeted with vehement clapping of hands, but every lady leaned forward out of her box to wave her handkerchief at him; people in the pit stood up on the benches, shouting 'Hurrah! Bravo!' Neither Sontag nor Pasta made such an impression here, much less any other artist."

Moscheles complains in his diary of his utter inability

to find language capable of conveying a description of Paganini's wonderful performance. "Had that long-drawn, soul-searching tone lost for a single second its balance, it would have lapsed into a discordant cat's-mew; but it never did so, and Paganini's tone was always his own, and unique of its kind. The thin strings of his instrument, on which alone it was possible to conjure forth those myriads of notes and trills and cadenzas, would have been fatal in the hands of any other violin player, but with him they were indispensable adjuncts, and lastly, his compositions were so ultra original, so completely in harmony with the weird and strange figure of the man, that, if wanting in depth and earnestness, the deficiency never betrayed itself during the author's dazzling display of power."

The fever of enthusiasm continued, and to enable Paganini to understand the rapturous phrases in the newspapers, Mrs. Moscheles translated them into Italian for him; these encomiums, high-flown as they were, were outdone by Paganini's own letters of gratitude. Paganini is frequently at friends' houses, where he plays both violin and tenor alternately in his own quartets. Mori commissions Moscheles to write for him a piece, "Gems à la Paganini," but takes the precaution of first securing Paganini's consent. A day and a half suffice to complete this composition, and then Mori and Moscheles go together to the wily Italian. Moscheles plays to him his "Musical Portrait," a piece written in close imitation of

Paganini's roulades and cadenzas. Paganini falls on his neck and smothers him with compliments. "This wonderful imitation, this manner, this accurate rendering of his cadenzas, he found stupendous.'" At that moment of course there was but one Moscheles. What was Hummel in comparison? Hummel and others had also written Fantasias "à la Paganini," but they had displeased him; he had protested against them. This arrangement was the only right one, a real honour to him," &c. &c. He went on in this strain: but we shall see further on what amount of sincerity and truth lay beneath it.

Of course Moscheles heard him frequently, in order to study his manner and style more accurately. After the sixth concert he makes the following admission: "My mind is peculiarly vacillating about this artist. First of all, nothing could exceed my surprise and admiration; his constant and venturesome flights, his newly discovered source of flageolet tones, his gift of fusing and beautifying subjects of the most heterogeneous kind; all these phases of genius so completely bewildered my musical perceptions, that for several days afterwards my head seemed on fire and my brain reeled. I never wearied of the intense expression, soft and melting like that of an Italian singer, which he could draw from his violin, and dazzled as I was, I could not quarrel with him for adopting the 'maniera del gatto,' a term of opprobrium, showing how averse the Italians are to this style, which I dis-

like so intensely that I should only like to hear it once in every leap year. Suffice it to say, my admiration of this phenomenon, equally endowed by nature and art, was boundless. Now, however, after hearing him frequently, all this is changed; in every one of his compositions I discover *the same* effects, which betrays a poverty of invention; I also find both his style and manner of playing monotonous. His concertos are beautiful, and have even their grand moments; but they remind me of a brilliant firework on a summer's eve, one flash succeeding the other—effective, admirable—but always the same. His 'Sonate Militaire,' and other pieces, have a southern glow about them, but this hero of the violin cannot dispense with the roll of the drum; and completely as he may annihilate his less showy colleagues, I long for a little of Spohr's earnestness, Baillot's power, and even Mayseder's piquancy. It may possibly be that the man, who grows more and more 'antipatico' to me every day, prejudices my judgment of the artist. He is so disgracefully mean. I can't vouch for the truth of the story, that he gave his servant a gallery ticket on the condition of his serving him gratuitously for one day, but this at all events is certain, that Lablache offered him 100*l.* to play at his benefit, but Paganini refused, and the great singer had to allow him one-third of the receipts of his concert. When the Opera concerts, thirteen in number, ceased to command full attendances, he began a series

in the London Tavern, in the City. This was thought unworthy of a great artist; but it was all one to him, for he makes money there."

The letter which supplies these extracts was written in July. A few weeks later, immediately after the publication of the second and the third book of the "Gems," Paganini made a legal protest, declaring the work a musical piracy. Of course this was a question concerning the publisher. Moscheles however went to Paganini and asked him: "Why, didn't you give me your permission?" Answer: "Yes, for the first book, but not the second and the third." The conversation led to nothing; Paganini went to Scotland, and the lawsuit continued. On his return, Paganini visited Moscheles, and, after a great deal of circumlocution, offered him the free sale of the three books of "Gems," if he would consent to make a pianoforte accompaniment for twelve small violin pieces of his own. Moscheles gave a rather unwilling consent; refusing, however, Paganini's further demand that he should put his name to the title-page. This point Paganini gave up, and then a discussion ensued about the law costs. At last Mori was glad to be moderately victimized, Paganini having at first talked about 99 less than 500*l.* damages, and Moscheles rejoiced "at being quit of an episode so little worthy of an artist, and having done with those dreadful lawyers."

This business over, Moscheles applied with fresh zest to his peaceful studies, but the following note

proves how often they were interrupted. "All the would-be prodigies from the Continent visit me, and I have had such heaps of them lately, that I could almost fill an orchestra with the new arrivals."

On the other hand, he had the pleasure this year of seeing many intimate friends; Paul Mendelssohn (Felix's brother), Professor Fritz Rosen, and Klingemann. To these must be added the names of Professor Grahl, a portrait-painter, and a young phrenologist, of the name of Holm, who was indebted to Neukomm for an introduction to Moscheles.

That fearful scourge, the Asiatic cholera, made Moscheles deeply anxious about his friends and relatives abroad, and we find him writing to them: "True, when thinking of you we have many an anxious hour, but my art, as well as my trust in God's mercy, must help us to tide over our anxiety." Fortunately none of his friends at Hamburg or Vienna were attacked.

The great political reform at that time agitating England is frequently alluded to in Moscheles's letters. It was after the rejection of the Reform Bill and the dissolution of Parliament that he happened to go to a ball in Camberwell. "The most interesting part of it was the driving there and back. You know, from the newspapers, that many people illuminated in honour of the dissolution. Many, however, refused to do so, and fared badly, for the mob smashed their windows. The whole way to Camberwell, seven English miles

in length, nearly every house was illuminated, and many transparencies bore the most ludicrous inscriptions. 'The Bill! the whole Bill! and nothing but the Bill!' A patriotic butcher flaunted the following sentiment: 'The enemies of Reform, to be sent to the dominions of Don Miguel.' 'William the Restorer!' and 'William the Patriot King!' were to be read a hundred times over, but the owners of some houses obstinately refused to illuminate. The principal streets were besieged by an enormous crowd which stopped all traffic in the thoroughfares." At this period Moscheles seems to have been ubiquitous. He was present at the opening of the new London Bridge, and saw a splendid pageant upon the Thames. King and Queen, with Lord Mayor and Aldermen in their mediæval dresses, servants and retinue, made up a picture of costume that took the spectator back to the days of the Tudors.

After a few quiet days at Richmond, Moscheles went to Derby, to attend a musical festival, where Neukomm's oratorio, "The Prophecy of Babylon," and his most popular songs were performed. "The mixture of sacred and secular music was rather too much for me, but I was compensated by hearing Handel's 'Messiah.' Amongst the singers were Madame Stockhausen, Miss Masson, and Phillips—always first-rate."

"Derby.—The Committee is hardly satisfied with the pecuniary results of the Festival, two hundred

tickets at a guinea each, two hundred at twelve shillings, and two hundred at seven shillings, being all that were sold."

On Christmas Eve the Moscheles, after the good old German fashion, have their gorgeous Christmas tree, and Barry Cornwall and Neukomm add to the children's merriment—the former writing a poem, the latter setting it to music, with an obligato accompaniment of "Mirlitons." Judging by the encores, which were no less than five, the piece, with its chorus of sighs and the children's laughter, must have been a grand success.

CHAPTER XIV

1832.

MOSCHELES AS AN ORCHESTRAL WRITER—DEATH OF CLEMENTI—GERMAN OPERA IN LONDON—THE ITALIAN OPERA—"ROBERT LE DIABLE"—CENTENARY OF HAYDN'S BIRTH—THE ELDER MATHEWS—PIANISTS AND PRIME DONNE—LITERARY AND ARTISTIC FRIENDS—MENDELSSOHN'S "LIEDER OHNE WORTE"—ART CONGRESS—ANECDOTE OF SCHRÖDER—MOSCHELES' BIRTHDAY—PAGANINI—VISIT TO BERLIN—INTERCOURSE WITH THE MENDELSSOHNS—LEIPZIG AND WEIMAR—SOUVENIR OF GOETHE—AT THE PAVILION, BRIGHTON—BEETHOVEN'S "MESSE SOLENNELLE."

WRITING about the Philharmonic Society, Moscheles says: "I had the honour of being made a Director, and I was elected, they tell me, without a single black ball; there are seven of us, however, six of whom agree in their views; they are the conservatives, whilst I alone advocate musical reform. Several matters are uncongenial to me—but I am out-voted. Grand orchestral works and quartet music are played at one and the same concert, third-rate singers are engaged; the antiquated Trio by Corelli is to be heard year after year, played by those old campaigners—F. Cramer, Lindley, and Dragonetti, radiant with complacent smiles and triumphant airs. Lindley, with his inevitable Cadenza, seems to lead up to a happy close, but it is only to

return to his everlasting arpeggios and flageolet tones. It reminds me of the fly which will come back to the sugar on the plate. And yet this has its charms for a certain class of subscribers. No wonder they don't venture on Beethoven's last quartets.

Moscheles gave his new Symphony, and played his new C major Concerto. "I don't set much store," he says, "upon the praise bestowed on my new things, for this audience applauds even common-place music." The Symphony was repeated several times, but Moscheles (who was always a severe critic of his own playing and compositions) soon discovered his inferiority as an orchestral writer to many of his contemporaries, and acknowledged that his beloved Mendelssohn had already far outstripped him. The instrumentation of Moscheles' G minor Concerto, which to this very day is so effective, warranted people in expecting that the composer, who was very young at the time, would further distinguish himself as an orchestral writer, and the ballet "Les Deux Portraits," composed in his earliest days at Vienna, had won for him the favourable suffrages of competent art judges; but Moscheles, although he made some attempts later on in life, saw clearly that the piano was always his peculiar and legitimate field—that in composing for that instrument he could benefit and delight others. He therefore confined himself chiefly to pianoforte compositions, and not unfrequently introduced into these great orchestral effects.

In the early part of this year Clementi died, at the age of eighty-four years, and was followed to his grave in Westminster Abbey by many of his brother-artists. The Philharmonic Society, wishing to honour his memory, gave a performance of Mozart's "Requiem," but that noble work was utterly out of place in the midst of all sorts of secular music. Cinti on the same evening created a "furore" with the cavatina from the "Barbiere," whilst no one seemed to understand Mendelssohn's "Hebrides Overture," which was coldly received. Here was a commemorative festival, which did no honour to Clementi nor to those who survived him!

The melodrama "Rob Roy"—founded on Walter Scott's romance—was successful, and at a time when the poet, alas! lay dangerously ill in a London hotel. Braham, in spite of his advanced years, was still admirable in "Fra Diavolo;" and the inimitable Mars as great as ever in the part of Valérie.

The German opera, with Schröder-Devrient, Haizinger, Hauser, etc., had a long run of unbroken successes. Schröder's Fidelio, always grand, need only be alluded to in these pages, which frequently record her triumphs. The charming artiste used to sing in Moscheles' house, to the delight of her host and hostess, and when they thanked her she would reply, "It's a pleasure, children, to sing for you; here I can do as I like, but oh! the horror of a stiff English soirée, where the ladies stare at me, and quiz my behaviour."

The new director of the Italian Opera was Monk Mason. He had bought the score of "Robert le Diable" for England, but the pianoforte edition had only just been published, when the English theatrical managers laid violent hands upon it, having it scored by English composers and sung by English singers. "I attended," says Moscheles, "one such mongrel representation, and found in that piece of patchwork, 'The Demon,' Meyerbeer's best intentions utterly destroyed; fine scenery and ignorant listeners could alone save this performance from complete failure. Drury Lane, in rivalry with Covent Garden, wanted to produce another version, and having better singers partially succeeded; still there was no Meyerbeer in it."

On the 31st of March, the centenary of Haydn's birth was celebrated by a banquet, which is alluded to in the diary. "Ninety-two of us musical men attended the dinner; the ladies occupied the gallery. Barry Cornwall wrote a song in praise of the great musician, and Neukomm introduced into his commemorative ode a number of his old master's most beautiful airs. Field, Bohrer, and I played; we had choruses out of the 'Creation,' and the music was worthy of the occasion, but the endless toasts spoilt everything. Not only did we drink to the memory of the 'immortal Haydn,' but all musical celebrities, living and dead, absent and present, were toasted; the consequence was that some of the executants' fingers

were rather heavy when it came to the second part of the music. We Germans on this occasion had clearly the best of it."

We again find allusions to formal and distasteful musical soirées; but on the other hand Moscheles speaks with delight of Mathews, the famous comedian, who at a private party improvised scenes illustrating the recent opening of the new London Bridge. "His changes of voice and exquisite drollery belonged to a high order of wit."

On the 14th of April we read: "Yesterday, the Reform Bill was passed, and to-day, at a dinner party, we heard interesting discussions on this subject; but, alas! a great musical soirée followed, attended by the whole Tory party, the Duke of Wellington at the head. One cannot play one's best in the presence of these great men, who concentrate all their attention upon an Italian prima donna; it doesn't matter whether I or any other artist plays the piano, they don't care about it, their applause on these occasions, I regard as an expression of delight that they have got rid of me. My wife and I sacrifice as short a time as possible to such soirées, and hurry home again, as soon as good manners will allow us."

In the quiet of his own home, Moscheles found his real element of happiness, brightened as it was by the faces of many dear and distinguished friends. More than one is still amongst us to remember that home where social intercourse and the cultivation of art for

its own sake were so happily blended, and will recall to mind the image of Moscheles as he would alternately play, listen, or converse, or as he would sit correcting proof sheets, not only of his own works, but of those of friends who frequently delegated such duties to him.

Chorley, the well-known art-critic of the *Athenæum* who now settled in London, soon became intimate with the Moscheles, and was for many years their highly-esteemed, generous, and often indispensable friend. The respected authoress, Mrs. Bowdich Lee, whom Cuvier complimented as a first-rate naturalist, was not only a constant visitor at Chester Place, and a keen enthusiast for good music, but she took pleasure in instructing and amusing the children. We read in the diary of Meyerbeer's arrival, and of many interesting meetings with that amiable and gifted artist, who, as an old friend, soon felt himself at home under Moscheles' roof, but the crowning joy of all was the arrival of Mendelssohn, who, to the delight of Moscheles, appeared in London on the 23rd of April. "We had been long expecting him, but a slight attack of cholera detained him in Paris. He now swum back to us islanders laden with his precious cargo of new compositions; now the glorious days return again."

To illustrate the great intimacy existing between Mendelssohn and Moscheles, we need only let the diary, the record, as it is, of an almost daily meeting of the two friends, speak for itself:—

On the 24th of April, the day after his arrival, Mendelssohn, after dinner, played to Moscheles for the first time his so-called "Instrumental Lieder für Clavier," now the famous "Lieder ohne Worte,"* and his "Capriccio in B minor;" "all his music breathes spirit and life, the Lieder are full of deep feeling and tenderness, and his 'Capriccio' is suited to the concert room. He was particularly pleased with the Adagio in my new C major Concerto."

"April 25th.—Mendelssohn, Klingemann, Meyerbeer, and Madame Schröder-Devrient dined with us. Felix and I played his Symphony; he made me repeat my Concerto, and Schröder delighted us with her singing."

"April 28th.—Rehearsal of the Philharmonic Concert, where a regular Art Congress assembled, including Mendelssohn, Lablache, Field, and J. B. Cramer; in the evening we joined Meyerbeer in his box at the Opera, and saw 'Il Barbiere' with Cinti and Lablache; it was a first-rate performance."

"April 30th.—To-day Mendelssohn played us his Cantata 'Die Erste Walpurgisnacht,' which I had heard and admired in former days in Berlin. Now that he has completely re-written it, I admire it still

* In the original MS. in my possession the title-page, in Mendelssohn's handwriting shows that he first named these "Six Songs for the Pianoforte alone," which he corrected to "Melodies for the Pianoforte," composed by Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. London: published (for the author) by Novello, 67, Frith Street, Soho. Bonn, by N. Simrock. Paris, by Maurice Schlesinger.—F. Moscheles.

more. He also played me that charming Liederspiel, 'The Son and Stranger,' written for the silver wedding of his parents, and lastly his overture to the 'Hebrides.' My wife's invitation for this evening he answered in the following way, 'I thank Mr. Moscheles exceedingly for wishing to see something of my new compositions, and if he promises to tell me when he has had too much of me, I will bring a whole cabload of manuscripts to your house, and play every one of you to sleep.'"

"May 1st (Sunday).—Mendelssohn and Klingemann came to the children's one o'clock dinner. The former gave me the score of his overture to the 'Hebrides,' which he had finished in Rome on the 16th of December, 1830, but afterwards altered for publication. I often thought the first sketch of his compositions so beautiful and complete in form that I could not think any alteration advisable, and during our stroll in the Park we discussed this point again to-day. Mendelssohn, however, firmly adhered to his principle of revision."

Madame Moscheles writes:—"Our interesting guests at dinner were the Haizingers; he the admirable tenor singer of whom the German opera company here may well be proud, she pretty and agreeable as ever; we had too our great Schröder, and our still greater Mendelssohn. The conversation of course was animated, and the two ladies were in such spirits that they not only told anecdotes, but accompanied them with dramatic

gestures. Schröder, when telling us 'how he drew his sword,' flourished her knife in a threatening manner towards Haizinger, and Mendelssohn whispered to me, 'I wonder what John (the footman) thinks of such un-English vivacity? To see the brandishing of knives, and not to know what it is all about! Only think!' . . . . . We had the most beautiful music in the evening, one artist surpassing the other."

"May 7th.—To-day with Mendelssohn at a dinner party, where he would not play, and Field was a poor substitute."

"May 8th.—A charming, homely evening with Mendelssohn and Klingemann; we cut a thousand jokes, whilst planning our programme for our evening party on the 10th of May."

"May 9th.—In Meyerbeer's box to see the first German representation in the Italian Opera-house. 'Der Freischütz,' was given, with Madame Méric, Maschinka, Schneider, Haizinger, and Hauser the chief singers, Chelard conductor. Everything went well; the public called for the singers repeatedly, and cheered them enthusiastically."

"May 10th.—Our grand soirée; we had a happy union of German and English music."

Between the 11th and 16th of May, the friends met every evening.

"May 18th.—First representation of 'Fidelio' for the début of Schröder-Devrient; she and Haizinger inimitable, and the public so enthusiastic during the

whole evening, that the 'Overture,' the 'Canon,' the 'Prisoners' Chorus,' and the whole 'Finale' were encored."

The following comic episode will perhaps be new to some of our readers:—"In that deeply tragic scene where Madame Schröder (Fidelio) has to give Haizinger (Florestan) a piece of bread which she has kept hidden for three days for him in the folds of her dress, he does not respond to the offer; she in rather strong language whispers to him, with a coarse epithet; 'Why don't you take it? Do you want it buttered?' All this time, the audience, ignorant of the by-play, was intent solely on the pathetic situation."

"May 20th.—Mendelssohn breakfasted with me, and we began the day with music, and afterwards strolled into the Park. In the evening Haizinger came, and I tried with him a new variation which he is to sing at my concert, in the 'Abschied des Troubadours.'"

"May 21st.—With Mendelssohn, at John Cramer's concert."

"May 24th.—Second representation of 'Fidelio,' if possible, finer than the first. But is it credible that the Directors made Lee, the able violoncello-player from Hamburg, play some variations after the opera was finished, and had an act of 'Otello' to wind up with? We could not stay out such a tasteless exhibition."

"May 25th.—After giving my inevitable nine lessons

I was permitted to enjoy Mendelssohn's society at dinner. In the evening he played his charming 'Capriccio in B minor,' at Mori's concert."

"May 28th.—Rehearsed for my concert 'Mozart's Concerto for Two Pianos,' with Mendelssohn at Erard's. Felix dined with us, and in the evening we went together to the Philharmonic Concert; he won a genuine triumph by the performance of his new 'G minor Concerto.' Invention, form, instrumentation, and playing: everything gave me perfect satisfaction. The piece sparkles with genius."

"May 29th.—My wife had prepared a pleasant surprise for me. Mendelssohn and the German artists came to dine with us on the eve of my birthday. Madame Haizinger recited a Prologue by Klingemann, explaining that to-morrow being a busy day, they had anticipated the celebration. A packet was then handed to me, containing a sheet of paper on which Mendelssohn had transcribed a regular catalogue of the themes of my works, illustrating them with humorous drawings in the margin. I was, however, allowed no time to study the interesting present, for a four-part song broke in upon us; then Schröder, the Haizingers, and Hause, sang a Canon by Mendelssohn, upon four lines of a stanza written for the occasion by Klingemann; the music founded on the motivo of my 'C major Concerto.' It was a charming fête for me, as an artist and a man."

"May 30th.—Mendelssohn, Klingemann, and our

mutual friend, Dr. Fritz Rosen, Professor of Sanscrit in the University of London, at dinner."

In the month of June we find Mendelssohn playing with Moscheles at his own concert, besides giving a masterly performance of fugues in St. Paul's Cathedral, and playing at the Philharmonic Concerts, where he is obliged to repeat, amid salvos of applause, the whole of his "G minor Concerto." "The quiet evenings," observes Moscheles, "when we chat and make music together, are incomparably delightful. To-day we went carefully through his pianoforte duet arrangement of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream;' this is just about to appear in print. The dinner party to-day at Sir George Smart's—the first since his marriage with the charming Miss Hope—was very agreeable; the music was worthy of the occasion."

Further on Moscheles writes: "Mendelssohn and I admire Horsley's glee 'Cold is Cadwallo's Tongue.' The death of the Celtic hero could not have been bewailed in more tragic tones than in this glee. . . . . Again we agree about Paganini; he has just returned to London and played in public, but no longer exercised the old charm over us. That eternal mawkishness becomes at last too much of a good thing."

On the 22nd of June Mendelssohn comes to take leave. "We were in high spirits, talked in riddles; but when the parting moment came, it was a melancholy business."

As late as the 24th of June we still find Moscheles

busy. "I slept for once up to eight o'clock. This morning I listened, as I was dressing, to little Litolff, who had come for his promised lesson. Then a hasty breakfast, but whilst I was sipping my first cup of coffee, in came the Ladies B——, who stayed so long that I had to make up my mind to give Litolff his lesson in their presence. Next in turn was a Viennese pianist, who brought a Rondo, the chief feature of which was a 'Crescendo à la Rossini.' Close on his heels came the two Eichhorn boys, who had to wait whilst I saw the doctor. No sooner had he gone than I had the exquisite treat of hearing the boys play, and as a finale:—enter a musical friend, with an insatiable appetite for my performances."

The month of July, allowing for business "poco a poco decrescendo," differs very slightly from its predecessor, but the hour of release is at hand, and on the 14th of August Moscheles gets away for his quiet holiday-time with his relatives in Hamburg. His ideas of happiness consisted, as we know, in composing and playing; and this he did privately with the best artists of the town, publicly for charitable objects.

On the 4th of October the family went to Berlin to meet Moscheles' mother, who for the first time enjoyed the happiness of seeing her grandchildren.

Of course the great centre of attraction was Felix Mendelssohn, and the house of his parents. The father was Moscheles' confidential adviser in matters of business, and as to music, Moscheles says: "I

practise daily on Felix's magnificent Erard, and he is going to lend it to me for the concert; we often extemporize together, each of us trying to dart quick as lightning on the suggestions implied by each other's harmonies, and to construct others upon them. Then Felix, whenever I introduce any motive out of his own works, breaks in and cuts me short by playing a subject from one of my compositions, on which I retort, and then he, and so on *ad infinitum*. It's a sort of musical blindman's-buff, where the blindfolded now and then run against each other's heads."

On the 11th of October Moscheles was present at a delightful performance of the "Walpurgis Night," given at the house of Felix's parents; the solos were performed by Mantius, the Devrients, and Frau Thürschmidt. Beethoven's Polonaise and Moscheles' Sonata in E flat were played by him and Felix, and Mantius and Devrient sang from the Liederspiel, "The Son and the Stranger." It was a charming evening. A similar party is alluded to on the 14th of October.

"Neukomm's arrival in Berlin was generally welcome. Felix and I heard his oratorio, the 'Ten Commandments' in the Academy, as well as the 'Crociato,' given for the first time on the birthday of the Crown Prince. Unfortunately the Crociato himself was quite hoarse, but Frau Kraus Wranitzky was excellent as Palmyra—the men nothing to speak of; choruses and scenery splendid." The Moscheles admired in the Exhibition just opened, "Die Trauernden Juden," a

picture by Edward Bendemann, a youth of twenty-one years of age, whose great reputation dated from the production of this work.

Moscheles says again: "I enjoyed the privilege, but only once during my short stay in Berlin, of hearing Schleiermacher preach."

On the 17th of this month Moscheles' crowded concert was given at the Opera House. He says: "My third of the receipts amounts to 301 thalers net. Graf Redern, Intendant of the Royal Opera, met me in a very friendly manner, and the public so heartily applauded my C major Concerto, the Danish Fantasia, and an improvisation upon 'Che farò,' 'Voi che sapete,' and 'Namenlose Freude,' that I was in great delight, especially as my mother and my wife were both present at my triumph. Felix supped with us at 'Jagor's.' He was in high spirits."

On the following day, the last that Moscheles spent in Berlin, there was a matinée at Mendelssohn's. Felix played, with the violinist Ries, Beethoven's C minor Sonata, and Moscheles his Trio, the scherzo of which he was obliged to repeat. At dinner the whole family begged him to play once more at the Opera House, and Felix jumped up from table to ask Redern if a concert could be arranged by Sunday. The answer was that it could not be done before Wednesday, and this confirmed Moscheles in his resolve to leave Berlin immediately, but not before he got from Felix a promise, with reference to an expected event,

that he would come to London and be sponsor to a child, which, if a boy, was to bear the name of Felix.

On arriving at Leipzig, Moscheles found two hundred subscribers' names down for his concert; the instrument to be used was lent by Wieck, "whose dear little clever daughter played to me."

The arrival at Weimar, and a visit to Hummel, are next recorded, and Moscheles, speaking of a déjeuner at Frau von Goethe's, says: "There were plenty of titled people who made a great deal of me and my playing, but my wife and I thought sorrowfully of Goethe, the great genius of the place, who had died some months since. We were in his house, but were not even allowed to see his own rooms, as everything in them was still disarranged. Frau von Goethe gave us, as souvenirs, a few fac-similes of the great man's handwriting, the last medal that was struck of him, and a lock of his hair. The ladies of the Court were of opinion that the Grand Duchess would keep Sunday disengaged for my concert; she was very gracious and well-disposed towards me. There was an obstacle however, for the Grand Duke had to receive two foreign ambassadors on that day; I played but once before the Court, was treated with marked kindness, and presented with a diamond ring."

"October 26th.—Dined at Hummel's. We extemporized on the pianoforte, and delighted our audience. Hummel, however, I felt, was no Felix. We were soon in our travelling dress, and drove on to Erfurt."

On arriving at Frankfort, he writes: "Hofrath André, in Offenbach, showed me an unfinished Opera, by Mozart, 'Bettulia Liberata.' The printed Libretto shows that the composer, Gassman, wrote the music to it in 1786. André undertook to complete Mozart's work, and showed me the score of his overture. I played it, and think it has merit."

On the 7th of November Moscheles gives a successful concert at Frankfort, and after fulfilling an engagement at Cologne hurries back to London. Once at Chester Place, he records in his diary his delight at finding himself home again, and the success of this winter campaign, adding: "To-day, the first after my return, I gave a lesson to a pupil who had been waiting many anxious weeks." On the 30th: "True to my habit of composing something new on my wife's birthday, I began, this year, not as hitherto, a mere trifle, but a Septet, which I am commissioned to write for the Philharmonic Society. It is to be their exclusive property for two years, after which I may publish it."

As he worked at the Septet steadily every evening, a royal command to play before the Court at Brighton was an unwelcome interruption, but being assured by a friend that he would play immediately after his arrival, he started on the evening of the 11th of December.

"All alone in the Brighton Coach with Goethe's 'Götz' as my companion. Arrived at two o'clock, gave

my letter, but didn't meet a soul. Great crowds in the street on account of the impending elections. The two candidates paraded the streets with bands of music and the shouts of their partisans. Theatre deserted, empty and cold, the farce of 'Harvest Home' was a dreary Ballet, but Mr. and Mrs. Keeley in 'Master's Rival' were excellent."

"December 12th.—Matters did not go as smoothly as I had been led to anticipate, and from the difficulty I had in procuring a personal interview with Sir Andrew Barnard, for the purpose of talking over the necessary arrangements for my appearance at the Pavilion this evening, I feared that there was truth in the report that he was prejudiced against German art, and reserved his courtesies for the Italians. When at last he did condescend to admit me to his presence, he apologized for having kept me waiting, and, after a few polite phrases, asked me if I would try the Erard in the Pavilion. I found the instrument stiff and unmanageable from having stood so long in a cold room, but I was obliged to get my hand in somehow, and had not a single moment to spare for rehearsal with the King's band. We met in the evening in the fantastically decorated and beautifully lighted music-room attached to the Pavilion. The scene was a brilliant one. King William IV., Queen Adelaide, and their suite, sat at the farthest corner of the room. The guests were a long way from the piano, and I was not presented. I played my new 'Fantasia upon

English National Songs,' which was dedicated to the Queen. During my performance the King alone approached me, and seemed to be listening; he bowed condescendingly when I rose, but did not say a syllable; the company talked loudly. Sir Andrew asked me to play on the organ, and later in the evening I had to accompany eight imperfectly trained performers, in some selections from Haydn's 'Creation.' Only the Princess Augusta and the Marchioness of Cornwallis took any interest in my 'Alexander Variations' and extempore playing, and that in spite of the general buzz of conversation. Some numbers of 'Robert le Diable' were given by the band, and the performance finished with 'God save the King.' The Court withdrew after Sir Andrew had handed to the Queen a copy of my 'English Fantasia,' an honour I myself had solicited, but been refused. Sir Andrew dismissed me as before with a few polite courtly phrases about the satisfaction felt by their Majesties, but none of the company exchanged a word with me." No wonder that Moscheles left Brighton in a bad humour, and was only too glad to get home again after this cold reception, if only to forget the unpleasant impressions he brought away with him. Mr. Grimal, a great musical enthusiast, brought him Beethoven's Mass in D (op. 123), a work hitherto unknown and unheard in London, requesting him to conduct it at the house of Mr. Alsager, the contributor of the City article to the *Times*, and a complete fanatic in his

Beethoven worship. In his large music room Beethoven's works were given with full orchestral accompaniments. On the 23rd of December, Moscheles first acted there as conductor of a most efficient band, although consisting partly of amateurs, and subsequently his services as conductor were repeatedly called for. "I had," writes Moscheles, "become by dint of study, completely absorbed in that colossal work (the Messe Solennelle). Occasionally isolated phrases seemed unequal to the elevation of Church music, but these, compared with the work in its entirety, are as the details of a broadly conceived picture. The enthusiasm of my English friends also fired my zeal to give an interpretation worthy of the great work. Miss Novello and Miss H. Cawse did their best. The 'Benedictus,' with the heavenly violin solo (Mori), enchanted us all."

After Christmas, Moscheles finished his sketch of the Adagio of the Septet, devoted a few days to copying the parts and arranging the music for the orchestra, and then had the satisfaction of successfully rehearsing his music on the 31st of December before some musical friends.

CHAPTER XV.

1833.

CONCERTS IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND—BIRTH OF A SON—CONGRATULATORY LETTER FROM FELIX MENDELSSOHN—JOHN PARRY—HERZ—HANDEL'S MESSIAH—PASTA—MADAME MALIBRAN—CHOPIN'S "STUDIES"—MENDELSSOHN IN LONDON—ILLNESS OF MENDELSSOHN'S FATHER—COLERIDGE—MOORE—LOCKHART—SEASIDE MUSIC—LESSONS GIVEN DURING THE YEAR.

THE Septet, begun in the old year and finished in the new, became a special favourite with Moscheles, and with Mendelssohn too, who asked in his child-like modest way, "Will you allow me to arrange it as a duet for the piano?" And later on, when engaged on the work, "Do you like it?—I am certain you would have done it better yourself." We used to smile at such speeches as these, and call them his "culpable modesty" (frevelhafte Bescheidenheit), but were for all that quite satisfied that the great artist, underrating his own value, was thoroughly sincere in what he said.

The following extracts from letters to his wife, refer to concerts in the north of England.

"York, February 4th, 11.30 A.M.—The concert is over. I may say, without self-assertion, that I was the only one applauded at all this evening; we had but one solo-singer, a few glees, some miserable overtures,

in which the flute was the sole support of the harmonies. O misery! Anyone less thick-skinned than I am, would have died straight off, but I could listen without as much as a fainting fit. I assure you I was obliged to nerve myself, as I should have to do if I were attending an execution. I was not only enthusiastically received, but forced to improvise twice. The singer, Mr W., wanted to have 'The Midnight Review,' accompanied by the orchestra, and at the rehearsal I took all possible pains to make the thing go, but there was no more life or spirit to be got out of the band than from stones or pebbles. I advised him to give up the band, and offered my services to save a catastrophe, by accompanying the cantata myself. At six in the morning I start in the mail-coach for Sheffield, and as I have to pack up, I must finish.

"Sheffield, February 5th, 11 o'clock.—The concert is over. To-day was a busy one, and whilst writing to you I feel like a stage-coach horse just arrived, and steaming after his work is over. I was up at 5, started at 6, here by 3.30. Immediately went off to rehearsal; then dinner and concert. They wanted the 'Fall of Paris' again, but I only played the finale twice, and escaped a threatened encore of my extempore playing by bowing my acknowledgments."

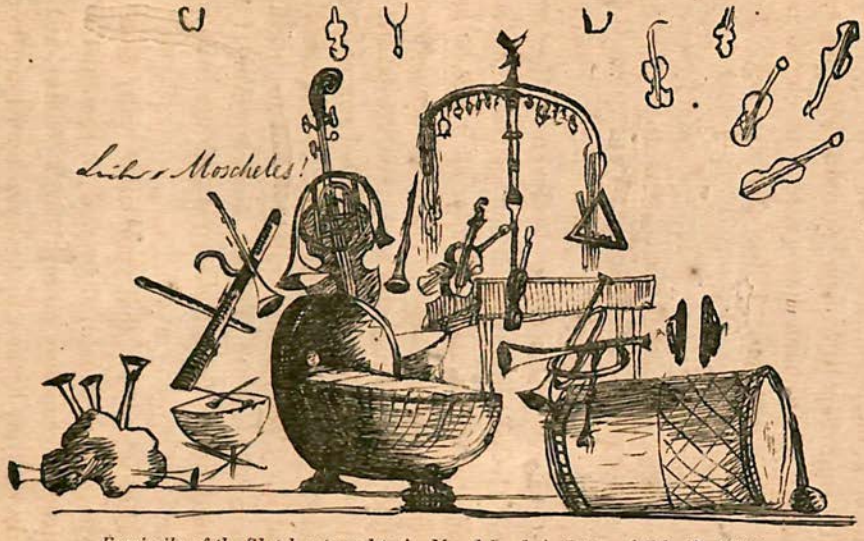
On the very day of his return to London, his son was born. Great was the joy in the house of Moscheles, who writes: "I sat up half the night writing the happy news to relations, and the expectant

godfather, Felix Mendelssohn, expressing to the latter a hope that he would come, and hold the child in his own hands at the font."

The following letter, with the annexed pen and ink sketch, came by return of post, in answer to Moscheles' letter:—

"DEAR MOSCHELES,—Here they are, wind instruments and fiddles, for the son and heir must not be kept waiting till I come; he must have a cradle-song, with drums and trumpets, and Janissary music; the fiddles alone are not near joyous enough. May every happiness and joy and blessing attend the little stranger; may he be prosperous; may he do well whatever he does; and may it fare well with him in this world! So he is to be called Felix, is he? How nice and kind of you to let him become my godchild in formâ, and the first present his godfather makes him is the above entire orchestra; it is to accompany him all through life: the trumpets when he wants to become famous, the flutes when he falls in love, the cymbals* when he gets a beard; the pianoforte explains itself, and should people ever play him false, as they will do to the best of us, there stand the kettledrums, and the big drums in the background. Dear me! forgive this rubbish, but I am ever so happy when I think of your happiness, and of the time when I shall have my full share of it. By the end of April at the latest

* The German word "Becken" has the double meaning of cymbals and bason.



Facsimile of the Sketch referred to in Mendelssohn's Letter of Feb. 27, 1833.

I intend to be in London, and then we will give the boy a regular name and introduction to the big world. It will be grand!

"To your Septet I look forward with no small pleasure. Klingemann has written out eleven notes of it for me, and those I like ever so much; I can

quite imagine what a bright lively Finale they would make. He has also described and analysed for me the Andante in B flat major, but after all it will be better to hear it. Don't expect too much from the compositions I shall bring with me. You are sure to find frequent traces of a moodiness which I can only shake off slowly and by dint of an effort. I often feel as if I had never composed at all, and had to begin and learn everything over again; now, however, I have got into better trim, and my last things will sound better.

"Nice it was, too, that your letter really found me, as you said it should, alone and in the quiet of my own room, composing to my heart's content, and now I only wish my letter may find you some quiet evening at home, with your dear ones well and happy around you. We will see whether I am as lucky at wishing as you were. I am in a hurry, and must end. I had

but half an hour to write to you in, and that beautiful bit of art has taken up all my time; besides, I have nothing further to say but this: I wish you joy, now and hereafter, and may we soon meet again. My friends here send their kindest remembrances and congratulations, and are well; all but my father, who suffers constantly from his eyes, and is in consequence much depressed. This re-acts upon us, and we pray that there may soon be a change for the better. My sister and I just now do a great deal of music; every Sunday morning we have stringed accompaniments, and I have just received from the bookbinder a big grass-green volume of 'Moscheles,' for next time we are going to play your Trio. Farewell, farewell, and remain happy.

"Yours,

"Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy."

"Berlin, 27 Feb. 1833.

"Dear Mrs. Moscheles,—To-day, although I can write but a few lines, I must send you my best congratulations, and tell you how I can enter heart and soul into your happiness. How delightful it is, but I shall soon make the personal acquaintance of the new arrival, and how delightful that he is to be called after me; mind you wait, please, till I am there, so that I may really avail myself of the old invitation to the christening; I will come with all possible haste, and be in London as early as I can. I'm glad it's a

boy; he must become a musician, and what we all would fain do, and cannot, may it be his destiny to achieve, or if not, it matters little, for a good man he will become; and that's the great point. To be sure, I see it plainly, that the two grown-up sisters, Misses Emily and Serena, will tyrannize over him; by the time he is fourteen he will have to suffer from many a side-glance at his too long arms, and his too short coat, and his bad voice; but by-and-by he will become a man, and protect them in their turn, and do them all manner of services, and he will have to go through the boredom of many a soirée as their chaperon. I am sure you are a little, perhaps very, angry with me as being so lazy a correspondent, but only pardon me, and I promise to amend; more particularly so when I am once in London, and can myself carry and improvise my answers and questions; but I will improve even before that. My sisters send you heaps of good wishes and congratulations; so do my parents, and we all heartily rejoice in the event of your first-born son. I must now begin the last movement of my Symphony, which, lying as it does on the tips of my fingers, spoils my style and robs me of my time. Pardon these hurried lines; you know how they are meant.

"Your devoted

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN."

The question of shifting the place of their meetings

gave rise this winter to violent discussions amongst the members of the Philharmonic Society. In the Argyll Rooms there were boxes for the more fashionable members amongst the subscribers, in the Hanover Square Rooms there was but one large box (called the Royal Box from being reserved for the Court); the proposal to have stalls was hotly contested, but not carried. The orchestra was differently arranged in the new room, the basses being separated and placed more in the background than hitherto, and on trying the overture to the "Zauberflöte" the new arrangement proved effective. The programmes included amongst the works of the great masters—Mendelssohn's Symphony in A major, performed with great applause on the 13th of May, and on the same evening Mendelssohn played Mozart's Concerto in D in a masterly style. Hummel also was heard in his new Concerto in F major, and Moscheles in his new Septet written for the Society, accompanied by Dragonetti, Lindley, Mori, and others.

At the conclusion of this season's concerts there was a first performance of Mendelssohn's Overture to "Ruy Blas;" the unrivalled Malibran appeared again, and Moscheles was re-elected a Director of the Philharmonic.

Moscheles found an opportunity of introducing at Mr. Alsager's meetings Beethoven's Sonatas, op. 109 and 111, and remarks: "I found some of my hearers listening with deep devotion, whilst at my own house

artists seem comparatively indifferent; some certainly are moved, while others are scared by the extravagancies of the master, and do not recover their equanimity until I favour them with the more intelligible D minor Sonata."

At a concert given by the Royal Society of Musicians "there was an amusing performance, for old Parry, dressed in the costume of a Welsh bard, carrying his harp, sang his national melodies. He is a favourite with us musicians, who gave him a complimentary dinner and a present of silver plate, in recognition of his many years' services as one of our guild, and in token of his efforts on behalf of poor musicians. His gratitude and emotion were very touching."

The influenza, which first appeared in a virulent form in London this spring, attacked Moscheles and his household severely. We read: "We are now in the middle of April; my annual concert is announced for the 1st of May, and the indispensable novelty (with which alone I can meet my public with a good conscience) has still to be composed. How can I tell whether my fingers will be fit for action, and whether I should not act wisely in giving up this concert?" Mendelssohn came to London; his visit seems to have acted on Moscheles like a panacea, and the joy of seeing Felix once again to have contributed to his recovery, for a few days later, Moscheles, resolving to venture on his concert, the two friends determined to

write and play together a piece for two pianos. They agreed on the necessity of a brilliant piece, but were at a loss to select one out of a number of popular subjects. Several were proposed; at last the Gipsy March out of Weber's "Preciosa" was chosen. "I will make a variation in minor, which shall growl below in the bass," exclaimed Felix; "will you do a brilliant one in major in the treble?" And so it was settled that the Introduction as well as the first and second variations should fall to the lot of Mendelssohn, the third and fourth, with the connecting Tutti, to that of Moscheles. "We wished to share in the Finale; so he began with the Allegro movement, which I broke in upon with a 'più lento.'"

In two days the music was written, and they went from the Philharmonic at a late hour to Erard's, to have their first rehearsal. "We found two pianos ready, and our hasty patchwork delighted my wife, our solitary listener. If this midnight pianoforte rehearsal was a hurried affair, the orchestral one on the morning of the 30th of April was still more so; we had only half a band, in consequence of the long rehearsal at the Opera, and only a few over-tired players arrived, and hastily ran through the new piece." In spite of all these obstacles the Concert on the 1st of May was a real success. Not a soul observed that the duet had been merely sketched, and that each of us was allowed to improvise in his own solo, until at certain passages agreed on, we met again in due

harmony. The scheme, which seemed so very hazardous, ended triumphantly, and was received with applause.

Mendelssohn, having undertaken the conductorship of the Düsseldorf musical festival, was for a short time withdrawn from his friends in London, but soon returned, and this time accompanied by his excellent father. The two friends were rejoiced to meet again, and, at the christening of little Felix, Mendelssohn presented his godchild with an album, which, in spite of the repeated calls on his time in London, he had inaugurated with two sketches and a piece of music. "One of these drawings is a view of our own house, and the other a charming view in the Regent's Park. The composition is the 'cradle song,' with Klingemann's words, now so well known as 'Slumber and Dream.' There probably never was a happier christening fête than that of to-day. Our friends Neukomm and Barry Cornwall celebrated it with music and poetry."

We find several notes which illustrate the constant intercourse between Moscheles and Mendelssohn. On one occasion the latter answers an invitation thus: "Alas! we cannot! To-day we have a dinner party of our own. I have just ordered salmon and lobster sauce for five people, so I must 'present my regrets.' Seriously speaking, Rosen, Henzler, and Klingemann have promised to spend the evening with us, and therefore, alas! we cannot come to you. My father hopes to see you this morning to thank you." Here is a

note of Mendelssohn to Mrs. Moscheles: "Dear Mrs. Moscheles,—It is two o'clock, I am just back from the country and have received your note. At ten o'clock I ought to have been in Grosvenor Place. I should like to have done what you wanted; but you must own that the fates wont allow either of my appearing to be, or really being fashionable. Lately you were kind enough to say to me that we might all three come to dine to-day (for Dr. Franck has actually arrived), but now I should like to know if you mean this in earnest, or if you do *not*, or if we may come. Please send by bearer a verbal decision!"

The answer was of course in the affirmative. On the 6th of May Moscheles complains; "How deadly slow and monotonous was H. in his Fantasia this evening at our house; Mendelssohn yawned an obligato accompaniment. When we were once more alone, Felix and I had some glorious extempore playing together."

H. Herz, the brilliant player, suddenly appeared on the musical horizon. His rapidity of finger, his marked accent, as well as his light, melodious, and easily intelligible music produced a great effect. We read in the diary, "H. Herz completely drowned me with his furious bass, in the duet on subjects out of Auber's 'Philtre,' which I played, as a favour, with him at his own concert." This duet, however, ultimately became a favourite.

Very comical was the contrast when J. B. Cramer consented to play, as a pianoforte duet, with Herz at his concert, the brilliant 'Polonaise' of Beethoven. Moscheles compares Herz to a "young frisky colt," and Cramer to a "well-fed, cream-coloured state-horse, harnessed on great occasions to the royal carriage." Cramer and Hummel played in this same Concert Mozart's Fantasia in F minor, and that was far more effective.

The concerts now follow closely on one another; in that given by young Schulz, Moscheles took part, as one of six pianoforte players of the "Zauberflöte" overture. At Mori's he played with Mendelssohn the new piece on the "Preciosa" march.

On the 10th of July all the musicians gave a grand concert for the benefit of a poor artist's family; and Mendelssohn and Moscheles were two of the players in a piece written by Czerny for four pianos.

On the 12th of July, Mr. Hope, owner of the famous picture-gallery, lends his house for a concert given for the benefit of the Hospital for Sick Children. "The music, to which I contributed my mite, was performed in the room of the masters of the Italian school; if inclined to migrate, one could enjoy a stroll in a room full of Dutch pictures, but as Malibran and Paganini were amongst the performers, every one was satisfied to stop and listen." On one occasion, when Paganini ventured upon Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata," Moscheles called it "a desecration."

Incidentally, we read of a performance of Handel's "Messiah." "I swallowed my dinner hastily, so as not to miss a note of this masterpiece, but, after listening with close attention for some time, I was mortified at finding that the small amount of vigour left to me after the rough-and-tumble of the season, was not enough to enable me to take in and digest such a colossal work. Such considerations always lead me back again to the thought of enjoying hereafter in Germany the fruits of my independence, won by my active exertions in England. What a melancholy evening last Thursday, when I heard Pasta's 'Romeo;' she sang terribly out of tune. This great artiste, long past her prime, has lost her voice, and actually consents to barter her reputation for a heap of guineas; it shocks me."

The first performance of "Euryanthe," on the 29th of June, in Covent Garden Theatre, and the admirable singing of Schröder and Haitzinger, were some compensation for Pasta's shortcomings.

At Drury Lane the sparkling, and in the vocal and histrionic way unique Malibran made a "furore" in the "Devil's Bridge" and "Sonnambula" set to English words. She was thoroughly realistic, and in her dress and movements despised everything conventional. Thus, in the sleep-walking scene, unlike other great representatives of the part, whose muslin négligé would have suited any lady, she adopted the bonâ-fide night-cap of the peasant girl, and the loose garment of a sleeper; her "tricot" stockings were so transparent

as to veil her feet but imperfectly. Her acting in this opera was exquisitely touching, her outburst of sorrow so natural that she enlisted the sympathy of her audience from beginning to end of the piece.

Moscheles studies of Chopin's music led him to make the following observation : " I gladly pass some of my leisure hours of an evening in cultivating an acquaintance with Chopin's Studies and his other compositions. I am charmed with their originality, and the national colouring of his subjects. My thoughts, however, and through them my fingers, stumble at certain hard, inartistic, and to me inconceivable modulations. On the whole I find his music often too sweet, not manly enough, and hardly the work of a profound musician."

Again we find Mendelssohn mentioned in a letter : " What endless music we have made together! I made him play over and over again his own things, which I followed in the score. He would on these occasions imitate some one wind-instrument, or take up a point in a chorus with his clear tenor voice. Whenever he has arranged one of his overtures as a pianoforte duet, we try it over together, until we find it perfectly suitable for the piano."

They often play to one another Beethoven's Sonatas, which not unfrequently diverge into joint improvisations of the maddest kind, and musical caricatures. On one occasion the nursery song, " Polly put the kettle on," is chosen for a subject on purpose to please

the two little girls, with whom Felix liked to laugh and play; in a jovial mood he would often take them to the Zoological Gardens, and amuse them with all kinds of jokes. Amongst the many kind friends who visited at Chester Place, the children had the discrimination to fix on Mendelssohn as prime favourite. He and Moscheles were mutually attracted to one another as much by kindred tastes and sympathies as by music. Moscheles admired his friend's genius, and watched, without a particle of envy, the steadily increasing fame of the young composer, his former pupil; Mendelssohn, on the other hand, was all devotion, all gratitude for the rich treasure of experience which the older master had stored up in his pianoforte works. They loved and esteemed each other, these feelings were reciprocated mutually in the two families, and the strength of this friendship was proved when the days of sorrow came.

Mendelssohn, hearing of the death of his old master Zelter, goes off in haste at an early hour in the morning to Moscheles, announcing himself in such words as: "I cannot work, I should like to spend the day here." On one occasion, Mrs. Moscheles being too unwell to accompany her husband away from home, Felix goes to spend the evening with her, and she records his conversation in letters to her father. If Felix came to her complaining of weariness, she used to make him sit down quietly on the sofa in a dark corner; there he would rest for a few

minutes whilst the children would stop their game and keep perfect silence. Then, after taking some slight refreshment, he would rouse himself and discuss with his usual animation some severe musical rehearsal, a morning concert, or a political meeting, where he was constantly to be found. She could venture to lecture him on his yesterday's visit, to tell him that he had fidgeted and been fretful and impatient, in fact thoroughly unamiable, whereupon he would say, "Yes, but why does *that* person come just at that particular moment when I should have so enjoyed making music with Moscheles." Whenever about to leave England, he asks her to write. She is to tell him of this, that, and the other, for Moscheles has so little time; she promises this, adding, "But don't answer; you are a celebrated man, you have something better to do,"—a thing he would never allow. In his letters he frequently sends Serena messages about the carnation, his and her favourite flower. In the midst of the worries incidental to a musical festival, or on the journeys which Moscheles and he take together, he would add some words or pen-and-ink sketches to the letters of his friend, and when abroad send a first copy of his later published "Lieder," neatly written in the letter, immediately after they were composed, to Mrs. Moscheles. "A little song has just come into my head;" or, "Here is a song; unfortunately it does not suit your voice (referring to the tenor song 'Leucht' heller als die

Sonne'); I send it, however. Moscheles, perhaps, will hum it." . . . Pages such as these are carefully preserved amongst the family treasures.

During this visit to London, the elder Mendelssohn was laid up for weeks by a tedious illness, and the family were very anxious about him. His weakened sight made constant reading impossible, so his friends, Mrs. Moscheles in particular, spent all their spare time with him. She writes to her father, "I read him the *Times* aloud, as I did to you, and he gives me very sound views about the education of children. I hope they will benefit my own; but whatever amount of time I am in his company, the hours fly rapidly, his conversation is so agreeable." On one occasion during this illness, Felix sends the following note to Mrs. Moscheles:—

"My father begs to say that he cannot accept the offer of your carriage to-day; the Miss Alexanders have sent him theirs; but, that if you can make him a present of your time, you will oblige him by walking over with it to his house. This is expressed in very bad style; but anyhow it's not your Platt-Deutsch, but rather my Berlinese—no offence—yours,

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

"P.S.—Yesterday the doctors were very hopeful. Brodie does not want to come again. Second postscript (the chief point): How are you?"

Felix did not recover his good spirits and capacity for work until his father had been completely restored to health, and the departure of their two friends on the 4th of August was a melancholy event to the Moscheles family.

Amongst a number of commonplace and tedious soirées mentioned in the diary, Moscheles makes an exception in favour of one at the Lockharts. "His wife, Sir Walter Scott's eldest daughter, has all her father's amiability. We saw there for the first time Thomas Moore, the poet, a little lively sparkling Irishman, who, on the strength of his passion for music, immediately made acquaintance with me. He sang his own poems, adapted to certain Irish melodies, harmonized and accompanied by himself on the guitar. 'Le genre est petit,' thought I, but the novelty made it interesting to us. The poet Coleridge was there too, still bright and cheerful, although looking an old man. Of authoresses we had the Ladies Stepney and Charlotte Bury. After Moore had given us his Irish melodies, I was obliged to go to the piano, and share with the poet the exaggerated compliments paid us by the company."

In August Moscheles and his family went to Hastings. "What a pity," writes Moscheles, "that a bevy of lady-lodgers in the house spoil, by their strumming, all my musical enjoyment, not to mention my musical thoughts. They play on the piano and guitar, 'La ci darem,' as a presto, and Reissiger's Waltz as a sentimental Andante." To bear this for any length of

time was intolerable; and, finding no suitable lodgings in Hastings, the Moscheles withdrew to St. Leonards.

On returning to London, we read of visits to both Houses of Parliament, an interesting debate in the Commons, when O'Connell spoke, and of a four hours' discussion on "Captain Napier's victory on behalf of Don Pedro."

On the 11th of November Moscheles writes: "Yesterday at the performance of 'Hamlet,' at Drury Lane, I was forcibly reminded by a celebrated passage of what I am always preaching to my pupils, 'Self-command in the midst of a difficult performance, and a quiet mastery over oneself.' The great poet makes Hamlet say, 'Do not saw the air too much with your hand thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness.'" With regard to the first performance of Auber's "Bal-masqué," we read: "The music is often deafening, but often piquant, the ball wonderfully brilliant."

Moscheles' chief employment this winter was composing during his evenings at home the B major Concerto (fantastique). Besides this he wrote the Impromptu in E flat major and the more commonplace Divertimento, "Operatic Reminiscences." His well-known good nature was put to the test by frequent interruptions of these labours. "A friend," he says, "brings me his 'Swiss Divertimento' for

revision. I deal with it as Kotzebue makes his amanuensis do, who only leaves the words, 'My dear friend,' standing at the top of the page, and adds the rest. Adding, the rest cost me two quiet evenings. A third I was forced to sacrifice to the Hungarian Baron Rathen, who wanted to play over to me from beginning to end his 'musical love-scene interrupted by a storm.' On his English card he calls himself 'Teacher of the Organ, Piano, and Doro-Bass (thorough-bass)."

On the 31st of December, Moscheles writes in his Diary, "On reckoning I find I have given this year 1457 lessons, of which 1328 were paid, and 129 gratis. Of the latter class, those I gave to Litolff, who is making rapid strides, were the most interesting."

CHAPTER XVI.

1834.

STARS OF THE ITALIAN OPERA—GRISI, RUBINI, AND TAMBURINI—DE VRUGT—VIEUXTEMPS—LADY VIOLIN-PLAYERS—FESTIVAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY—DISTRIBUTION OF THE CHORUS—COMPARISON OF THE TWO FESTIVALS IN 1784–1834—SOLO-SINGERS—TENORS AND SOPRANOS—"ISRAEL IN EGYPT"—THE "MESSIAH"—DEMEANOUR OF THE AUDIENCE—FESTIVAL AT BIRMINGHAM—OVERTURE TO "JOAN OF ARC"—BYRON'S "MANFRED" AT COVENT-GARDEN.

MOSCHELES writes at the beginning of the year, "We are in January, and already the chief topic of conversation is the grand music festival to be given next June in Westminster Abbey. It is *the* musical event of the year."

Before that takes place we should record the sensation created by the stars of the Italian Opera, Grisi, Rubini, and Tamburini. Grisi, although inferior as an actress to Pasta, as a musician to Malibran, and lacking the charm and loveliness of Sontag, still captivated her listeners by her youth, beauty, and the freshness and glory of her voice. Rubini maintained his long-recognised position as a master of his art, and Tamburini, with his classical profile and fine mellow voice, contributed his full share to the triumph of this world-renowned trio.

Ivanhoff, an Italianized Russian, attracted the public by his great flexibility of voice, but displeased my German ear by using his head voice too frequently, particularly when singing Schubert's "Serenade." His sickly sentimental style became so wearisome, that some wag circulated a joke about him, declaring his real name was, "I've enough."

Moscheles played his new Concerto Pathétique at the Philharmonic, and directed on the same occasion Mendelssohn's still unknown overture to "Melusine;" both novelties were received coldly. Mrs. Moscheles writes an account of the concert to Mendelssohn, whose characteristic answer we commend to our readers: "So the people at the Philharmonic did not like my 'Melusine'? Heigh-ho! The news wont kill me. I certainly was sorry when I got your letter, and I played off my overture right through, to see if I too dislike it now; but it does give me pleasure, so there's not much harm done, or would you have me believe that you would receive me in a less friendly way at my next visit? That would be a pity, that would distress me very much. But I hope not, and perhaps it may please somewhere else, or if not I will write something else, and that may please better. But after all, my chief delight is in the fact that such a thing exists in writing; and if besides that, such kind words are bestowed on it as you and Moscheles send me, it *has* been well received, and I can quietly go on working. I utterly fail to understand what you

tell me in your letter, of the cold reception given to Moscheles' new Concerto. I should have thought it as clear as noonday that that must please them, and still more so when he plays it to them. But when will it be published? I am longing to attack it."

We find Moscheles less inclined than ever to come to terms with the Manager of the Italian Opera. He writes: "Now I will see if I am not able to be quit of an extortionate impressario, and to fill my room without the assistance of his Italian singers. If I don't succeed, so much the more shame for me, and I must hang up 'my harp and music on the willow-tree.'" He did succeed however, some artists supported him, amongst them a new tenor just arrived from Holland, De Vrugt, who soon made himself a name; he engaged Madame Stockhausen—the room was full, and the audience enthusiastic. At the beginning of the season, a host of artists put in an appearance; amongst them Vieuxtemps, a wonderful boy, who attracted great attention by his fine violin-playing. There were two lady violin-players as well, Filiepowitz and Paravicini, who were much talked about. Mrs. Anderson, the favourite English pianiste, had been selected by the Duchess of Kent to teach the Princess Victoria. Her concert this year, patronized and attended by these Royal ladies, was one of the most brilliant of this season.

With regard to the festival in Westminster Abbey, it is owing to Moscheles' scrupulous care in arranging

and preserving the accounts written at the time, that we are enabled, after a lapse of eight-and-thirty years, to give an accurate and faithful description of all that took place. "Handel," observes a writer of the day, "introduced the oratorio into England: no wonder the festival named after him should be held in Westminster Abbey, where he lies buried." According to the paper we quote from, the proceeds of a series of Festivals between the years 1784 and 1791 amounted in all to 50,000*l.*, and were entirely devoted to charitable purposes. It mentions, too, the legacy left by Handel to the "Society of Decayed Musicians and their Families," and eulogizes King William IV. and Queen Adelaide, who, after a lapse of fifty years, zealously promoted this new festival, devoted to the same charitable objects, and for which the sympathies and aid of the English nobility were called forth by the generous support of the Royal patrons.

With regard to the festival itself, Moscheles writes to his relatives: "The festival took place in the nave, which was covered over with stout deal boards; at one end of the Abbey was seen the Royal box, with its heavy red satin curtains, rich ornaments, and luxurious velvet carpets and cushions, and adorned with the Royal Arms artistically carved. The Directors of the festival sat immediately under the Royal box, with a canopy above them. The public, on this occasion, as in 1784, occupied seats arranged in the style of an amphitheatre, and reaching as high as the capitals of the pillars.

2700 persons found accommodation; the best seats cost two, and the others one guinea each. These seats, covered with red cloth and gold ornaments, contrasted tastefully with the white and gold lyres on red draperies, which were hung upon the walls. The orchestra, on this, as on the former occasion, was erected opposite the Royal box, and in the following fashion. In front were the solo singers; then the small chorus, 40 strong; close to this chorus, at a piano, sat Sir George Smart, the director of the music; behind him, the band, ranged in tiers; the cellos on either side, the violins in the centre, then the wind-instruments; above all, the magnificent organ, built by Gray for the occasion, and adorned with a richly carved Gothic façade; by a clever arrangement the player was made to face the Director instead of the organ. The distribution of the vocalists forming the grand chorus greatly prejudiced the effect of the music with numbers who were packed closely in the side aisles and niches of the Abbey; in fact, the choral music to a part of the audience sounded as though it were smothered by the orchestra; in other parts of the Abbey the effect was reversed, and the performance as a whole could only be enjoyed in a small part of the vast building."

We give a list of the executants as represented on the occasion of the two Music Festivals in 1784 and 1834 (the list of the first is copied from Dr. Burney's Musical History) :—

Instrumental.	1834.	1784.
Violins	80	95
Tenors	32	26
Violoncellos	18	21
Double Basses	18	15
Flutes	10	6
Oboes	12	26
Clarinets	8	
Bassoons	12	27
Horns	10	12
Trumpets	8	12
Trombones	8	6
Ophicleides	2	
Serpents	2	
Kettle-drums	3	4
	223	250

Vocal.	1834.	1784.
Sopranos	113	11
Sopranos (boys)	32	47
Altos	74	48
Tenors	70	83
Basses	103	84
Solo-Singers	5	2
The above Instruments	223	250
Total	620	525

We quote from the diary: "On the 20th of June at twelve o'clock in the forenoon, Sir George Smart for the first time raised his baton, and Handel's Coronation Anthem, performed by such a host, in such a place, was so grand that none present are likely to forget it; the newspapers talked of several ladies weeping, and some actually fainting. I was deeply moved by these sounds, and must confess I never heard such an effect produced before. We had the whole of the 'Creation,' and a part of 'Samson.' The solo singers were old Bellamy, who had sung in 1784, E. Seguin, a young pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, and the admirable Phillips; the tenors were represented by Hobbs and the inimitable Braham; Miss Stevens and Madame Caradori Allan, both excellent, sang the soprano parts. The chorus and orchestra

were first rate, and the first day might deserve to be called a perfect success."

The second day was opened by another Coronation Anthem by Handel; and the "Hallelujah" electrified the audience. Then with a view of producing certain effects in preference to giving any one work in its entirety, a selection had been made of sacred pieces, in which singers, as well as wind-instrument players, could have an opportunity of display.

Everybody was to have his or her chance, Rubini, Zucchelli, with Lindley's violoncello, and Braham, with Harper's trumpet-obligato. Phillips had a song with a bassoon accompaniment, Miss Stevens and Grisi also had parts assigned them in this selection. Then followed the finest perhaps of all Handel's oratorios, "Israel in Egypt," which was splendidly performed. The newspapers were rapturous on the subject. With reference to the closing numbers of that Oratorio, the *Athenæum* said, "One feels so elevated by this music that we seem to live in those great days when the Lord went before His people in the cloud or pillar of fire. But once let the celestial strains end, and we wake again to the pale reality of our shadow-like everyday existence." "My own impression," adds Moscheles, "far exceeded all that I ever dreamt of realizing, and I believe my feelings were in unison with nearly all of those who were present." On the 3rd day, unfortunately, a medley of airs, choruses, and ensembles was again given; a programme with abrupt

transitions from ancient to modern compositions. For the 4th day the Queen, following the precedent of Queen Charlotte, had commanded the "Messiah." To a German musician it seems but natural that the chief interest should be concentrated on this majestic work. The tickets for admission to the performance, as well as for the rehearsals, were soon bought up, and the public, unable to procure any at the regular prices, was forced to pay exorbitantly. Every nook and corner of the Abbey was occupied, and a truly devotional spirit seemed to prevail. The *Times*, which during the previous days had never resented the want of taste shown in giving disjointed works, found room in its columns, when the festival was over, for imparting as a piece of advice: "The effect of such performances would be enhanced, if the oratorios were given, not piecemeal, but in their entirety, just as the composer intended they should be given." Moscheles writes on this subject:—"The advice on this point came certainly too late—of course to a German musician, much of the arrangement of these programmes was an offence, and yet the general effect was so grand that it would be thankless to point out the obvious anomalies. The veneration with which the English traditionally regard their noble abbey, found expression in the dignified attitude and frame of mind observable in the audience, which crowded within the sacred walls, and the thrill of awe which penetrated these large masses spoke more eloquently than any cheers or clapping of hands. The

King and Queen, who attended daily, were regarded as the patrons of a great and beneficent work, that was fittingly supported by the whole nation. Such are my feelings—you may call them fanciful if you please, but they were suggested to me by the bearing and demeanour of the crowd that was present."

Moscheles had only just returned from the sea-side, where he had gone for fresh air and change, when he found himself once more obliged to prepare for a grand musical festival at Birmingham; there he performed his "Alexander Variations" and the "Recollections of Ireland." The powerful tones of the Erard were heard all over the colossal and crowded hall, which was not intended for solo instruments; and the *Spectator* went so far as to say that a large crowd outside enjoyed the performance. The proceeds of the whole festival realized 14,000*l.*

"16th October.—I was hard at work with my overture to 'Joan of Arc,'" Moscheles writes, "when the fearful news reached me that the House of Lords was on fire. The fact was only too soon confirmed by flames appearing on the horizon." . . . . When the overture was finished and arranged as a pianoforte duet, he substituted for the brilliant and noisy finale a soft pathetic strain, which he thought more suitable to Johanna's death. On this subject we read in a letter of Moscheles: "In this overture I have aimed at elevation, harmony, and unity of ideas. Assuming I

have the proper audience, the work might please; but whoever looks for trivial, easy, Italian sing-song, will find nothing in it; nor will those be pleased who think a minute working out of individual parts, or the introduction of unexpected harmonies, too learned. These just give the keenest relish to those initiated in the secrets of counterpoint. I hold that the treatment of a melody, and clearness as well as unity and an interesting fusion of the leading subjects, are the most important ingredients in a composition, and shall always strive to attain these objects. . . . . Mendelssohn's Octet, in which you complain of an absence of melody, has a tendency to the elaborate (künstlich), and yet the frequent hearing of that admirable work, and that, too, in a spirit of careful analysis, is well worth the trouble, if it leads to the proper appreciation of an originality which never degenerates into anything extravagant. . . . . There is not much sympathy here with Spohr's 'Weihe der Töne.' Haslinger offered through me to the Philharmonic Society the copyright of the work for two or three years, but the Society refused."

"This winter Byron's 'Manfred,' with choruses set by Bishop, was given as a novelty in Covent Garden Theatre. There was an immense outlay in scenery and decorations, the music was not much more enjoyable than that of the 'Bravo,' by Marliani; a mélange made up of the well-worn phrases of Rossini, Pacini, and Mercadante. The beauty of the *mise-en-*

scène would have done equally well, apart from the ear-torture."

"My wife," writes Moscheles, "who reads aloud to me whilst I correct my work, happened at this time to select 'Uhland's Poems.' This suggested to me vocal settings of 'Der Schmidt,' 'Das Reh,' and 'Das Gärtnerslied.'"

Towards the end of the year he was busy with preparations for a private performance of the "Israel in Egypt." Some chorister boys from the Westminster Abbey Choir, and some well-trained amateurs, were asked to join. The chief supporters, however, were Madame Caradori-Allan, Röckel, and Taylor. This performance was a worthy finale for the year 1834.

CHAPTER XVII.

1835.

"TRIAL NIGHT" OF THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY—AN UNMANNERLY NOBLEMAN — LITOLFF'S COMPOSITIONS — BERLIOZ' "SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE"—MUSICAL PAINS AND PLEASURES—JULIUS BENEDICT —CRAMER'S RETIREMENT—VISIT TO GERMANY—LEIPZIG—INTERCOURSE WITH MUSICAL ARTISTS—FELIX MENDELSSOHN—LETTERS TO MADAME MOSCHELES—CONCERT—BERLIN—A FAMILY FÊTE—MUSICAL ABSURDITIES—A PAINFUL AFFAIR—DEATH OF MENDELSSOHN'S FATHER—HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.

AT the beginning of this year, the Philharmonic Society held its first "Trial Night" for new compositions, when Spohr's "Weihe der Töne" was conducted by Sir George Smart. "This able conductor," says Moscheles, "succeeded at this first rehearsal in carrying the band through the whole of the work correctly, although of course without that delicacy, light, and shade requisite for so intricate a work, the Andante of which, with its 3-8 and 9-16 time, constituted in itself a considerable difficulty. I followed the performance with the score, and was delighted with the solidity of the entire work, as well as the beauty of its details; still, the too great predominance of Spohrish colour and form to some extent quenched my enthusiasm. Nothing but genius and wealth of invention can kindle me into rapture."

When Moscheles conducted, there was a successful

performance of his overture to "Joan of Arc," and the youthful Sterndale Bennett, a pupil of Cipriani Potter, played a pianoforte concerto of his own composition; Moscheles thought highly of the performer, his playing, and the concerto, as well.

Moscheles' services as a public performer and teacher were in constant requisition at this time in Bath, Manchester, and other places. In the midst of all his numerous engagements, he never neglected his habit of writing daily to his wife, but his letters at this period, being for the most part of a domestic character, are omitted.

When once back in London business engagements accumulate, and Moscheles might exclaim with Figaro in the "Barbiere di Siviglia," "Tutti mi chiedono, tutti mi vogliono." To one treated, as we have seen, with marked courtesy by all with whom he came in contact, the following episode must have been eminently distasteful. "I had," he says, "during the last season given lessons to two young ladies, the daughters of Lord ——. The treatment I experienced in this household, where even the servants were disrespectful, was only to be met by the independent airs I was forced to assume, to assert my rights as a gentleman. Although not offered a chair, I sat down in presence of the lady, and insisted on walking up the principal staircase, although I was shown the back one. After waiting in vain for nearly nine months for 35*l.* due to me, a steward appeared at my house, and, finding only my wife at home, produced my account, on which the noble lord had

written—'Pay this man 15*l.* on account.' My wife remonstrated, whereupon the steward answered in a sympathizing tone, 'Well, Ma'am, I advise you to take it while you can get it.' It then occurred to her that, the family being reported somewhat impecunious, she had better accept the man's advice. Soon afterwards my lady sent to beg I would again resume my lessons with her daughters. I refused. Then came an exceedingly polite question from my lord, asking the reasons of my refusal, and would I state them verbally? &c. I did so. Lord and Lady —— overloaded me with civility, and I agreed once more to give four lessons a week. Such people should be taught manners as well as music."

Moscheles says of himself in a letter: "I am always longing to compose, but how am I to find time? To be sure I have published two little Lieder; one a setting of Byron's 'There be none of Beauty's daughters,' and 'Im Herbste,' by Uhland. Owing to interruptions, I have not succeeded in finishing my 'Concerto Pathétique;' besides these, I should like to write a new Introduction to my 'Hommage à Handel,' which I composed in the year 1822." This intention he carried out at this period, and the work in its entirety has frequently been performed in public.

Later on we read: "To-day Klingemann brought us two organ fugues, arranged as duets by Mendelssohn. My wife and I attacked them instantly; they are admirable, like everything else that he presents to the musical world."

Just at this time Litolff published many of his early and very promising compositions, and at the same time Chopin's graceful "Scherzo" and "Grand Studies" appeared. "I am a sincere admirer of his originality," says Moscheles; "he has given pianoforte-players all that is newest and most attractive. Personally, I dislike his artificial and forced modulation. My fingers struggle and tumble over such passages; practise them as I will, I never can do them smoothly." With regard to Berlioz' "Symphonie Fantastique," which the publishers sent him in a pianoforte edition, he observes: "I can hardly form an opinion of the work before I know the score, but I cannot reconcile myself to the eternal unisons, octave passages, and tremolandos. I do not find a healthy sequence of harmonic progressions. His 'Dies Iræ' and the 'Witches' Sabbath' seem to me indicative of a diseased fancy; and the development of figures heaped one on another often ends in a tight Gordian knot—who will cut it asunder? The young man, however, has warmth and poetic feeling, and certain isolated passages remind me in their grandeur of an ancient Torso."

Moscheles is amused and displeased alternately with his strange experiences during the London season. "If called on to reckon up our musical pains as well as pleasures, I must compare the swarm of foreign musicians who obscure the horizon, to the locusts which darkened the Egyptian sky. One of our visitors

carries the German simplicity to such an extent as to speak no other language but his own; yet he travels hither on purpose to be recognised by the English. In language and conduct he is an exact counterpart of Dominie Sampson, and insists on bringing with him each time his pupil—a tiresome young Dutchman. Yesterday they both met with that strange fellow H——, with his odd medley of French and German; the party were joined by a regular John Bull, who speaks and composes only in his own language. The result of these compounds is a strange medley of discords. At dinner, the German takes kindly to everything on the table; but the Frenchman turns up his nose at every little grain of pepper, and the Englishman, before he touches anything, covers the rim of his plate with mustard, cayenne, and spices, so that it looks like a painter's palette. Having to do the part of interpreters, we didn't get much dinner, and it was all we could do to smother our laughter; for at last, in despair of communicating with one another, the German and the Englishman talked Latin, but were out in their reckoning—for each one pronounced it in a different way, and confusion became worse confounded."

In this year Julius Benedict first became a member of the great musical guild in London, and asserted his position at once as an excellent musician and pianoforte player. His long residence in Italy made him peculiarly fitted as an accompanist to the Italian

singers; and in Moscheles' house he was heartily welcomed as a distinguished compatriot.

J. B. Cramer, wishing in his old age to retire to Munich, gave a farewell concert, and was invited by his friends to a musical banquet. "We pianoforte players," says Moscheles, "had selected Cramer's compositions for our performance; he himself played with much grace and delicacy Mozart's Concerto in D. Lastly, when called on to extemporize, I selected themes out of his works; this delighted and affected him also." Cramer did not long remain in Munich, but chose to end his days in strict retirement in England.

In July, Moscheles writes: "The season is closing, and soon I shall have no ladies' fingers to doctor. I cannot undertake to doctor the ears of my pupils." He travels to Hamburg, leaves his family there, and goes to Leipzig, where Mendelssohn has just entered on his duties as conductor of the Gewandhaus Concerts. He writes from Leipzig:—

"My Dear Wife.—You may fancy how I enjoy this meeting with my mother and sister. Kistner, who is very zealous in my interests, accompanied me to Mendelssohn, who is comfortably and agreeably settled outside the town, in Reichel's Garden. He received me with his usual simplicity and heartiness, making eager, nay affectionate inquiries for you. I don't think him looking handsomer or more blooming (being as he is between youth and manhood), but he

was more full of wit, liveliness, and cleverness than ever. He played me three new 'Lieder ohne Worte,' which are worthy successors to those already written. I have played him nothing of my own as yet. My mother looks remarkably well. People on all sides call her a handsome old lady, and she really seems to me much younger than she is. I visited the Wiecks, and Clara played to me a good deal; amongst other things a manuscript sonata by Schumann—very laboured, difficult, and somewhat intricate, although interesting music. Her playing was admirable, and void of all affectation. After dinner, I returned to my mother's, and then adjourned with Felix to Hauser's for a cup of coffee. We amused ourselves by serious and desultory playing upon his Streicher piano, which I shall probably bespeak for my concert, although Felix has offered me his own. Felix took me afterwards to see Dr. Härtel's new country-house, close to the rampart. In the evening I was again at the Wiecks', to meet Schumann, who is a retiring but interesting young man. Again I made Clara play to me, and again she distinguished herself. I gave them a taste of my extempore playing."

On the 2nd of October he writes: "8 A.M.—I expect Felix; meanwhile I will begin the day as I like best, by asking after you and the children. Is Emily composing? Serena learning an epic poem by heart? Felix storming a fortress somewhere? On all these points I hope information is on the road to

me. 9 o'clock.—Felix is here, and I am going with him to his lodgings, to hear him play over his new oratorio." "And now"—Mendelssohn adds—"let me slip in with all haste, between the envelope and wafer, my hearty greetings and thanks. I hope one of these days to write more fully; at present we are in all the hurry and confusion of Moscheles' first day, and all my morning will be occupied in hearing a deal of his new music. You may fancy how eagerly I look forward to *that!* But you really spoil me by sending me such a wonderfully pretty present. We must be off; good-bye for to-day. My love to your little ones, amongst whom Emily can't any longer be reckoned."

On the following day, Moscheles says: "Kistner accompanied me on a visit to that dear venerable old man, Hofrath Rochlitz, who received me most kindly, and was very communicative. After expressing his gratification with my present visit, my playing, and my compositions, he recapitulated the various impressions which I made on him since my first appearance with the Alexander March in the year 1815, and said many flattering things about my development in art. He was to me quite as interesting as his 'Essays for Musical Amateurs,' the reading of which we used to enjoy. Towards evening I spent an hour with my mother, amusing her with stories about our London life. I then went to Felix, who asked me to drink tea with him every evening; he is very comfortably settled—it

reminded me of my own bachelor days. His Erard stands in the middle of the room, and in his book-case—a perfect storehouse of musical scores—I saw a splendidly-bound edition of Handel. On the table his silver inkstand, presented by the Philharmonic Society, on the walls two charming engravings, one of Titian's daughter, and the other a portrait of Schätzel (a celebrated singer), on the piano a delightful litter of scores and new music, still cleanliness and neatness prevailing everywhere. We drank tea and chatted until the advocate Schrey (one of the concert-directors) joined us. He is a musical enthusiast, with a fine tenor voice, and sang a couple of delightful new Lieder by Felix, which I hope to copy and bring to you. I played my 'Concerto Fantastique' and the 'Pathétique,' about which many kind things were said, and lastly the Rondo which Felix dedicated to me. We played together my Overture and his Octet; everything went smoothly, as you may fancy. We went on till eleven o'clock, and Felix lent me his cloak, that I should not catch cold after the number of 'hot notes.' He is a glorious fellow. By-the-bye, Felix cheerfully consented to play my last duet with me at my concert, but the Committee must be duly apprized of the fact. Yesterday, when he called upon my mother, she wanted him to play, but he had a fit of his well-known modesty, and declined. I must now tell you what befell me to-day. . . . . I went with Felix to the rehearsal; his admirable conducting,

speeches, and observations—in fact, his general behaviour to the orchestra—fills his subordinates with affection and respect. His overture to the 'Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage' (of which one can get no idea from the pianoforte arrangement), as well as Beethoven's B flat Symphony, went beautifully. The rehearsal lasted until 12:30; then I went to my mother, and thence with Felix to the table d'hôte. We were invited to Wieck's to meet Schumann and others; Clara Wieck played in Beethoven's great Trio superbly. I went to the theatre to hear Auber's 'Cheval de Bronze;' but oh, misery! bad music, singers, and subject! What a pity to lose my evening, and be forced to pay dearly for my curiosity!"

"Eleven at night.—Late as it is, I must tell you that I made my concert arrangements with Kistner, and then went to Felix, with whom I tried over, from the proof-sheets, my 'Hommage à Handel,' but in a curious manner. He has but one piano—his own Erard—but he remembered to have heard some one practising occasionally in the next room, occupied by an elderly lady. Before his door, leading to her room, stood a wooden press, too big to be moved without great trouble. Felix went to the lady, and asked her leave to play in her room whilst I played in his; the lady gladly consented; we opened the doors, but the press remained immovable. The instruments happened to be in tune together, and the whole thing went capitally; Kistner, and an organist of the name

of Reichard, were present, and were so delighted that we determined to play this piece at my concert. Amongst the new things which Felix played again to me are two pianoforte Capriccios and a Fugue in quick time in F minor—all admirable in their way. We dined at Hauser's (the bass singer at the theatre and Felix's intimate friend), and after dinner played all sorts of music, grave and gay, upon his Streicher, which he lends me for my concert. Felix played me a Concerto by J. S. Bach, out of Hauser's fine collection; Hauser then sang a very funny song by the old composer Hiller, in which the word 'nose' plays a conspicuous part. I intend to copy it and bring it to you. (Hauser wished to do this himself, and sent the song to Mrs. Moscheles, who still has it.) I took my mother and sister to the subscription concert, and remained the whole evening with them. Felix was very well received. His 'Meeresstille' was delightful, and received with great applause. The rest I will tell you by word of mouth. After the concert I took my ladies home, met Felix and Hauser at supper in the hotel, afterwards accompanied and walked home with them in the bright moonlight, and now I bid you good night."

"October 5, 11·30 P.M.—I am just entering my room, which I have not seen since early this morning; only fancy, I could not have a piano in it, there is such a dearth of good instruments in Leipzig. Your letter came early to hand. Felix and I are so glad

you have been playing, his Octet. He tells me how grieved he is at not having as yet been able to thank you in writing. In fact he speaks of his gratitude as he would write it. . . . Table d'hôte, with Schumann, the tenor, Wild, and others."

"October 6.—I went on with my letter at noon, when all business in Leipzig, save that of knife and fork, is at a standstill. I wanted, just now, to go through my part of Bach's triple concerto, but found all the pianoforte warehouses shut. I had no time to go to Felix before dinner at one o'clock; I am sure to do justice to it, for I am in unusually good health here. To-day I visited my mother, and amused her with my album. I have come across a little volume called 'Bettina's Diary,' which precedes her correspondence with Goethe. If you are curious in the matter, you can easily get a copy."

"Five in the afternoon.—I am just come from Wieck's, where Clara played admirably in one of Schubert's trios. Bach's Concerto for three pianos, performed by her, Felix, and myself, was very interesting; I am having it copied for London. You ought to have seen poor Felix accompanying a very inferior singer, and watched him as he sat on the stool of penitence, with thirty listeners around him. His eyes sparkled like those of a baited tiger, and you could have lit a candle at his cheeks, they burned so. I am just going to mark my newly-printed concert tickets. I miss your helping hand, but as I write each separate

ticket, I can think quietly of you, which is a delightful feeling. To-day Felix told me the Directors wished me to play next Sunday in the second subscription concert. He advised me to make them give me room and lights, gratis, for my concert, instead of the customary five or six louis d'or, and I find he is right. One thought troubles me about my return home. The coach only goes on Monday mornings early at five, and on Tuesday evenings at nine. The first is too near to the Concert, the second too late for my impatience."

"October 9.—I am writing to you just after I have received your letter. . . . My one absorbing thought is *when* I shall talk to you. On Sunday I play at the subscription concert my G minor Concerto, and I hope I shall find some time for writing before the coach leaves. My concert will be a brilliant one this evening; there is a great rush for tickets; seven hundred and fifty are already disposed of, and probably as many will have to be sent back from the doors. My mother and sister send best love."

"October 10.—I wish I could give the post wings to tell you the news of my unusually brillant concert at Leipzig. The crowd was immense. My mother felt quite young again. My overture was admirably played. The Concertos 'Pathétique' and 'Fantastique' received with immense applause. My duet with Felix created a regular 'furore.' They wanted to encore it, but we resisted, the heat was so great. My

Fantasia, too, was very well received. The gross receipts were 497 thalers, expenses 70 thalers, so there is a surplus of 427. By playing at the subscription concert I shall defray the other expenses. Besides the G minor Concerto, which went very well at the rehearsal to-day, my overture was repeated, as well as our duet, which we played by request. Felix is so good to me, so amiable and unpretending; he told me that, before I came, he had been thinking, and hoping, and wondering whether I would like to play a duet with him, and how he intended to have written to me on the subject. He is idolized here, and lives on the most friendly terms with many musicians and notabilities, although he is intimate with but few, and reserved towards many. He is particularly attentive to my mother. You are right; my intercourse with him quickens my energies, independent of the pleasure I have in his society."

"Sunday.—We had to attend a dinner, which was anything but pleasant, and when we went away together, Felix fired off a volley of indignation. I spent one part of the evening with my mother, and the other tête-à-tête with Felix. We drank tea, and after a cosy chat he played me several of his glorious fugues, and 'Lieder ohne Worte' (manuscript). To-morrow, early, my mother leaves us. My time will hang heavy when she goes, but I must act like a man."

"Afternoon.—I have just come from a very pleasant dinner at Kistner's. Hauser, Dr. Schleinitz, Weise, Fink, and others were there, and I write you a few lines before I dress for the concert. Felix had just heard that his youngest sister had arrived; his parents write, asking me to take her on to Berlin, and stay with them; Felix begs me to do this, but I don't know if I can spare the time. Before dinner Felix and I went to my mother's house, where he played a great deal to her. Adieu! Au revoir!"

The next letter is dated from Berlin: "14th October. I received your letter, with which I was delighted, on Monday, at Leipzig. After my mother's departure it came like soothing balsam."

"Monday.—Now that you had encouraged me so heartily, I felt inclined to allow myself the trip to Berlin. You set all my doubts at rest. Felix and I accompanied his sister hither. Monday night we were up till twelve o'clock at a party given by Härtel, where I played solos and duets with Felix; then I packed my things from one to two, and by six A.M. we were seated in the carriage. We had plenty of cheerful and delightful talk—you were a constant topic. Felix, whose sister is a very nice, amiable creature, had sent a letter to his parents, giving them notice of our intended arrival, but the letter miscarried, for, when we came after midnight, not a soul was stirring. The servants had to prepare our beds as best they could.

There was nothing to eat, and we were all ravenous, so a great slice of my cake, brought by my mother from Prague, did excellent service. The meeting of the aged parents and their children next morning was a family fête, and gave me, a mere spectator, feelings of indescribable delight. This was enhanced by the fact of my being received and welcomed as affectionately as if I were a son. I see I shall be besieged on all sides, to abandon my purpose of starting off again this evening, and that it will end in my leaving Berlin twenty-four hours later. My nights, which have been broken into, my happy time here, and your words of encouragement, will, I suppose, make me fix on to-morrow."

Felix adds :—

"If you want to be angry at Moscheles' staying away from you a few days longer, you must be wroth with the whole of No. 3, Leipziger Strasse; they are all guilty. He wanted to go away, although he only came yesterday (or rather to-day) at half-past one in the morning; but we humbly memorialized him and would have called in the police to detain him; besides, you will have him again in Hamburg, and Holland, and London, whereas we must separate to-morrow, and shall not exchange words for a long time to come. In short, I entreated him, as fervently as I could, and hope you will put yourself in my position, for then I am sure you would have done just the same thing; when you meet, Moscheles will bring

you all my and our greetings. The post is just going, so farewell, and don't be angry with

"Your sincere friend,

"F. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY."

In addition to this, Felix's father had dictated to him the following lines. "I must add my best remembrances, and in telling you of my delight in the unexpected visit of our excellent friend brought here by Felix, express my regret at the shortness of his stay. Pray accept my thanks for prevailing on him to give us this real pleasure. I hope you will thank me too for having induced Moscheles, after travelling all night, not to start off again this evening in a 'Beiwagen,' whereas to-morrow evening he will have a place in the 'Postwagen.' Farewell, and remember me kindly, &c., &c."

During this short visit Moscheles was an eye-witness of Felix's child-like sunny cheerfulness and perfect happiness in the bosom of his family. In a letter which Moscheles wrote to his wife late one evening, he says: "We have had a regular day of it. First of all I played with Felix Mozart's 'Duet in D,' for two pianofortes; and my 'Hommage à Handel.' We then allowed ourselves all manner of musical extravagances; extemporized jointly and alternately on two pianos—an intellectual sort of tournament. I played Felix's 'Rondo Brillant in E flat,' and my 'Concerto Fantastique,' he supplying a substitute for an orchestral

accompaniment on a second piano. We played by turns his 'Lieder ohne Worte,' and then perpetrated all sorts of musical absurdities. Fanny Hensel pleased me immensely by the playing of her own compositions; Felix and I had a good hunt in his collection of old music. Suffice it to say, I shall never forget the hours I passed here, and I unwillingly part from my delightful hosts, but I must pay a visit here and there before I leave."

During this short stay in Berlin, curiously enough, the theft practised on Moscheles in the year 1823, and mentioned in page 80 of this volume, was once more brought under Moscheles' notice. He knew well enough who had defrauded him, but the young man's confession and repeated promises to restore the property, induced Moscheles to abandon all idea of going to law. On the eve of Moscheles' departure from Berlin, the young man writes that he has met and recognised him in the streets, invokes on him all kinds of blessings for his forbearance, and, after informing him how he has hitherto subsisted as a literary man, ends by saying that he is unable at present to compensate Moscheles for his loss, offering however to give him a written acknowledgment of the debt. Moscheles declines this as an unnecessary formality, but on being told, by Felix's father, that the young man belongs to a respectable family in Berlin, requests the elder Mendelssohn to act on his behalf, and obtain, through some other member of the family, a restitution

of the property. Several letters during the next few days pass on the subject, when on the 29th of October he hears of the young man's sudden death. Mr. Mendelssohn then offers to proceed in the matter, and writes :—

"The whole history, told in your simple language, is certainly a wonderful one, and illustrating, as it does, your discretion, kindness, and forethought, reminds me of Schiller's golden words, 'Und die Tugend, sie ist kein leerer Schall!' (And virtue is no hollow sound). Unhappily the poor young man had no opportunity of redeeming himself; after making so many false steps, one would have hoped he had just begun to improve—that again reminds me of the golden rule of the Rabbis: 'Bessere dich eine Stunde vor deinem Tod (Try to improve an hour before your death).' Further, it shows how talent and the best education are mere delusions, which lead their possessor to certain destruction, if the true inner light, character, and conscience do not sustain him in the right path. It shows, moreover, that all sin avenges itself in this world. Well, 'Requiescat in pace.'

"Always yours,

"A. MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY."

The sequel of this episode was as melancholy as it was unexpected. Felix's honoured father, Moscheles' faithful friend, died on the 19th of November in the same year, and the blow so prostrated Moscheles as to make him utterly indifferent to take

any further action. To institute legal proceedings was utterly distasteful to him. He remained a considerable loser; the family of the young man, although reputed wealthy, having never thought it worth the trouble to clear the memory of their relative.

After a short stay at Hamburg with his relatives, the last two months of the year were devoted by Moscheles to the pains and pleasures of concert-giving in Belgium and Holland. Writing from Amsterdam, he observes: "I can't complain of the phlegmatic Dutch. In the year 1820, I enjoyed the hospitality of my friends the Konigswarters, and there wrote my Concerto in G minor, which was received as warmly as my subsequent compositions are now. I must play everywhere, and the pecuniary results are very gratifying." "But," adds Mrs. Moscheles, "in spite of all the musical honours heaped on my husband, we find some odd customs here. At the Subscription Concert, the first part is scarcely finished when all the gentlemen vanish. Where are they? My olfactory nerves soon answer the question, as the tobacco fumes issue from the adjoining room. The ladies meanwhile drink chocolate and lemonade, and I, in my solitude, found time for studying the bareness of the four whitewashed walls of the concert room." Moscheles, here as elsewhere, complains of the bad orchestra. "The Directors take every imaginable pains. I myself seldom sit at the piano, when I rehearse a concerto, but run about between the leading violin

and double drum, up and down, whispering the note into the ear of every player; after all my trouble, the music will not 'go.' I often omit a difficult Adagio, and in Rotterdam, where I had a very poor instrument to play upon, extemporized on Mozart's air, 'I can do nought but pity you,' and applied the words to myself. In spite of a violent attempt to encore me, I would not a second time face a struggle with the refractory keys of the pianoforte."

The troubles of concert-giving in the Belgian towns are largely compensated for by visits to the galleries, churches, and museums. Once returned to England, Moscheles can look back upon Holland as a storehouse of happy memories for future years.

END OF VOL. I.

00023379

LONDON:
SAVILL, EDWARDS, AND CO., PRINTERS, CHANDOS STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 July, 2018